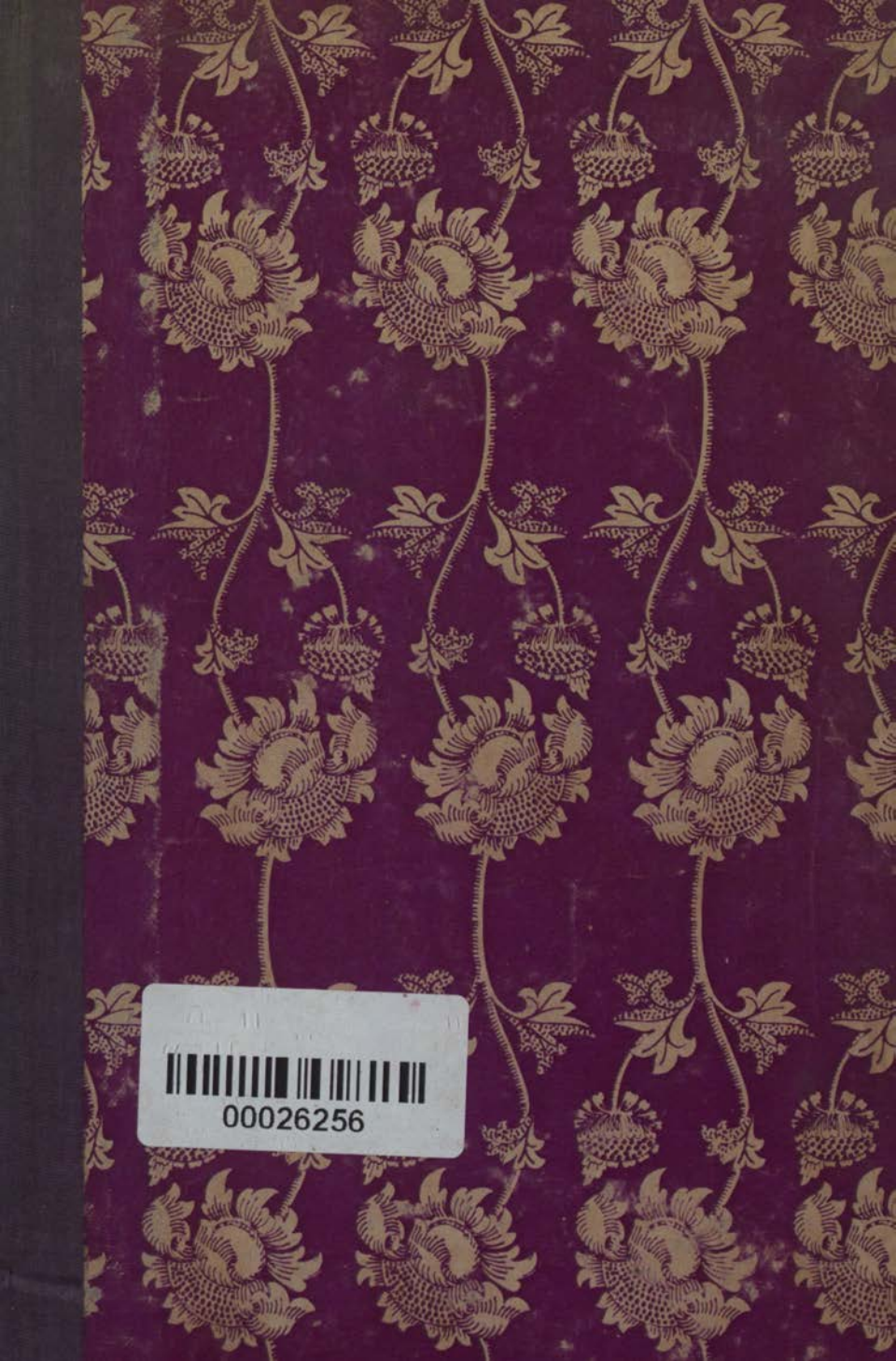
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GENERAL

SIR EDWARD BRUCE HAMLEY

K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

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THE LIFE OF

GENERAL

SIR EDWARD BRUCE HAMLEY

K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

BY

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND

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a2

WITH TWO PORTRAITS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCXCV

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CHAPTER XVI.

DELIMITATION OF THE ARMENIAN FRONTIER.

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A WINTER in London was no unwelcome break between two interesting but adventurous and arduous expeditions. He would have enjoyed it more had he foreseen that he was to be again on active service in the spring. The following despatch came as an agreeable surprise:—

FOREIGN OFFICE, *March* 15, 1880.

SIR,—The Queen has been graciously pleased to appoint you to be her Majesty's Commissioner, to take part in the settlement of the frontier line of the Turkish empire in Asia as laid down in the Treaty of Berlin, and her

Majesty's Commission under the sign-manual will shortly be forwarded to you to enable you to act in that capacity.

Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke, who acted as British Commissioner last year, will transfer to you the despatches and other papers relating to the business upon which you will be engaged; and as the instructions furnished to him contain full information respecting the principles by which you should be guided, it will be unnecessary that I should address you at length upon this point.

I shall be glad to learn from you the names of any officers whom you may wish to take with you on your staff, in order that I may communicate with her Majesty's Secretary of State for War and with the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury upon the subject.

Steps have been taken to ascertain the date at which it is proposed the Commission shall reassemble at Constantinople, and you will be informed without delay as soon as an answer is received.—I am, &c.,

SALISBURY.

The Russians had been making a resolute stand on what they regarded as a crucial point in the rectification of the San Stephano frontier, and it was deemed wise that the British Commissioner should be a general officer of distinction. Hamley was given even less time for preparation than when he was sent to Bulgaria, for the Turks for once were impatient, and urged immediate despatch. In fact, in such a climate as that of the Armenian highlands, it was important that negotiations, which would undoubtedly be prolonged, should be commenced as early in the season as

possible. Moreover, the Turco-Russian delimitation was complicated with a still more troublesome question—that of the cession of the district of Kotour by Turkey to Persia. The preliminary arrangements were speedily made. For this expedition he merely selected two topographical officers—Captain de Wolski, R.E., who had served under him in European Turkey, and Lieutenant Leverson, R.E. He need not have hurried after all. He left London early in April, and he writes his niece, Miss Hamley, from Constantinople, 14th April:—

MY DEAR BARBARA,— . . . In the evening my A.D.C. and I started from Paris for Vienna, where we arrived Thursday morning in the same carriage. . . . In the afternoon we were off again. The Danube boats had not begun to run, so we went by rail to Bucharest, and got into a bedroom for the first time since leaving London. Next afternoon we went to Giurgevo, on the Danube, where we slept: up early, to cross, and go by rail to Varna, where we embarked. We got on very well till half-past six next morning, when the captain ingeniously ran his vessel aground on a sandbank, where we stuck till evening. By throwing all our coals and water overboard, she was at last got afloat, and we anchored here after dark. After all this, it was satisfactory and agreeable to find that the Turks seemed to have entirely forgotten why they had brought me out in such a hurry. However, it is a question which they will have to reply to.

Doubtless the question was asked decidedly

enough; certainly it was never satisfactorily answered. But now that Hamley was at Constantinople to stir them up, the Turks gave him no further trouble. The irritating and endless delays came from the Russians. Meantime there was a change of Ministry at home, and the causes of the delays are explained in a despatch written for the information of Lord Granville. They are only of interest now as exhibiting Hamley's remarkable acuteness; the facility with which he informed himself on intricate questions; his readiness to grasp the salient facts, and the force and point with which he pressed them on his official superiors. Practically his superiors left everything to him, and were absolutely guided by his judgment and opinion. Suffice it to say, that it was first a question of the Russian Commissioner coming from Tiflis to Constantinople to consult; next of Hamley and his Turkish colleague going to Tiflis—a proposal which he resolutely rejected as absurd. M. de Giers, Lord Dufferin (then our Minister at St Petersburg), Sir Henry Layard, and Sir Lintorn Simmons, besides the Foreign Secretary and his subordinates, all took part in the correspondence. There was an incessant interchange of despatches, and the telegrams in cipher must have cost a fortune. More ink and money were expended on the old-standing Kotour matter

than on the other. It would seem that the Russians, as the most plausible method of obstruction, had deliberately mixed up two questions which were totally distinct. For Kotour they cared little or nothing: to securing the disputed position of Zevin they attached supreme importance. And in fact the Commissioners never reached Kotour: the matter still remains in abeyance.

Hamley fretted, of course, but never ceased to keep his shoulder at the wheel. He writes his niece on the 30th April:—

> I have been pushing both Turks and Russians to hasten our meeting, and to start for the frontier, but the Russian is still nobody knows where, and his Government amuses itself with making absurd proposals; so I am still in the dark as to when we shall start. Meanwhile the time is excessively tedious. My two youths, however, seem to amuse themselves. Neither of them has any appreciation of cats—not even, I think, of dogs—which is decidedly against them.

The time was tedious, because, though he could enjoy idleness after exertion, he could never abandon himself to recreation when serious business was in suspense. Six weeks more were to pass before things were, owing entirely to his unwearied energy, put in train, and on the 19th June, on landing at Trebizond, he made the first entry in his Armenian diary.

Some slight explanation of the main object of his mission is indispensable. The word "Armenia" is still in popular use amongst Europeans, but it is a historical rather than a geographical or political expression. The kingdom of Armenia ceased to exist in the fourteenth century, when the last of its feeble monarchs, who had for several generations been subsisting on charity, died in Paris, an exile and the pensioner of the French monarch. Kurdistan comprises all the old Armenian highlands, and our chief consular envoy in those parts is Consul of Kurdistan. Erzeroum is a vilayet of that province, and Trebizond a separate pashalic. The occupation of the town of Erzeroum has always been an object of the first importance with the Russian strategists. Strongly situated, it crowns the highest of the ranges of heights which rise in succession from the sea and the northward. On the western side there is a continuous descent; and the only fairly defensible position on the western slopes to oppose an army advancing from the east or north is Erzingan, which the Turks occupy in considerable force, and where they have constructed extensive barracks. The works at Erzeroum itself are formidable, having been planned scientifically by European engineers,

although the important adjunct of cannon has been unfortunately neglected. Were the town in the hands of the Russians, Asia Minor would be at their mercy; but on the other hand, and even in present circumstances, they would find it a hard nut to crack. They would undoubtedly enter upon a campaign with an immense superiority of troops, but it would be difficult to march an army through the eastern passes, and difficult to bring up a siege-train. They actually occupied the place after the war of 1828, but were compelled to evacuate it under the terms of the Treaty of Adrianople. They appropriated it again by the Treaty of San Stephano, and again it was surrendered at the Congress of Berlin. But the last war had left them in possession of Kars, and it is from Kars that in future they will menace Erzeroum. A glance at a map will show that there is a direct route from the one place to the other. It is traversed at nearly half the way by the new frontier line, and there and near Karaourgan was the point in dispute. Somewhat to the south of Karaourgan is Zevin, and as Hamley explains in the memorandum to Lord Granville, "It had been the principal object of the British plenipotentiaries to preserve the position of Zevin for

Turkey, it being essential for the defence of Erzeroum from a hostile advance through Kars." So great, indeed, was the value the Russians attached to it, that they had threatened repeatedly, through their Commissioner on the spot, and their Ambassador at Constantinople, to take violent possession, if the Turkish plenipotentiaries continued to resist what they professed to consider their indisputable claim. Thus it will be seen that the duty which devolved upon Hamley was neither a light nor an easy one. His success would mean not only a great strategical triumph for Turkey, but would be excessively mortifying to Russian vanity. Possibly, as a safeguard against that not improbable eventuality, it was deemed prudent to make a change in the Russian Commission. At all events, in the interval between Hamley's leaving London and landing in Asia, General Sternitski had been replaced by General Zelinoi, who had a high reputation for ability and astuteness.

Hamley landed at Trebizond in mid-summer. He made daily entries of the expedition in a note-book, and it is very interesting to compare his observations with those of the Hon. Robert Curzon, who had gone thither in a somewhat similar capacity more than thirty years before.

For Curzon went as British Commissioner for the execution of the Treaty of 1847, which settled boundaries on the debatable land between Persia and Kurdistan.

The author of the 'Monasteries of the Levant' was one of the pleasantest of writers. With the art which conceals art, he treated each incident from the picturesque and humorously personal point of view. But Hamley's notes, although dashed off in the rough, lose little or nothing by comparison. Intellectually the two had much in common, though physically they were as unlike each other as possible. Both asserted a commanding influence by moral force and straightforward but sagacious diplomacy. Both had a shrewd perception of character, and by studying the weaknesses for which they made liberal allowance, got on excellently alike with their colleagues and opponents. Though the business of both was to strengthen the hands of the Turks, both were keenly alive to the abuses of the Turkish administration, and by discreet advice and such indirect pressure as they could bring to bear, did their utmost to alleviate the lot of the oppressed. Curzon's strong representations had borne fruit. Torture as a judicial proceeding seems to have been abolished, as he had predicted it would be, save in the isolated stronghold of

some savage Kurdish chieftain. The recent war, with the strengthening of the frontier garrisons, had done much to put down raiding and tribal feuds. But otherwise there had been but little change, either in methods of government, in the administration of justice, in the state of the country, or the condition of the townsfolk and peasants. The Pashas were arbitrary as ever, and bent upon making the best of their brief tenures of office. If they were good-natured and merely indolently greedy, so much the better for their subjects. Though the stream of trade from Persia and south-eastern Asia Minor sets through Erzeroum to Constantinople, little had been done to improve communications. The roads, or rather the break-neck mule-tracks, over the mountains, were as Curzon describes them, although a road for wheeled vehicles had been roughly constructed from Trebizond to Erzeroum since he made his memorable winter journey as a helpless invalid in a mule-litter. So Hamley learned to his cost, before leaving Trebizond and on the first days of his march. Moreover, in 1880 the miseries of the war had been followed by a famine in certain districts; Mohammedan refugees were pouring into Kurdistan from the territory which had passed under Christian rule, and it was an urgent question

how to dispose of them. But the extracts from his note-book explain themselves, and although passages are suppressed, nothing is altered :—

19*th June* 1880. — We landed at Trebizond. Approached from Constantinople, the city is seen extending along the coast, and rising behind it up the slopes of the flat-topped hill which gives it a name (τράπεζα). About the middle is the ancient fortified town, the walls of which enclose a long narrow space ending in the issue to the old harbour, the boundaries of which are still plainly marked. At the eastern end is a high salient rock and a mole, behind which the town turns back towards the coast-line, which it again follows for a short distance, this part being inhabited chiefly by marine-store dealers and fishermen. Ships lie at anchor along this recess formed by the mole and the coast, where a harbour might probably be made by dredging. But there is often a considerable swell there, and the whole bay, if such it can be called, is open, and ships, often unable to land their passengers, return in stormy weather to lie under shelter of a small promontory nine miles west of the town. The English Consul, Mr Billiotti, came off to the steamer and accompanied me ashore.

Sunday, 20*th*.—A whole caravan of about thirty horses, belonging to a Persian, was brought for me to see, and were said to be of better class than ordinary, which, after looking at them, I refused to believe,—wretched, feeble, starved creatures, scarcely able, I should think, to carry themselves over the mountains; and this opinion was so far confirmed, that I never saw any so bad afterwards. Mr Billiotti produced telegrams saying that floods had

again destroyed the main road, and that the passage of waggons was very difficult. It was the anticipation of this which had caused me at first to look for baggage animals instead of *fourgons*.

In the afternoon I walked with the Consul and my officers to call on the Governor, Siri Pasha, a Cretan, who does not understand Turkish well, and speaks no language but Greek. Mr Billiotti, who is deaf as a post, and understood very little of what either of us said, acted as interpreter. The Pasha's public residence is what would be considered anywhere else an old deserted house, with bare creaking floors and dilapidated ante-chambers, only the reception-rooms having any share of shabby furniture.

From the Governor's we walked round the town, and just outside the walls came on a grove of magnificent old cypresses, in the midst of which is an ancient mosque, now converted into a charitable institution for poor travellers. The glimpses of the old building between the trees, with the painted, turbaned tombstones, white in the sunshine all round, would have made effective pictures.

On our way through the town we passed two singular features,—large, deep ravines, which, springing in the mountains, descend, widening and deepening, right through the town to the sea. The main street crosses them by narrow, ancient stone bridges, high above them, and the view up and down their course from there is remarkable and highly picturesque. The mountains above are beautiful in colour and outline, the upper end of the glens is clothed in verdure, and as they approach the town, the high rocky edge is crowned with the ancient battlemented and towered walls; while from side to side, gardens and clumps of fig and fruit trees fill the entire space, with rivulets irrigating the whole on their way to the sea, half a mile below.

On our way home we passed the ancient port, the walls of which are still visible, enclosing a space too small to be called a harbour nowadays, but affording a very welcome and sufficient shelter to the small craft which in old days fled thither from the wrath of the Euxine. Its communication with the town was by a large arched gate in the ancient sea-wall of the citadel.

Trebizond is much neater, cleaner, and more civilised than Eastern towns generally are, with a look of business and prosperity, and little of the dilapidation and squalor which are the rule in Turkey. Many of the houses are large and comfortable. The climate is reputed uncommonly damp, and fever and consumption are said to be excessively common.

Monday, 21st.—Walked with Mr Billiotti to the top of the tabled mountain which gives Trebizond its name. Ascending steep streets, we reached a path made or worn in the rocks and honeycombed with pits, which was the old road to Erzeroum, bordered by steep glens descending towards the town. We were now on a broad, flat, down, covered with soft turf, like the hills round Brighton. On it there is an ancient Byzantine chapel. The city was seen at the foot of its slopes as in a plan, . . . and beyond all the brightly and delicately tinted line of the mountains, with their shadowings and blendings of blue and purple, green and gold.

Mr Billiotti told me an amusing story of the last Greek Archbishop of Trebizond. When he was past eighty, he thought he could not possibly live much longer, so he had a magnificent tomb built for himself, complete even to the inscription, the date even being partly engraved—186 ,—for it was then early in the sixth decade of the century. Finding himself still alive in 1870, he had the 6 erased and a 7 substituted, and

some necessary repairs were made. As time wore on and found him still flourishing, he began to think he had been premature in this emendation, and to contemplate the prospect of having to substitute an 8 for the 7. This trial he was spared, by dying in 1879 at the age of 104. He was borne to the grave seated upright in a chair, in his robes, and so placed in the tomb, after the manner of Greek prelates.

Tuesday, 22*d*.—Was engaged all day in finding horses for the journey. Many contradictory rumours had arrived about the state of the roads, but a waggoner from Erzeroum having arrived with three waggons this morning, I at once engaged two of them, which he considered sufficient for our baggage; and, disgusted at the attempts of proprietors of riding-horses to overreach me, I resolved to trust to the post. This institution (Government) finds horses all the way to Erzeroum at £3 a-head, feeding them and replacing them if necessary at the different posting-stations; and the horses are no worse, perhaps a little better, than those of private owners. With every three horses a man must be sent to take care of them, and his horse must be paid for at the same rate: thus four horses cost £12 Turkish. I hired six, sometimes seven, and found it expedient on the day of departure to engage another waggon.

Wednesday, 23*d*, was a rainy day. I walked to the mouth of the river, a mile and a half from the city, where there are reported to be salmon and trout. It looked as if it might be a fine fishing-stream, but was now swollen and muddy from the heavy rains.

Thursday, 24*th*.—Between nine and ten we had mounted our post-horses, taken leave of Mr Billiotti, put our waggons in motion, and set out for the valley in which lies the aforesaid river. We followed its course all day

along a road which, nowhere steep in this stage, is in many places very boggy. We stopped at Jevizlik, where a bridge spans that branch of the river which comes from the monastery of Sumela. This stream is reputed excellent for trout-fishing, but was now a muddy torrent. Otherwise, and if I had not been accompanied by the Turkish Commissioner, I should have spent a night at the monastery, said to be a very picturesque building, finely situated on the mountain-side, where all travellers are hospitably received, but not after sunset, for fear of robbers. We slept in a *khan* or country inn. These houses of entertainment provide nothing but shelter, and that none of the best, for they are often windowless. Here on the bare floors we arranged our camp furniture, while the cook prepared our dinner in the open air. An immense caravan of camels passed through for Trebizond.

Saturday, 26th.—We began the journey by ascending at once steeply from the village (Kum Kissur), leaving the river and crossing high ridges into the valley of another stream. This was the most picturesque part of the route: we rode often in the shade of pine forests, their edges fringed with purple rhododendrons. The road was rocky but firm, often ascending many hundred feet above the stream. The gorges and glens continued to be beautiful in the Swiss style, the cultivated spaces were frequent, and the villages looked like clusters of *châlets*. Birds were by no means plentiful, yet we met with jays, woodpeckers, larks, linnets, and numbers of magpies.

Towards mid-day, as we continued to ascend, the woods ceased, and we rode amid green rounded summits, on which lay large patches of snow. Large spaces were yellow with what looked like furze, but which was the azalea. The road was cut in the steep sides of the summits,

and was bad in places, owing to springs being allowed to soak into it. At length we arrived at the summit of the Zigane Pass, marked by a squalid guard-house and inn; and here the scenery changes. We looked across profound valleys upon a brown, bare range of mountains, partly covered with snow. After descending from the pass, the road winds along steep and lofty mountain-sides—sometimes cut out of them, sometimes built up on them—without any kind of protection at the side, so that the traveller at a few feet from the edge sees nothing as he looks down between him and a valley, perhaps 1500 feet below. So the road winds on, bare and desolate, till, passing steeply round some lower hills, it reaches the valley and town of Ardossa.

Sunday, 27th.—We were now in the valley of the Karschat river, a large, rapid, turbid stream, which we followed as it flowed westward of the road amid somewhat desolate scenery, till we got near Gumush Khane (the silver-mines), when the space between road and river began to be filled with gardens and orchards.

Then follows an incident which affords a remarkable example of Hamley's promptitude and energy :—

Monday, 28th.—I was told that the road was impassable about an hour out of the village, and that a party of labourers were repairing it. The waggons were therefore halted after starting, to await the repairs. While I was seated in the shade of a bank, the Turkish officers went by on horseback. I begged Djèvad Bey to send me back word as to when the waggons would be able to pass. Accordingly, some little time after, I received a note from him saying that the place could be passed on horseback,

and that it would be practicable for waggons in one and a half hours. Not satisfied with this, I moved forward with the waggons till we arrived at the obstacle.

The road here ascended gently till it reached a height of about fifteen feet above the bed of the river. It was cut out of the high bank, and being of clayey, cakey material cracking into huge pieces, a retaining wall had been built up against it, perpendicularly from the bed of the river. The river itself had shrunk, leaving wide rocky spaces in its bed, though still swift, and perhaps forty feet broad; but with a late flood it had carried away part of the wall, and with it the greater part of the road, leaving a strip by which single horses could pass. Around the gap the groups of workmen were gathered. On my asking the captain of *gendarmes*, who had accompanied us, why they stood idle, and begging him to make them work, he told me they had given up the task in despair. Captain de Wolski, after going to the place, said it was impossible for them to make it passable for waggons. I examined it myself. The labourers had begun to fill the deep perpendicular breach with stones from the river, of which they had laid only one or two courses. I saw that, though it might, by continuing the work, be rendered passable, it would take much more time than I could think of waiting. I said to Captain de Wolski, "The waggons must go along the bed of the river." He replied, "They can't, sir." "Why not?" "It's too steep, sir." Annoyed at being thus met in a difficulty,[1] I said sharply, "Pack of nonsense: they can pass, and they shall." I then passed the broken part of the road on foot to look for a place where they might ascend to the road on the

[1] I hesitated about giving the curt colloquy, but it is delightfully characteristic of Hamley.

other side. It continued to be of the same height above the bed of the river, supported by the perpendicular wall for some one hundred yards, up to a point where the river was no longer passable. At one part, however, a small bit of the wall had been broken down, and in sliding towards the river-bed had formed a rudiment or suggestion of what might be made into a ramp, the downward slope of which was parallel to the road and in the direction in which we were going. Here I determined to complete the means of ascent; and repassing the broken part, I ordered the waggons to unload and go down into the bed of the river—placing a couple of Turkish *gendarmes* in charge of the baggage. In a few minutes the first waggon was fording the stream, here some fifty feet wide, its bed being about fifty yards wide, filled with huge round boulders and rocks. Repassing to the place of the destined ramp, I found there an old Turkish officer of *gendarmes*, whom I requested, through the interpreter, to go immediately to the village and send up all the picks and shovels he could procure. In a few minutes three villagers arrived with a pick and two shovels. The Turkish officers, when they passed, had left two of their soldiers behind them, who were now sitting in the shade of some trees. I set them and a villager to work with the tools. The soldiers set to work with right good will. The original piece of broken road had left a very steep, short descent, only about a yard wide at top. The business now was to widen it so as to allow of the horses coming up four abreast, the fashion of the country, and to lengthen it so as to lessen sufficiently the steepness. The surface was too hard for the shovel, but yielded to the pick. I had myself to take the tools and mark out the part to be excavated. Fresh hands with spades began to arrive from the village, and by dint of pushing, threatening with

the horsewhip, and showing by example with the tools exactly what I wanted, notwithstanding that very few really worked, and these generally wasted great part of their efforts, the ramp speedily promised to become practicable. By this time the waggons were arriving opposite the spot, and I made the *gendarmes* captain go down into the bed of the river and range them in a row. At the same time I desired that villagers might be made to bring the baggage across the broken road and pile it under the direction of my servant Aristides. The villagers, seeing the work progressing, brought of their own accord a large beam, and laid it as a protection along the outer edge of the new ramp. As soon as I judged this practicable, I collected a number of idlers and sent them to push behind the waggons, and placed one of our servants at each wheel to lift the spokes when needful. The leading waggon was then put at it as fast as possible: half-way up it stuck for a moment, but with pushing and lifting the top was gained. The next waggon did not keep the middle, and the outer horse, crowded over, hung by his harness above the bed of the river. When loosened, he dropped down in a sitting posture without injury. One of the horses of the first waggon was hooked to the pole, and with his help the second also got over. There were eight in all, for the Turks had left their own waggons in the difficulty, and other travellers had joined our train for protection.

So the *mauvais pas* was passed successfully. Hamley threw down his shovel, put on his coat, mounted, and rode forward to receive the "contrite apologies" of Djèvad Pasha, who declared he had no conception that there was any serious difficulty. "But he ought to have known it," remarks Ham-

ley; "and what made it more curious was, that his two officers had both been employed for a long time on the construction of this road." A good illustration of the apathy and indifference of even the better educated and more intelligent Turkish officials!

Wednesday, 30th.—We left Kadrak by a good level road, along which the waggons trotted. The hills continued to be much lower, and we at length emerged from them into a succession of plains, bounded on the north by the great range over which lies the hill-road to Trebizond, which I had thought of coming by. The land here is all under cultivation, up to and over the lower hills. The curious geological formation continued, and in one place a long narrow line of rock undulated down the mountain to the village at its foot. My interpreter assured me that a huge serpent had once attempted to invade the village, and that his head had actually entered, when the priest valiantly approached it bearing the New Testament, which he placed thereon, when the serpent immediately expired. His skeleton remains, as we saw, on the mountain, and the head is still preserved in the church.

From a village off the road two soldiers approached, and others were visible behind them. They came to tell me that Suleiman Pasha, the Governor of Baiburt, had come out, attended, to meet me. All along the road soldiers had been instructed, by orders of the Vali of Trebizond, to place themselves at my disposal; but as they were useless and expensive, I had dismissed them, and requested that none others might be sent. We were now, however, beyond the vilayet of Trebizond, and within that of Erzeroum, and the Pasha was not to be

baulked. He was attended by the commandant of the garrison of Baiburt and some other functionaries. He received me in what may have been presumed to be the principal house, which we entered, first through a cowshed, then through a stable. In this stable, raised a few steps above it, and separated by posts supporting a roof, was the principal, probably the only apartment, a mud floor up the middle, and raised benches upon each side, on which cushions and carpets were presently placed. I was hungry, and begged the Pasha to let me offer him a share of my lunch. My wallets, furnished only for two of us, afforded a scanty supply of fowl, tongue, and biscuit; but this was made to look respectable by the addition of cream, flat bread, and a kind of dry cream cheese, which I imagined to have been contributed by the Pasha, till I discovered that my dragoman had purchased them from the owner of the house. Mounting, we rode slowly in state, preceded by the escort, several miles to Baiburt, which we entered on the north side by a by-road, the highroad winding round to the south; and passing below a large old castle on a rock, we entered the square of the town, which, it being market-day, was filled with country-people and cattle. The Pasha's house was in a corner of the square. It was entered through a vestibule inferior to a country stable for cart-horses. We ascended a shabby, rickety wooden stair to a lobby, and were then ushered into the reception-room, where we found Djèvad Bey and his party. The Pasha invited me to dinner, from which I excused myself as civilly as I could; and he then proposed to send my dinner to my tent, but this also I declined with thanks. This is the solitary instance of hospitality which I have ever met with from a Turkish official. We encamped beyond the town in the flat valley of the Choruk, somewhat marshy here and cut up with pieces of stagnant

water left by the floods, and inhabited by legions of frogs, which were particularly noisy.

Thursday, 1*st July*.—The valley of the Choruk just below Baiburt is not cultivated. The bed of the stream is very wide, and is probably capable of growing nothing but willow copse. The old road lies up the river to the mountains; but after about four hours we turned to the right up a tributary stream, following the new road to the Kop Khan, where we encamped. On the way I fished this stream, which was rapid and discoloured, catching only a few small trout. We passed through a very narrow gorge near the Kop Khan, said to be the favourite haunt of robbers.

Friday, 2*d*.—The ascent to the Kop Dagh is steep and winding; the road broken in places, though generally good. The descent to the valley is very steep. The air was delicious; the scenery on the east side of the pass like that of the Highlands. Resuming the march after lunch, the temperature suddenly changed. We were in a close valley shut in by rocks of white gypsum, which looked like marble, and furnishes a good deal of plaster of Paris. We now struck the Kara Su or Western Euphrates, and followed its course along the plain to Ash Kale, where we camped on a tributary. Captain Everett met us here, having ridden from Erzeroum in ten hours.

Saturday, 3*d*.—The road lay all along the valley of the Euphrates, which is throughout of the same character. Above the low bank of the river is a plateau, forming with the hills which bound the valley a rich plain. A great mountain-range, with peaks 10,000 feet high, runs along on the left, and a spur of a parallel range gradually closes in on the right. We halted at Ilija, where there are hot mineral baths. We camped in sight of Erzeroum, eight miles distant. We were now in a broad flat plain enclosed

on all sides by mountains. The Pasha sent officers to meet me, but I begged to dispense with an escort to-morrow. Dogs ate our provisions in the night.

Sunday, 4th.—We reached Erzeroum before noon: the ground rises to the plain, but beyond is a background of lofty hills. Baker Pasha, who had just arrived there in the course of his tour of the Asiatic provinces, rode out with his staff to meet me. Captain Everett, who had tried in vain to hire a house for us, insisted in lodging us in his own, a very comfortable one. In the afternoon I called on the Vali and Khalid Pasha, the commandant of the garrison.

The descriptions are those of a skilled topographist who is an artist and admirer of nature as well. His habitual distaste for pomp, fuss, and ceremony of all kinds finds continual expression, and it is forcibly brought out in unconventional language in a familiar letter to his niece from Erzeroum, which gives amusing personal details as to his suite and occupations. The passages which repeat the incidents of the travel are omitted:—

ERZEROUM, 10*th July* 1880.

MY DEAR BARBARA,—I have got so far, and the journey has hitherto been successful, though rather rough. . . . At the principal cities the Pashas greatly bothered me by riding out many miles to meet me—to do me honour, they said; but if they had understood the expressions I made use of on those occasions, they would probably have said that *they* did me no honour. . . . We are all now lodged in Captain Everett's house, and Mrs Everett is a kind and

exemplary hostess, and is fond of talking over Staff College times. Immediately on arriving I made an excursion forty miles off, into the valley of Tortum, in repute for trout. . . . This excursion did not hinder business, as my Russian has only just left Tiflis, and the Turk was detained while arranging his transport and cavalry escort. . . . Besides our servants, we have a Turk, who is a Kavass, a functionary unknown elsewhere, but useful here —a mixture of guide, chief of the stables, and *valet-de-place*—and a cook, who lights his fire and begins operations as soon as we arrive at our camping-ground, while the just one (Aristides) and the rest put up the tents. The great drawback for me is, that the small, lean, ill-fed horses can only carry me at a slow pace, and it is rather weary work riding hundreds of miles on them. This is a curious city, not so nice to look at as Trebizond, but picturesque too: most of the houses in Armenia look like large tanks, with thick chimneys on the top, and so the aspect of the streets can scarcely be styled cheerful. To-morrow I shall take my first day's rest since starting.

CHAPTER XVII.

DIARY OF THE ARMENIAN EXPEDITION.

IN THE ARMENIAN HIGHLANDS—ERZEROUM—ON THE FRONTIER — FISHING — THE COMMISSIONERS AT WORK — GENERAL ZELINOI—ARMENIAN HOUSES—KUBAN COSSACKS—KARS—APPROVAL OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

THE letter last quoted anticipates the diary in the story of the trouting trip which took them to the sources of the three great rivers which have their rise in the Armenian highlands. These are the Euphrates, the Araxes, and the Choruk Su, one of which, at least, must have watered Eden, according to the most orthodox commentators. Hamley went in company of Baker Pasha, who was visiting the district on military business, and had his tents, his train of attendants, and his *batterie de cuisine*. The notes on the first day or two record little except rough roads, inclement weather, and the fact that one unlucky member of the party was nearly eaten alive by the fleas.

Tuesday, 6th.—In the morning we found ourselves close to a most excellent camping-ground, where the horses and muleteers had passed the night—a mile of level greensward on the bank of a rapid rocky stream. Baker's muleteer had sent back all his baggage-horses in the night, having been unwilling to come unless all his caravan were engaged, seven only being wanted. Baker took this patiently. The muleteer had remained himself with his horse, not only without any fear of any penalty for his act, but expecting to be paid for the previous day's work. Baker's only remedy was to withhold payment, and to appeal on return to Erzeroum to the Persian Consul—the man is a Persian subject—and as the Consul has no pay but fees, it was expected he would fine the man to pocket the money. Our muleteer procured bullock-carts, and we proceeded. About ten we halted at a village in the hills, where the inhabitants had spread carpets under the tall trees in a meadow—there was good water and rich grass for the horses; and here we had a good breakfast. Then we ascended to the watershed which separates the head-waters of the Euphrates from those of the Batum river, but loftier hills lie beyond it on the way to Tortum, several great spurs being crossed before we made the long and steep descent to the valley. From the last of these we saw before us immense heaps of ugly brown mountains, deep amid which lay a long ravine with a narrow strip of bright verdure. The first place we came to in the valley was the village of Saghir. Crossing the river, we established our camp in a mulberry orchard, and immediately began to fish.

Contrary to all expectation, it was still too early in the season for the stream, which was as full of water and as turbulent as a Scotch stream of the same class in February, but it was clearer. . . . The valley is full of foliage,

mulberry and other fruit trees, and Lombardy poplars, the banks mostly fringed with alders.

Wednesday, 7th.—Next day we shifted our camp, and moved down the valley towards a high isolated rock (500 feet) on which stands the extensive ruin of the old castle of Tortum, having no history that I know of, though once an important stronghold. In a glen near it I saw a large Egyptian vulture busied about something in the bushes. Approaching, I saw a magnificent dog stretched out, with nothing to explain his death. He was not known to the people in whose orchard we encamped. When I passed the spot two days later, the vultures had scattered his long yellow hair all about the place.

We encamped in a mulberry orchard on greensward, rather damp, and fished most of the day. We caught between us a good many fish, making with those of the day before about a hundred, but none over a pound. The next morning De Wolski landed one which escaped, of three pounds according to his estimate; and Baker lost two large ones which successively broke his lines.

Thursday, 8th.—At 1 P.M. De Wolski and I left Baker in his camp, and set out with only a zaptieh for Erzeroum. We had sent on our servants and baggage to await us at a village, which it was estimated we should reach before eight, and a man was to look out for us, and show us where the tent was pitched. But, like all estimates of distance in this country, it proved quite unreliable. We did not reach the village till half-past nine, when it was quite dark: the man was not looking out, and we rode stumbling among the heaps of earth which pass for houses, till we routed out a guide, and by shouting woke up our servants and muleteers, who appeared with lanterns on a neighbouring hill.

Friday, 9th.—We found ourselves in a very pretty camp-

ing-ground,—a small plateau on the end of a long hill, with steep slopes to the plain on all sides but one. On that was a wall, with two fountains issuing from it, above which the ground sloped up to a large old Armenian church, with many ancient tombstones around, one immense brown one on end, close to the church, and covered with insignia, which seemed to denote that some great dignitary rested there.

After breakfast we started for Erzeroum. At the foot of the hills was an ownerless donkey, turned out apparently to die, in a generally miserable plight, and with a large wound on his shoulders, in which were great numbers of flies, literally eating him up alive. Not seeing what could be done for his relief, I rode on; *but after going two miles it occurred to me how I might have helped him, and made me so uneasy* that I rode back and found him in the same place. Taking the long muslin pugaree off my helmet, I soaked it in the stream, drove away the flies, picked others out of the deep wound, and then tied the muslin across the wound, with a knot behind his forelegs. Knowing that somebody would speedily rob him of the pugaree if it seemed of any value, I cut off the fringed ends. I got to Erzeroum by mid-day.

When he reached Erzeroum he found a telegram from Zelinoi announcing that the Russian General was about to leave Tiflis, and should telegraph again from Kars.

The italics in the previous extract are mine. I know nothing in his life more significant of his tenderness, of his genuine softness of heart, than that incident of the donkey. Where Sterne

sighed sentimentally in retrospect, Hamley acted and sacrificed himself. Here is a veteran soldier who, in a rough and toilsome march, is actually grieved and worried over the sorrows of an outcast animal. His conscience will not suffer him to rest, and he retraces on his jaded pony two miles of the rugged road. Then the good Samaritan in the scorching sun strips off the covering from his own sun-helmet, and after picking out the flies and maggots, binds up the wounds and goes on his way again, with a blessing, if ever mortal deserved one. It may naturally be suggested that the shortest way would have been to lodge a bullet in the donkey's brain, which would have given him a final discharge from his misery. But Hamley regarded animals as human beings, respecting life as much in the one case as in the other. So long as disease or injury was not obviously deadly, he would always insist upon giving them their chance. He kept or pensioned all his old favourites till they died a natural death or came to an untimely end. I think that, like Scott, he was inclined to cherish the hope that he might meet his four-footed friends in a future state of existence. In any case, it is difficult to conceive him as perfectly happy in a Paradise where the cats and the dogs were literally cast out.

Saturday, 10*th*.—Rode out with Captain Everett and officers round the works of Erzeroum. These were made at great cost about ten or twelve years ago. They are earthworks cut in low ground crossing the rocky hills to the north-east and south of the city, with barracks for the garrison in the principal ones. They sufficed to keep off the Russians when they attacked the place in the winter without heavy artillery; but there are many parts of the mountain-range beyond, within cannon-range of them, up which heavy guns might be brought and placed.

Called on the Armenian bishop, who had called on me. The bishop, a plump and mirthful prelate, was for twenty years a Catholic priest in Rome, but changed his religion from patriotic motives.

Sunday, 11*th*.—Not feeling well, I resolved to make this a day of rest, the first I had had since the 23d June, the whole of every day having been passed in the sun, either on foot or horseback. Major Trotter, the Consul, arrived to-day from Zevin, whither we are bound.

There did not seem to be distress in Erzeroum. There are always beggars in Turkish towns, and they did not seem more numerous than usual. But according to Captain Everett, the condition of the people during the winter had been very bad, hardly any having bread to eat. He had distributed funds sent him and kept many from perishing, and the worst seemed over.

On leaving Erzeroum for the frontier, he took his friend Everett with him, entirely on his own responsibility. Everett's local knowledge sufficiently justified the step; but Hamley had learned his value in Bulgaria, and when he got a good

man on whom he could absolutely rely, he loved to stick to him. In the following year, when appointed Commissioner to Greece, the first thing he did was to telegraph to Erzeroum and ask Everett to accompany him. Everett would gladly have accepted the offer, which would certainly have taken him to Egypt afterwards; but he was too useful in Armenia, and the Foreign Office refused him permission.

Monday, 12*th*.—We set out for the frontier with our caravan. In an hour and a half we arrived at the Deli Pass, north-east of Erzeroum, where the Turks had fought an action with the Russians in the late war. There are three positions here — none good. 1. The pass itself, cramped by opposing high ground east of it, far within range. 2. This same high ground, in like manner, looked on from beyond. 3. The last heights, looking on the level plain, where the right might be made so strong as to force an enemy from the eastward to attempt to turn the left, where a height would afford facilities for turning back and protecting the left, is probably the best.

We now journeyed for hours across the level plain to Hassan Kale, where a spur of the northern range juts out into the plain, narrowing it by one-half. On an extremity of this spur, which ends in a fantastic crag, is placed an old castle surrounded by a wall; lower down, on the west face, the somewhat considerable town, also surrounded by a wall. The Turks supplied me with three cavalry horses, and three men to take care of them; and on these steeds I and my two officers rode henceforward.

Tuesday, 13*th*.—We proceeded by the regular road to Kiupri Keui, whence our muleteer had conceived the unlucky idea of following what he said was a shorter and better route. He had calculated on a journey of five or six hours; but as we rode on across interminable grassy plains, winding over the spurs, the day wore on while we were still far from our destination. We passed the village of Haran, of ill fame as the abode of robbers. Tales of violence were common here. At Kiupri Keui there was an Armenian villager in the *khan* where we halted whose buffaloes had been carried off openly and eaten by Turkish neighbours: his complaints had procured him no redress. On this day we saw the first game which we had chanced on in Armenia, though some travellers [Curzon, for one] represent the plains as full of it. A covey of large grey birds, larger than partridges, flew across our path.

At length we halted at, also, a village of evil report. We camped beyond it on the stream, and the horses were turned to graze on the hill beyond. I was thoroughly tired with the long day in the sun, and went to bed as soon as we had dined. I was woke by Captain de W. calling from the outside of the tent that the Kurds had carried off all our horses. I said, "Never mind, we'll hunt them down," and got up at once. Oddly enough, this short rest had quite refreshed me. On making inquiries about the alarm, I expressed my conviction that it was greatly exaggerated; and before long the pack-animals were driven up to the camp, all except one which had been stolen. There was no further alarm in the night.

Wednesday, 14*th*.—In the morning early I found that two more horses had disappeared while grazing under the village. I at once took the interpreter and rode across to the village, where I at first asked to see a Turkish major

who had passed the night there with a detachment of troopers. I requested him to summon the chief people of the village. They came, and I desired the interpreter to tell them who I was, and to inform them that if they did not take immediate steps to recover the horses, I should appeal to the Vali at Erzeroum. They promised to do their best. The major, a heavy, common-looking man, left two troopers to search—all he could spare—and took a note from me to the magistrate of the district. I then marched off, leaving a muleteer to identify the horses, and a soldier with a note for Djèvad Bey when he should pass. On receiving the note he had left two more soldiers, and on the road I met a sergeant and two soldiers of *gendarmerie* despatched by the Mudir to search the neighbourhood. I gave him instructions, and also promised a reward of £2 for the horses.

Passing across undulating grassy plains, we mounted to the plateau of Zevin, and rode across it to a hill with Turkish works on it, while our caravan came through the valley below. Opposite, above the village, was the old castle on its rock, surrounded with crags worn into curious spikes and pinnacles. We had seen a number of those old castles—two at Gumush Khane on cliffs nearly inaccessible, one at Baiburt, one at Tortum, one at Hassan Kale—all perched on high rocks, and commanding the approaches. The extent and solidity of the buildings forbade the idea that they were built by freebooters: they must have been the strongholds of provincial rulers.

All along the road, ever since leaving Baiburt, we had met trains of emigrants, sometimes of two or three families, sometimes of many more,—old men, women, children, and dogs,—all journeying westward. These were the late Turkish inhabitants of territories annexed by Russia since the war, about Batum, Ardahan, and Kars. They

brought their household goods in some of the waggons; others were covered with cloth or canvas to convey the women, or to sleep in. On reaching a suitable halting-place where the buffaloes or oxen might graze, they halted at mid-day or night. The most considerable caravan of them that we had seen was now in the valley above us, —a whole community, with herds of cattle. From some of them saying they had left their country for their faith, I had at first supposed that they had left their homes from an exaggerated fear that the Russians would debar them from the exercise of their religion, and that as it was impossible to see what aid would be afforded to them in Turkey, this exodus could not but have the most unfortunate results, by adding to the already overwhelming numbers of the starving and the homeless. Djèvad Bey, however, takes a different view: he does not think they have fled on account of their religion, but because they had already experienced ill-treatment from the Russians, who desire to rid their territories of Mussulmans, and that most of them are people of substance who will bring sufficient means of subsistence. For example, in Bulgaria, where the Russians encouraged barbarous treatment of the Turkish population, (*sic*) makes it probable enough that these fugitives have good reason for quitting Russian territory; but the sympathy they would otherwise be entitled to is very much diminished by the fact that the Turks have for ages maltreated their Christian fellow-subjects, and made their own predominance felt in the most galling way. We heard, since our horses were stolen, that had the proprietor been a Turk they would have been recovered; but being an Armenian, nobody concerned themselves at his loss.

Indeed, these emigrants were among the Circassian bands who, being afterwards settled in

European Turkey, made themselves the most intolerable of neighbours, indulging in all manner of outrages. The next extract proves how dispassionately Hamley held the balance between the Russians and Turks:—

The difference in the lot of the Armenian subjects of the two bordering States is very striking. On the Turkish side they are never secure either of life or property, and they never become wealthy. Either the State impoverishes them by its exactions, or it leaves them unprotected from the raids of Kurds and other robbers; or it sends to them as protectors Turkish soldiers, who, having no pay, fasten upon them as permanent and legalised brigands. On the Russian side they are secure, and, developing their native talent for business, often become wealthy. Therefore the Armenian population of Turkey, without loving Russian rule, greatly prefer it to that of the Turks. The Armenian part of the population of those countries is the only one that develops talent or makes progress. The rest remain pretty much as they have been since history took note of them. In fact, for the present, they seem to have retrograded; and Armenia, said to be the cradle of the human race, still in another sense merits that title, as many of its races are still in their infancy.

Thursday, 15*th*.—Having determined to await here news of General Zelinoi, I walked up the valley towards Karaourgan. Afterwards I went up the stream to view the fork, and beginning to fish there, took five nice trout. I had sent a message to Sari Kamish for General Zelinoi when he should arrive. In returning past a large emigrant camp, two huge dogs lying on the road sprang up

and attacked me as I passed, one seizing my horse's tail, the other leaping up with open jaws at my foot, which I raised on to the horse's mane, and my steed swerving, I came down on the road. I expected to have both dogs upon me, but they held back; and jumping up, I snatched a pistol from the holster, but was saved from using it by an old emigrant, who gave one of the dogs a tremendous blow with a stone, when the other slunk off. We dined with the Turks, who gave us national dishes, which I did not relish.

Then there were several days of delay. Zelinoi was in no hurry to move, and begged Hamley to meet him in Russian territory. When he came at last, it was at an unlucky moment, and chance compelled him to wait in turn. Hamley being in a land of streams, had made himself happy, and passed the time contentedly enough. There are entries like this, "Waited in vain for Zelinoi or news of him." Then :—

Tuesday, 20th.—Went fishing in the Isti Su, which joins the Chan Su a little below our camp. We were placed on the high ground between the two, going across which I found myself in the broad meadows between which the Isti runs through willows and alders. It is just wide enough to be fishable with the fly, and one of the prettiest streams possible, one pool running into another, with no dead-water. Just as I had hooked a good trout, Captain Everett rode down the opposite hill to tell me that General Zelinoi had arrived at Karaourgan. I caught the trout (the largest I had taken), and on my return found that General Zelinoi had sent an officer

to inquire if I was in camp, who had said he would come back in an hour. He came accordingly, with a proposal from General Zelinoi for a *séance* in the *douanier's* house next morning, to which I assented, provided it suited Djèvad Bey; and it was settled accordingly. I also invited the General and his officers to dine with us, which he declined, on the plea of fatigue, and also that he wished us first to dine with him and was not then prepared.

Everett had ridden across country post-haste, and pushed his horse down the hill to announce the long-expected news that the Russians had come at last. Hamley, without turning, threw up his hand and simply answered, "Hush! I've got him."

Wednesday, 21*st*.—We found a room prepared for the *séance*, and the General awaiting us with his officers.

But, strange to say, the officers selected to perform the topographical work with the English and the Turks could not speak either French, English, or Turkish. Again it seemed that the Russians were deliberately bent on delays, and the first proposal of Zelinoi tended to confirm that. He intimated that he should not quit the ground between Karaourgan and the Araxes till all the boundary-marks should be set up. They were to be solid pyramids of stone, and it further appeared that he had made no arrangements for building them. General Zelinoi pleaded the orders of his

Government, and added, in reply to arguments and expostulations, that it was out of the question that he and his staff could remain, as they had come with no provision for encamping. So after a courteous farewell visit, they returned, leaving Hamley to carry out an inspection of the ground, to fish, and to send pressing telegrams to Lord Granville.

Sunday, 25th.—The Russian officers who had arrived the evening before (without General Zelinoi) sent to inquire if I wished to see them. I requested them to come to my tent. They evidently did not wish to begin work, talking of the weather being threatening; but I said it was my desire that the parties should begin in an hour, which they did.

Monday, 26th.—I left camp for Sari Kamish accompanied by Captain Everett. Passing the plateau of Meliduz, the ravine beyond, and the next plateau, we entered the valley of Sari Kamish, where we arrived at two, and established ourselves in an Armenian restaurant, a very poor place. The village was of itself a very insignificant one, but it is rapidly becoming a populous place, a regiment of infantry being quartered there, and barracks and other buildings of logs springing up on the low hills round it. General Zelinoi was very pleasantly encamped. On seeing the maps, he soon satisfied me that he had a complete recollection of the circumstances under which the frontier line had been traced, and that we could join in testifying to it and recommending it. We dined with General Zelinoi, and slept at the restaurant, Everett in a long low room opening out of the bar, and I in a little

room beyond, with a door opening into a stable where a sheep and a goat passed the night—the stone walls hung with prints of Russian princes and generals.

The following days were devoted to despatching the local business, Russians and English working pleasantly together. But again Zelinoi began to interpose delays as to a visit to the mountain-passes, alleging the difficulty of arranging for the indispensable escort. Hamley and he had sundry sharp passages at arms. The more resolute will always prevailed in the end, but there are various entries like this,—"I reminded him of his promise of yesterday: he grew angry and attempted to evade it." The report of the discussion invariably ends with "he finally consented"; but now and then is the addition, "He dined with the Turks." That they parted with feelings of mutual liking and regard is all the more to Zelinoi's credit, since he must have been irritated at his manœuvres being repeatedly baffled, and by his straightforward antagonist having the best of it throughout.

Sunday, 1st Aug.—Camps were struck by 9.30, and we went down the valley to Lower Medjingert by a road passable for my pack-horses, but not for the Turks' bullock-carts. We passed the ford of the Araxes safely, though one baggage-horse was nearly drowned, and

reached Kara Kilissa in good time. A steep mountain must be ascended from the Araxes, a short descent from which leads on to the wide cultivated plain in which the village stands. We ranged our tents on the other side of a small hollow, in which is a spring and the source of a marshy stream. The village could supply bread (flat, dark-coloured slabs of paste), eggs, and cucumbers, and there were numerous flocks and herds on the plain, so that there was no lack of beef and mutton. Enormous dogs lounged about this village, or herded on a bank opposite.

Monday, 2d Aug.—My servant Aristides was sick, and put in a house in the village.

Tuesday, 3d Aug.—I visited Aristides in an Armenian house, entering by the stable, a raised part of which forms a room with a passage along the middle to the fireplace, and wide boarded divans with mats and rugs spread on each side. He was comfortable here. Passing out of the house, I observed another and larger room beyond a doorway in the entrance, and asked leave to look into it. It was a very spacious chamber, lit by a small window or large circular pane in the middle of the ceiling. The floor was of hardened clay, somewhat irregular. Immense jars were ranged along the walls for the winter supplies of oil, &c.; the coloured rugs used as bedclothes were piled on shelves; and projecting into the room, in which it filled a large space, was a chest or press for flour. Many children were rolling on the floor. A cover was lifted from a cylindrical bricked hole in the floor, which was the oven; the flat paste is stuck round the brick surface and baked there. In the long winters, when the snow closes even the one window, the family live for months in these chambers, their cattle stabled close by; and it is necessary, therefore, to have everything stored which will

be required for the support of the household, often in these Armenian houses very numerous—for it really includes several families, so that an Armenian house contains four or five times as many inmates as a Turkish one. The houses in these villages are evidently semi-subterranean, the roofs thick mounds of earth, the entrance like the doorway of a stable. Nothing can be more desolate and dismal than an Armenian village seen from the outside; but the rooms are much more comfortable and cheerful than the exterior would lead one to expect — spacious and warm — ceilings sometimes of carved wood, also the pillars which divide the chambers from the stable, with plenty of rugs and mats. The great want in this part of the country is fuel: plains and mountains are alike treeless, and the inhabitants depend for their winter supply on the dung of cattle mixed with clay into cakes and dried in the sun.

This want of fuel is one of the most serious evils which threatens this country, especially since the war, by which the Turks have been deprived of the great forests on the Soghanli range, on which they formerly very much relied for the supply of fuel and timber for constructions, of a large area reaching as far as Erzeroum. Whether the vast bare ranges ever were covered with trees is not known, but what is certain is, that the Turks have always been cutting down all woods within their reach, without planting a tree to replace them. How an army could be maintained in these districts I do not know. The Russians are very careful of the woods they acquire: no one can cut a tree without special licence.

Saturday, 7th.—This evening I rode with Captain Everett to the top of the hills bordering the plain, on the side of the Kyeusse Dagh. From thence we looked across sharp winding crests leading up to the foot of the mountains, a

steep cone rising abruptly into the air, the side towards us being hollowed out, as if that side of a crater once existing there had been blown out. Along the shaded ravines strips of snow were still lying. On our journey from Erzeroum we had seen this mountain from a great distance, recognisable by its form and its height—11,500 feet. The ridge is a horrible range of volcanic peaks, condemned to perpetual barrenness, and impassable, except at three points, in all the remaining portion of our frontier. One of these passes lies over the shoulder of the Kyeusse Dagh itself, exceedingly rough and difficult, but the best of the three. For six or seven months snow renders all the three impassable — vehicles cannot pass, and baggage-animals with great difficulty if at all. The sight of this range (along the top of which the frontier lies), with its sharp serrated edge, and the brown barren masses of its *contre-forts* descending to the valley, is exceedingly forbidding.

Sunday the 8th was a day of signing protocols, comparing maps, filling in names, &c. Apparently, by way of celebration—

In the evening we dined with General Zelinoi and his officers. The colonel of the Kuban Cossacks had come from Kara Koort, and now directed some Cossack sports with which we were entertained before dinner. The Cossacks, drawn up in line, galloped past singly, some firing their rifles at pieces of paper, some picking up things with one hand as they passed, others exchanging shots as pursuers and pursued, one hanging completely backward and recovering his seat, and some, including the captain, standing upright in their curved stirrups during their career. After this we went to dinner. The Cossack colonel is an exceed-

ingly fine handsome man, formerly commander of the Emperor's escort, drawn from different regiments of Cossacks. He had a property in the Caucasus, and the command of the regiment here had been given him as a mark of favour, which, however, he did not highly appreciate. An effort was made by a Cossack captain, reputed a drinker of prowess, to intoxicate some of the party by frequent challenges to drink with him, but it ended in the abrupt disappearance of the challenger. Some of our other entertainers underwent a similar fate. There was much speech-making and health-drinking, and then we adjourned to the outside of the tent, where a huge bonfire had been made, and where the Cossacks danced. One was dressed as a woman, and the others danced with her in excellent time and with wonderful agility. Strong, sweet liqueur was circulating all the time. Towards the close, a body of Cossacks hoisted me into the air, singing and shouting,—this was a mark of honour, and was repeated to all the officers present; and when I at last took leave, we were not allowed to return on foot to our camp, but were conveyed by parties of Cossacks.

On Wednesday, 11th, there was further signing, followed up by more conviviality and eloquence.

Meantime my camp was already on the march for Kara Koort. We had disposed of all our tents to the Consuls at Erzeroum or to the Russians, and all our provisions which were not needed for the march. When I offered to take leave of my colleagues, they announced their intention to escort me across the plain. The whole of them came, bringing a large number of Cossacks and some Turkish soldiers. The Cossacks careered round us, going through their performances and singing in chorus.

At last my colleagues turned back: a final bottle of champagne was produced and drunk all hot as a stirrup-cup, and then with much hand-shaking and many expressions of goodwill we parted. We were escorted on our way by a captain and lieutenant of Cossacks, with about twenty of their men. Our march lay across treeless plains, and then by a very steep descent to the Araxes, crossed here by a bridge which was so damaged by floods that it was wonderful how any of it held together. A little beyond we reached the village of Kara Koort, the headquarters of the Kuban Cossacks,—of the usual Armenian type—burrows in the earth.

There they were hospitably entertained by the colonel, who promised to accompany them next day. In the morning, however, he failed to keep his appointment: it was said that after the Englishmen had retired the night before, the mirth and fun had become fast and furious.

Thursday, 12th.—Finding the direct road to Kars did not go by Sari Kamish, I had all the luggage we did not require placed on a part of the baggage train, which was to march direct to Kars, while the officers with the personal baggage and the rest of the escort went to Sari Kamish. Here we found waiting for our use a carriage forwarded from Tiflis by the care of General Zelinoi, and into this we got with our small effects and started at two for Kars. Directly after leaving Sari Kamish we found ourselves on a great plain reaching to Kars and beyond it, bordered on all sides by mountains. It was covered for the most part with dry grass and weeds, the soil baked and stony, and trenched across two or three times by a

deep narrow ravine, in which ran a stream. About seven in the evening we came in sight of Kars. Outside a division of troops was encamped. We drove by a very stony road along the edge of the Kars river in the direction of the citadel and the hotel—a very poor one, where we were obliged all three to sleep in one room in very bad beds. Though we had telegraphed, nothing was ready, and the supper when we did get it was uneatable. Mr Sultan, a Government *employé* whom we had met at Erzeroum, came to offer his services, which next day were very efficient.

Friday, 13th.—Mr Sultan arranged for two *fourgons* to take our baggage to Tiflis in six days. Called on General Franchini, Governor of the province, who invited us to dinner.

Courteous as he was, the Governor refused permission to examine the works, and Hamley could only ride or drive about the place as an ordinary travelling gentleman.

The city is in the form of a crescent, the horns projecting into the plain, and rises gently up the surrounding hills. The most conspicuous feature is the citadel, on a high rock behind the centre of the crescent, from which extends a long high ridge, along which runs one horn of the city. The river of Kars, a muddy shallow stream, its bed filled with rocks, runs nearly round the citadel, cutting it by a deep chasm from the higher hills behind. The town, partly ruinous and deserted by the former Turkish population, is most dreary and wretched, the surrounding rocks of the most forbidding aspect.

Crossing the bridge, I ascended the other side of the hill in a direction parallel to the road of Sari Kamish. The

road turned to the right and continued straight to Inglis Tabri. On the way I looked down on the citadel rock, and saw the works which at various heights crown the hills. The back of Inglis (Arab) Tabri is being made into a casemented barrack; the work itself projects along the ridge.

General Franchini is tolerably lodged in the house of a former merchant of Kars. He had spent two years here, which he said had added ten to his age. He was a very agreeable intelligent old gentleman, and entertained us well in a quiet un-Russian way. He is an Italian, and has two brothers, a rich firm in Constantinople. He is reputed very wealthy himself, and has been very fortunate in the service.

Saturday, 14*th*.—We left at eight in our *calèche*. All day long we traversed the dry dreary plains. There were multitudes of bright-coloured grasshoppers with wings. About five we reached Alexandropol, where there is no inn and the station affords nothing. We waited during a thunder-storm, and then started afresh. The night was very dark and the road a broken hill-track. At daylight we found ourselves in a pretty village amid woody hills, 188 versts from Tiflis and on a good road. We journeyed on all day, following for some hours at a very rapid rate the descending course of a river. We passed innumerable trains of Circassian families, with household goods, children, dogs, and cattle—said to be returning to their homes from a summer sojourn in the mountains; also herds of camels turned loose to graze, their burdens, bales of uniform size, being ranged in fields by the roadside.

Monday, 16*th*.—We drove by three easy stages into Tiflis to the "London," kept by Germans, a very good hotel.

It was fortunate, as he was confined to the hotel for a day or two by a slight attack of illness.

Thursday, 19*th*.—Better in afternoon, and went to the old castle above the Botanic Gardens. Passing through an opening in the old wall, the most striking and beautiful view of the city lies immediately beneath. The mountains, closing in at the end next the spectator, widen out beyond; in the basin lies the city. The hills are barren, but of a beautiful colour in the evening light, the distant ones deep purple. Right out of the hills comes the river Kur, dividing the city in two. The colouring of the mass of buildings is quite beautiful—the buildings themselves stone colour, French grey, warm amber, the roofs often of a charming neutral red, and many of a light green—and compact masses of foliage in the ducal and public gardens. There were thunder-storms in the town throughout our stay, almost incessantly, especially at night.

Saturday, 21*st*.—We started for the railway station at half-past eight. For some thirty miles the road lies up the broad valley of the Kur, not very rich nor very picturesque. At Madztke a rich slope, like that on which Philippopolis stands, rises abruptly out of the plain, crowned with an extensive castle. There is a very steep gradient to be descended, and then the road goes down the hill-slopes to a stream, the course of which it follows amid deep rocky gorges. Along these, sometimes crossing watersheds and coming on other streams, it winds for hours, till, about three hours from Poti, it enters a rich broad plain where the crops of maize stretched up to the hills upon either side. This was the valley of the Riva (ancient Phasis). The last twenty-five miles to Poti is through a swamp.

Poti itself is by no means so black as Mr Bryce has painted it. It lies low, on the flat banks of the Riva as it flows into the sea, amid dense vegetation. There is a broad street of ground-floor houses, mostly decent shops. The inn was comfortable, and the inhabitants looked healthy. Mr Gardner, the Consul, told me he lived there eight years before he got fever, but that just now there was a good deal of it, and from this cause he was left without servants. All about Poti game is abundant; in the swamps there are quantities of snipe and of all kinds of duck, and in the season woodcocks are plentiful in the bushes around the town. There are also a few pheasants, and by beating with men, boars and roebuck are to be found in numbers. The river divides into several channels before reaching Poti. If it were to be compressed into one, with a narrowed channel, large ships might come up to the town. As it is, only vessels of very light draught can pass the bar.

Sunday, 22*d*.—We embarked about nine—vessel alongside the highroad—and got to Batum about noon, where we ran alongside the Russian steamer Vesta, and passed our baggage into it. I went ashore to see the military Governor, whom I found in an arbour in his garden. He caused the necessary forms to be added to the passports I had received from the Russian Consul at Erzeroum, without which we could not quit Russian territory. The General complained much of his post as unhealthy, and of his duties, which consist in great measure of his endeavouring to keep order amongst the savage inhabitants of the hills, who made a religion of the vendetta, and amongst whom murder was a daily occurrence. He seemed to despair of a remedy. The town lies all along the shores of the bay, and I did not see the adjunct of another town

in the mountains to which to adjourn for the summer. The anchorage is very deep, close to the town, but shallower on the opposite side of the bay.

Monday, 23*d*.—At Trebizond in the morning, &c.

So the circuit had been completed, and on the morning of Tuesday they cast anchor off Ordu.

Ordu is a pretty town, along the roots of the mountains, with a summer village on the summit above, and plenty of villas on the hills around. We left early, and passing a long line of flat bushy land between the sea and the mountains, anchored at Samsun — a long strip of town along the bay, to which the low coast-line mentioned before acts as a breakwater from the east. Our cargo was not ready, so we had to stay all night. Tobacco and Indian corn were what we chiefly took aboard at these ports.

A letter to the Duke of Cambridge, from Erzeroum on the 11th July, is an admirable summary of the incidents and observations on the journey from Trebizond. But only one passage need be quoted :—

One of my officers, Lieutenant Leverson, an excellent topographer, sketched the whole road from Trebizond to Erzeroum on the scale of an inch to a mile, and his work when put together will form the only existing map of it which is at all detailed and reliable. Captain de Wolski fixed the latitude of successive parts by taking observations with the instrument.

Despatches from the Foreign Office conveyed the approval by her Majesty's Government of Hamley's services. Even the wearisome affair of the Kotour frontier seemed to be so far settled that he had come to an amicable arrangement with Zelinoi, and their joint recommendation of a line of demarcation was forwarded to our Ambassador at Constantinople, with a request that he would recommend its acceptance. Apparently the Porte is still deliberating on that proposal. But the other and more urgent business, in which Russia was directly and immediately interested, had been definitely settled in accordance with Hamley's instructions and desires :—

FOREIGN OFFICE, *Sept.* 17, 1880.

SIR,— . . . I have the satisfaction of acquainting you that the course which you have pursued, and which has had the effect of bringing to an early and satisfactory conclusion the labours of the Commission, has the entire approval of her Majesty's Government.—I am, &c. (in absence of Lord Granville),

JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE.

On Hamley's return to London his interviews with Lord Granville were as gratifying as had been those with Lord Salisbury in the previous year. The genial Minister was at least as much

interested in the incidents of the Commissioner's travels, and in his intercourse with his colleagues, as in the results he had obtained. On the homeward journey he made a brief stay on the Bosphorus. In a letter to his niece from Therapia on the 14th September he writes:—

I went yesterday with the Ambassador to have an audience of the Sultan, and he has promoted me to be Grand Officer of the Medjidie, of which I had the small decorations before.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GREEK AND TURKISH FRONTIER COMMISSION.

ESTIMATE OF LORD CLYDE—FISHING IN SCOTLAND—APPOINTED BRITISH COMMISSIONER ON GREEK AND TURKISH FRONTIER COMMISSION — SELECTION OF STAFF — RECEPTION BY THE SULTAN — INTERVIEWS AT ATHENS — ALBANIA — TURKISH STRATAGEMS — THE KING OF GREECE — CONSTANTINOPLE — THESSALY — DESPATCHES TO FOREIGN OFFICE — GREEK RECOGNITION OF SERVICES.

SERVICE abroad had somewhat thrown him out of the literary grooves. In the winter and spring of 1880-81 he was as idle as any dilettante member of the Athenæum, where he was generally to be seen of an afternoon, and always in the evenings when not dining out. He always read voraciously, he was fond of discussing the politics of the day, and he played a good deal at billiards—at which he was a fair though not a brilliant performer. In those days he was the best of *tête-à-tête* dinner companions: there was nothing on his mind to preoccupy or worry him—for unfortunately his

temperament was rather prone to self-consciousness—and the flow of his conversation was free and joyous. His cheery laugh, with the faintest possible chuckle in it, was in itself an unfailing specific for low spirits. His only piece of literary work at that time was the republication of the Essays on Carlyle, which he carefully revised, and in which he took great interest. He mentions in letters, with much satisfaction, their being specially appreciated by such competent critics as Herbert Spencer and Hayward, who had then been writing on the subject to the 'Times,' and said he was laying a charge of dynamite to be exploded in the 'Quarterly.' Greatly to his grief, he had lost his old friend and familiar correspondent John Blackwood, and thenceforth his letters on literary business were addressed to Blackwood's nephew and partner William, upon whom the whole weight of the publishing business and the editorship of the Magazine had now devolved. But at that time the notes were brief and rare, and the only one worth quoting contains an appreciation of Lord Clyde, whose life, by General Shadwell, Blackwood's were just then bringing out. The last sentence is highly characteristic :—

> The old gentleman was in some ways coarse, much of the barrack-yard about him, in thought and manner; but this could hardly be expected to come out in his biography.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the biographer conceives himself bound to write an encomium and nothing else. However, he was in many respects a fine soldier, and thought far more of duty to the country than of private advantage, which makes him just now specially serviceable as an example. The new school think chiefly of pushing themselves forward by hook or by crook.

Towards the end of May he had started on a fishing trip in Scotland. His friend Mr Taylor, commissioner to the then Earl of Fife, had recommended him to try the chances of the Deveron, which, after the Dee and the Don, is the most picturesque of the streams in Aberdeen- and Banffshire. He spent a few pleasant days in the quiet inn at the pretty village of Rothiemay, and thence he went on to Sutherlandshire. On the 2d of June there is a mixed entry in the angler's diary:—

Bright, with east wind. Put my baggage in carriage returning to Loch Inver, and started to walk. Day changed to west wind and good clouds. Picked up by carriage. Loch Inver about 2. Tried river for "finnick." Telegram F. O. recalling me. Started 5 P.M.: reached Lairg (dogcart to Dykel to meet me by tel.) one in morning.

The cession of Thessaly and Epirus to Greece had been resolved upon at the Convocation of the Powers in Constantinople. Chiefly at the instigation of Lord Dufferin, our Ambassador to the Porte, it had been arranged that again this delimitation should be carried out under the

supervision of an International Commission. The Turks were naturally loath to surrender valuable provinces with a warlike Mohammedan population, and the cession was made more disagreeable by the thought that they were giving them over to a people they had looked down upon for centuries as infidels and serfs. In Greece there was very general apprehension that when it came to the point they might refuse to withdraw; and those fears were shared at our Foreign Office, which was fully prepared for trouble. Lord Dufferin wisely argued that the apprehended difficulties would be evaded or smoothed over by the presence of neutrals who would see fair-play and could speak with judicial impartiality. As matter of fact, everything passed off much more pleasantly than any of those interested had ventured to anticipate.

It was on June 9th that Hamley received from Lord Granville the official intimation of his appointment as British Commissioner. Her Majesty's Government, placing full reliance in his tact and discretion, and in his capability of facilitating the speedy transfer of the ceded territory —so ran the commission—directed him to meet his colleagues at Constantinople with the least possible delay. He was to consult and communicate regularly with Lord Dufferin, as well as with

the Foreign Secretary, and was to keep Mr Ford, our Minister at Athens, informed of the progress of the proceedings. When with the Commission, he was left unlimited discretion, although he might telegraph for instructions should he deem it advisable. It may be of interest to mention the remuneration given in such circumstances. Hamley was to receive £500 if the business were concluded within three months. Colonel Clery's salary was fixed at the rate of £600 a-year, and Lieutenant Vincent was to receive half that sum.[1] Besides that, they were to have their travelling expenses, with such military allowances as are sanctioned by the regulations. Hamley was invited to send in a memorandum, in which he made important suggestions, all of which were accepted. The chief of these was, that special Greek and Turkish Commissioners should be appointed, to act upon the directions of the Commission, and to see that they were promptly complied with. For, as he remarked, it was impossible that the Commission should itself be present at all the important points where simultaneous movements were taking place. The wisdom of the suggestion was amply justified by events. On this occasion the members of his

[1] Colonel Clery and Lieutenant Vincent had been attached to the Commission by the War Office at Hamley's request.

staff were Colonel Clery, Major Swaine, Major Ardagh, and Lieutenant Vincent.

Possibly some readers may think they have had enough of the travelling diaries. Yet when Hamley describes scenes, scenery, and habits in such unfamiliar districts as the Balkans and the Armenian Highlands, he tells the story so vividly and concisely that it seems a pity to do more than eliminate the days and details that were trivial or comparatively uneventful. But it is remarkable, and much to be regretted, that no regular journal was kept on that interesting tour through the new Greek Provinces. There are merely rough entries in a pocket-book. Yet there was no one of his expeditions which he enjoyed more thoroughly, or which he used to recall with more lively satisfaction; and he had found time to illustrate it in a series of clever water-colour drawings. He was profoundly affected by the classical associations which fired his fancy: from Thermopylæ to Tempe he revelled in the picturesqueness of the precipitous ravines and gloomy gorges, of convents perched on apparently inaccessible cliffs, and in the pleasant interludes of flowery meadows sloping down to rushing trout-streams. They were all of them stereotyped on a sensitive memory, receiving like wax and hardening into adamant. Again, by a curious co-

incidence, he was treading in the footsteps of Curzon. He did not trouble the monastery libraries, which have been denuded by previous travellers, and paid more attention to the conventual cellars and larders. But he loved to remember his converse with the hospitable monks, who lavished attentions on the English delegate: and he had many a humorous anecdote to relate. With all his courage, he was subject to constitutional dizziness on sheer precipices or great heights of masonry. So that on his visits to those eyrie-like monasteries, the pleasure was tempered by anxiety. At one of them where he was entertained for a couple of days, the enjoyment of agreeable company and unrivalled views was clouded by the thought of how he was to get out again. For the access to the only entrance was by the single-ribbed remains of a broken stone bridge, suspended over a bottomless abyss. In another of the monasteries, the worthy abbot button-holed him on the verge of the unwalled platform which looked down into vacuity. Moreover, a brisk breeze was blowing; the abbot's ample draperies were floating and swelling picturesquely, and Hamley had to hold on his hat. As he used to say, it needed all his nerve to keep his mental and physical equilibrium.

There is no journal, but side-lights are thrown

on his exciting or amusing personal experiences by a regular series of despatches to Lord Granville, by the letters to his niece, and by a long and detailed letter to Mr Childers. Sundry delicate questions arose, and there was more than one embarrassing incident which might easily have become dangerous; but all was amicably and speedily arranged, for the Commissioners were complacent and happily chosen. Hamley's firmness and tact, with the confidence reposed by both parties in his impartiality, did much to smooth matters over. The Greeks, who might well have lost their heads, behaved with praiseworthy moderation. The Turks would have desired, for financial reasons, to oppose delays; but under pressure, with their fatalism, they resigned themselves to the inevitable.

On the 19th General Hamley was in Constantinople, where he put himself at once in communication with the Porte and the foreign envoys, and, what was perhaps of more immediate interest to him, with his old servant Aristides. Then he made acquaintance with some of his future colleagues. On the 21st he embarked with Lord Dufferin and suite on the Antelope for a formal audience of the Sultan at Yildiz, when he was invited to dinner for the following day. A letter to his niece describes the entertainment.

CONSTANTINOPLE, 24*th June* 1881.

MY DEAR BARBARA,—We are just off to Corfu—from whence to cross to Greece—a lot of us of all nations. I accompanied Lord Dufferin to the Sultan, and was admitted to the private audience. The Lord Chamberlain, a very high personage, brought in cigars. [Hamley never smoked.] I pretended to light mine, but the monarch's eye was upon me, and he made the Chamberlain get up and give me another light. I afterwards attempted to extinguish the cigar in my cocked-hat; but the Sultan caught me at it, and again sent the functionary, this time with a saucer to receive the ashes. We were asked to dine with the Sultan next evening—all the ministers, marshals, and generals were there in great splendour. I sat next two little princes, one the Sultan's son, the other the son of the Sultan who was murdered, both about eight or nine years old, and one of them a very pretty boy,—he presented me with a bon-bon in paper as a keepsake.

He spent a day or two in Athens on the way to Corfu. He saw our Minister, Mr Ford, and was invited to an interview with M. Coumoundouros, the Premier, where he met the Minister-at-War. Both the Greek statesmen expressed no little anxiety as to the probability of the Turks withdrawing peaceably, and they reflected the national sentiment, which was highly excited. Hamley sought to reassure them—and with reason, as the result showed. He said he believed that the Turks were acting in good faith, adding that allowance must be made for the habitual delibera-

tion of their proceedings. He suggested, besides, to the Minister-at-War, that the less disciplined levies should be kept back, and only *troupes d'élite* employed for the advanced-posts — which was readily agreed to.

Passing by way of Corfu, the Commission arrived at Prevesa, situated on the most southerly point of Albania, famous for sieges, storms, and massacres. The Pasha came on board the steamer to announce the approach of Marshal Hidayet, charged by the Porte with the supervision of the evacuation. Hamley wished the Pasha of Prevesa to begin the evacuation at once, but he declared he had no powers in the absence of his superior. The Englishman with his officers had comfortable billets in the house of a wealthy Greek banker. There were no hotels in the place, and their host informed them that the municipal authorities had arranged a *table d'hôte*, at which the Commissioners might dine. Hamley assented at first, as a matter of course; but he learned subsequently that the dinner would probably be a political demonstration, under the presidency of the patriotic Greek Archbishop, all Turks being excluded. He immediately made the round of his fellow-Commissioners, urging upon them the inexpediency of their attending. So at the eleventh hour all sent refusals, and the

wire-pulling Greeks were checkmated. As he wrote Lord Granville—

> I believe the original intention had been merely to establish a *table d'hôte*, but that it had then appeared to the Greeks to be a good opportunity for presenting the Commission in a partisan light, and for endeavouring to influence it with respect to some Greek properties on the left bank of the Arta.

The Turkish Marshal arrived in due course, and although at first inclined to carry matters with a high hand, Hamley, on further acquaintance, was greatly pleased with him. He was a gentleman of the old school—courteous, dignified, honourable, and straightforward. He advanced sensible views in lucid speech, and was always amenable to reason and argument. That on a subsequent occasion he condescended to "try it on" with Hamley, was in the circumstances excusable and not surprising. As for his coadjutor or Vice-Commissioner, Vely Riza Pasha, he was a man, as we shall see, of very different type. It was the Marshal who suggested the method of the evacuation of Arta, which may be interesting as indicating the manner in which all the proceedings were carried out. The chief difficulty was to reconcile the preservation of public tranquillity with military punctilio; and it is suggestive of the lawlessness of town rabbles

in those parts, that the mayors and common councilmen feared to make themselves responsible for the safety of shops and private dwellings when without any military force to back them. So it was agreed that 100 Greek gendarmerie should arrive before the departure of the troops and patrol the streets, relieving the same number of Turkish police.

Despatch to LORD GRANVILLE.

PREVESA, *July* 8.

In accordance with the Marshal's plan, all the troops in the town crossed the Arta between half-past one and half-past three in the morning of the 6th, so quietly that few of the inhabitants, I imagine, were aware of the movement—400 men only remaining in the place to preserve order. The withdrawal of the frontier guards began at half-past four A.M. Colonel Clery and Captain Meynel superintended the Greek advance, as requested. I had previously, in private conversation, suggested to the Greek Commissioner that it would be very desirable to make their advance in a single column along the road, and he promised that this method should be observed. About 1 P.M. the main body of the Greeks had arrived about two miles from the town, and soon afterwards a company came in and took possession of the fortress, an old castle. I rode out, accompanied by a French and an English officer, and found there the Greek General Soutyo, and had an opportunity of observing the Greek battalions and mountain artillery. The order maintained among them after the march left nothing to desire. Before 6 P.M. the trans-

fer was complete. There were, of course, great demonstrations of welcome to the troops—flags, processions, &c.—but the business ended amidst a tranquillity which might be considered extraordinary under the circumstances.

Before the Commissioners re-embarked for Zante and Athens, after completing the cession of the first section, an incident occurred which might have had important consequences by making trouble between the Turks and Greeks, though it originated in a false report. That it was promptly and pleasantly settled was due to Hamley's tact and personal influence, which were further shown by effect being given to his suggestion, that the Greek Commissioner who was in fault should be superseded. It was said that the place of Punta had been prematurely occupied, having been found evacuated. The Turks naturally resented this precipitancy, and demanded that the Greeks should immediately withdraw. Hamley represented to Hidayet Pasha that as cession was merely a matter of a few days, the incident had no significance, and had better be ignored; but the dignified Ottoman stood on punctilio. Hamley's suggestion that the matter should be referred by telegraph to Constantinople had more weight, and Hidayet honestly owned his apprehensions of any reference in that quarter, since he feared he had already stretched complaisance so far as seriously

to compromise himself with his master and the Ministry. Hamley courteously sympathised, and hurried back to General Soutyo, begging him to consider those susceptibilities of his Turkish colleague. The Greek was civil but unsympathetic: he said virtually that Turkish sentiment was no concern of his, and that when once the national colours had been displayed, they could not be lowered again without permission from Athens. Whereupon Hamley spoke his mind still more frankly, leaving the Greek to his meditation; but the business seemed to have come to a dangerous deadlock. Fortunately, second thoughts brought wiser counsels. When the steamer with the Commission arrived at Prevesa, the Greek Consul opportunely made his appearance on board, and after some side talk, General Sapounyaki came to Hamley with a very lame explanation. There had been misapprehension and a mistranslation from the Turkish, and in point of fact Punta had never been occupied at all. It was difficult to surmise the meaning of a shallow and unscrupulous manœuvre, for the rumour of the Greek occupation of Punta had originated with Sapounyaki: at any rate the General was hoist with his own petard, and Hamley's communication to Sir Clare Ford led to his immediate recall.

There was to be an interval of three weeks

before resuming proceedings. The Commission decided to be transported from Prevesa to the Piræus, as several of the members, Hamley included, desired to pass the time at Constantinople. But he again spent a few days in the Greek capital, where he had a warm reception, for the Greek Ministers were agreeably surprised at the facility with which the evacuation had been conducted. M. Coumoundouros thanked Hamley with Greek eloquence and fervour, saying that his mind was immensely relieved. He was honoured at short notice with an invitation to dine with the King. A letter from Constantinople is a humorous companion-sketch to that in which he described the attentions paid him by the Sultan :—

To Miss HAMLEY. 19*th July* 1881.

MY DEAR BARBARA,—I think I wrote from Athens on the 10th. On the 12th I dined with the King and Queen at a small villa they have at a little seaside bathing-place called Phaleron, about four miles from Athens. There is a little garden into which they go after dinner, in full view of their subjects, walking up and down the promenade by the sea. The Queen of Greece is about twenty-eight, soft and gracious. The King very like a young officer of the period. A cat came in to dinner, with a collar (perhaps an order) round its neck, and rubbed against me. The King tried to catch it, but it dodged him. There was a Grand Master of the Palace and a Grand Mistress of the Court—neither of them really grand—and a Maid of Honour, Miss Coloco-

troni, and other courtly personages. Both the King and Queen speak English pretty well, also their boys, of whom three came to dinner dressed as mariners. The King pronounced Dr Schliemann to be a "hombog"; nevertheless I went to see the Doctor's curiosities from Mycenæ, gold masks, swords, skeletons, &c. This is not the time to be at Athens—it is altogether too hot and dusty and glaring, and to the cooler Bosphorus, with its sea-breeze always blowing, is a pleasant change. Lord Dufferin is exceedingly friendly and nice. I am going to dine with him this evening.

He enjoyed the breezes of the Bosphorus and the hospitality of the Embassy till the beginning of September. The days passed pleasantly in lounging, sketching, and excursions—there is one entry of going to a cricket-match at Beicos with Lord Dufferin in his caïque. The delays, as usual, originated with the Turks. The Foreign Minister suggested a suspension of proceedings till after the fast of Ramazan—a proposition which Hamley decidedly negatived. But nevertheless they had their way in the end by sheer *vis inertiæ*, on Hidayet Pasha undertaking that the whole operations on the second section should be completed in three days. Hamley writes in a despatch to Lord Granville:—

I believe the real reason for delay to be the desire of the Turkish Government to secure the dues on the harvest on the ceded territory before it passes out of their hands.

He embarked for Smyrna and Syra on a French steamer. "*Aug.* 4. Off coast of Troy in morning. Rough night," is the remark that follows; but it would have needed wild weather indeed to keep him below when the plains of Troy were in sight. Not even his friend Kinglake, who, as we are told in 'Eothen,' had been nursed upon Homer at his mother's knee, was a more devoted worshipper of the blind old bard. He always preferred for a translation the version of old Chapman, with the fire and force of the onomatopœic versification, which seemed to transmute into abrupt yet melodious rhythm the rolling of the war-chariots and the clashing of the spears.

It was a pleasant voyage up the coast of Attica, and through the land-locked channel between Negropont and the mainland to Volo. He reported to Lord Granville in a succession of despatches; but in a letter to his niece from Domoko, dated the 22d August, is a less formal narrative of the incidents of his travel:—

MY DEAR BARBARA,—The above is a Turkish town in the mountains bordering the plain of Thessaly which we have just made over to the Greek troops. After a few days' halt we shall again begin our operations, which will then, I hope, go on steadily up to the 14th September, when all Thessaly except one small piece will have passed from Turkish into Greek rule.

We left Athens on a moonlight night, and after coast-

ing along the Peninsula of Attica, turned into the straits between the mainland and the island of Negropont. In the morning we were in the very narrow place at the middle of the strait where it is closed by the old castle and bridge of Chalcis. Here we transferred ourselves to a Greek warship, and continued on up the straits amidst beautiful mountains, that of Parnassus conspicuous a good way off; and then came Mount Œta, where Hercules was burnt on the pile after killing the Centaur who had been rude to Dejanira on the bank of the river below. The famous pass of Thermopylæ is also at the foot of the mountains. Then we sailed across the Malian Gulf to Volo, where we had many interviews with a Turkish Pasha on the subject of our business. Volo lies right under Mount Pelion; Ossa and Olympus are beyond, but we could not see them from that point, though, when we arrive at Larissa, we shall be in full view of them. After some days we returned to the Malian Gulf, landed, and went to the Greek town of Larissa, where a rich inhabitant, Mr Tsali, quartered us in his house, the best in the place. We were very well received by his wife, a lively old lady, and his granddaughter, in whom my young men discovered a resemblance to a Greek statue. They could talk nothing but Greek; but my aide-de-camp Vincent speaks Greek, and besides interpreting for us, said a good deal, I imagine, on his own account to the statue, whose name is Euphrosyne. Next day we drove in carriages to Thermopylæ, where certain operations of nature have made the pass unrecognisable, the sea having retired several miles on one side, and the precipices having toppled over into comparatively easy slopes. We brought our cook, and dined at sunset on the hillside. On the 19th we left our amiable hosts and rode to a tall summit on the frontier, where we encamped for the night, and

then came up with the Greek troops to see the Turks turn out of the town. We are high up here and comparatively cool, but the plain below looks desperately burnt up and sultry. We can almost see the battle-field of Pharsalia.

The Archbishop of the district has been in to call for me with messages of gratitude to the Queen, with whom he seems to think I keep up a correspondence. Since he left he has sent me a present of a young wolf, a very nice person, quite tame, who is now asleep on my trousers; but I really don't know what to do with him. We are quartered in a small Turkish house above the town. We get nothing in the shape of meat or vegetables except what we have brought in tins; but we do pretty well, and like it better than the fare of Greek houses or hotels.

23*d.*—After writing so far, we rode to a convent on the hills six miles off, where I had some idea of encamping, as the monks generally choose pleasant, shady sites, with plenty of good water. It looks picturesque from the outside; but it was lucky I did not attempt to camp there, as the interior is not at all like the outside,—fusty rooms in a dismal courtyard, the floors supported on rickety poles. Three dirty shabby monks are the occupants. They celebrate service every day in a curious little old vaulted chapel painted all over with saints. The paintings outside are chiefly of devils engaged in torturing the condemned. The saints are represented as going up a ladder to heaven, the devils trying to pull them off, and angels protecting them by poking long tridents at the devils. There was a Greek battalion encamped on the steep slopes close by, and the officers had taken possession of the fusty dormitories. The wolf is most engaging. He made the tour of my room yesterday, inspected everything, and finally made off with my nail-brush, evidently regarding

it as an article of food, but was apprehended. He accompanies the bugle-calls with wails and howlings, whether in approval or disgust I don't know.

The finale of the wolf episode was amusing. He had found his way to Hamley's heart, but at the same time the Commissioner was sorely puzzled as to how to dispose of his embarrassing *protégé*. The matter was settled for him when a Turkish soldier turned up at the camp to reclaim his property. He declared that the Archbishop had forcibly deprived him of the beast with the purpose of presenting it to the English general. So the wolf was returned to the rightful owner, and they went away together on the best of terms.

The next week or two were uneventful, for the cession went on smoothly. One day Hamley and Vincent had an unsuccessful day's shooting. They saw only two hares and a couple of quail, and say nothing of bagging anything. Naturally they were not encouraged to renew the attempt in a primitive and semi-barbarous country where there are no game laws, and each able-bodied male carries a gun. Hamley had a threatening of serious illness, with loss of appetite and extreme languor, but happily it passed off. In the beginning of September they were in the town of Trikalla, lodged in the mansion of a wealthy Turk. Thence

he made his expedition to Meteora, where the seven monasteries stand closely grouped together on the summits of as many precipitous peaks. Hamley declined the adventure of the great monastery, which takes its name from the district, though Colonel Clery courageously committed himself to the net, and made the ascent which has been graphically described by Curzon. That Hamley was forcibly impressed is evident, for I chanced to come upon an entry in his common-place-book :-

Monastery of Meteora.—The occupant, so helpless that he may almost be described as the contents of the net, is hooked by the instrument, and, after attempts more or less successful to hit the opening, often resulting in concussions against the door-posts or the rock, is at last deposited on the floor until the monks arrive to disentangle him.

For himself, as has been said, he was content to visit San Stephano, which at least could be reached on the visitor's legs, though the climbing or scrambling was far from pleasant. Notwithstanding the neighbourhood of the Greek and Turkish troops, the chronic brigandage seems still to have been flourishing as when Curzon went thither with his robber-guards, for Hamley had an escort of twenty troopers. The monks assigned him comfortable rooms; but the usual

practice of hospitality was reversed, for he entertained the abbot and some Greek officers at dinner in his own apartment. However, he and the Superior became great friends, and had a good deal of talk by help of an interpreter. It was there, when admiring the magnificent view, and while being leisurely instructed as to the state of the country, that he modestly ventured to suggest that the plateau would be improved by a parapet. The Greek divine, who had no notion of giddiness, began dancing by way of answer on the shelving ledge; and a very ludicrous figure he cut, attired as he was in his flowing vestments.

At Larissa Hamley met Marshal Hidayet, and the cession of Thessaly was concluded. A lengthy despatch to the Foreign Office dwells on difficulties which had arisen as to a strategical position of some importance which the Turks desired to retain. In private conversation the Marshal endeavoured to secure Hamley's advocacy; but though perfectly courteous, he firmly declined to do anything that was not open and above-board. Hidayet seems to have been no ways surprised by the answer, and they parted as good friends as before. As for Vely Riza, he had been working for the same end in his own fashion. He had, or affected, the sentimental patriotism of M. Jules Favre, and Hamley regarded him with something

like amused contempt. He writes Lord Granville :—

> A letter was received from Vely Riza Pasha, observing that it would be very painful to him to see the entry of the Greeks into Larissa on the 12th, that he could give only his tears when he would gladly have shed his blood, &c., and that he would therefore at once take leave of the Commission. As Hidayet would necessarily leave Larissa next day upon the entry of the Greeks, in order to continue to direct operations from his own side of the frontier, there would then be nobody left on the part of the Turks of sufficient authority to deal with the contested frontier question, and I think it probable, taking the theatrical character of Vely Riza's letter into consideration, as well as the refusal to fulfil the Marshal's engagement for the immediate cession of Punta which followed his former appearance on the scene at Arta, that he and not Hidayet was the originator of the difficulty.

Through the tediously irritating negotiations as to that trifling detail Hamley's tact and patience are conspicuous, and the frontier there was finally traced in accordance with the obvious tenor of the agreement.

That despatch was the virtual conclusion of the business, and before the Commission took shipping for the Piræus, being detained by stormy weather, he found a day to devote to pleasure and a visit to the Vale of Tempe. In fact, one way to the steamer lay through the valley. Colonel Swayne

was his companion. The day was fresh and cool after heavy rain in the night, and the scenery showed to great advantage in the transparent atmosphere. The drive was the more leisurely that Hamley was continually stopping the carriage to clear the road of the tortoises which had crawled out to bask in the sunshine.

From Athens he forwarded despatches to Lord Granville and the Adjutant-General of the Forces, expressing his grateful sense of the services which had been rendered by Colonel Swayne and the officers of his staff. He said they had greatly simplified his labours by zealous co-operation and the efficient discharge of the duties delegated to them when detached on sub-commissions. Lieutenant Vincent was specially recommended for employment or promotion in very flattering terms:—

> He possesses a remarkable knowledge of the Greek language, and a very serviceable acquaintance with Turkish, which enabled him to be of great use during the operations. He is in other respects an accomplished linguist, an excellent French scholar, and converses freely in Italian and German, and I can venture confidently to recommend him to your lordship for any employment which an officer of his rank might undertake.

On Hamley's return to London his services were acknowledged by the Foreign Secretary in hand-

some terms. Indeed the Government were undoubtedly and sincerely thankful that what they had feared might prove a troublesome piece of business had been carried through without any serious hitch. But beyond those well-merited compliments he received nothing in the way of reward. He remarks in the personal memoranda to which I have referred :—

> The King of Greece sent me the decoration of Grand Officer of the Order of the Saviour, which the rules of the Foreign Office forbade me to accept.

In the concluding despatch to Lord Granville, dated 3d November, he speaks in handsome terms of the conciliatory proceedings of both the Turkish and Greek Commissioners. Marshal Hidayet, he says, showed himself invariably desirous, not merely of fulfilling the terms of the Convention, but of facilitating the entry of the Greek troops into the ceded territory. As for the Greek authorities, it was only natural that in their own interests they should have sought to smooth away all possible obstacles ; but beyond that, they had spared no trouble in supplying the needs of the Commission, and had adopted all its recommendations.

> It was saved from considerable embarrassment in being provided with horses for all the members and transport

animals for the baggage, which in a country devoid of vehicles and good roads, such as all Epirus and a great part of Thessaly is, was a real boon.

There is another interesting passage as to the social condition of the ceded territory and its prospects under the new *régime*:—

Besides the replacement of the Ottoman rule by a freer system of Government, the ceded territory is now delivered from the brigandage which has pressed heavily on it. This institution (for so it may be called) was especially active and flourishing just before the cession —the brigands, many of them amateurs allured by the special advantages of the occasion, arguing that the Turks would not, and the Greeks could not, take any penal measures against them for what they might do before the cession was complete. When the occupation by the Greeks took place, these disappeared or made their submission to the Government, which in some cases, as it seemed to me, they did rather in the fashion of potentates negotiating a treaty than of criminals surrendering to the law—a view of the case which the population, accustomed to this species of lawlessness from time immemorial, seems to partake. But it may be hoped that the system is now absolutely at an end: the Greek minister in Athens assured me that it had ceased to exist in Greece, and I understood that exceptional measures would be taken, if necessary, to deal with it in Thessaly. Turkish proprietors seemed to join in recognising the advantages of the administration they would now live under, and the British party received on more than one occasion tokens of their goodwill; while the Greek population showed in many

ways its sense that Great Britain was the Power to which it was specially indebted on this occasion.

It is very probable that the value of land in Thessaly will rise greatly and rapidly. The obstacles to the development of its ample resources are the scantiness of the population and the want of a good system of husbandry. With regard to the latter point, I heard at Volo that improved implements were likely to be largely imported.

Nothing could have been more gratifying or encouraging than the notes received from time to time from Lord Dufferin, and his Lordship sent cordial congratulations on the successful termination of the tedious labours of the Commission. Nor was the King of Greece's offer of a high decoration a mere formal compliment. Colonel Swayne writes from Athens on November 18 to say that "the play is over," and that he is leaving for Constantinople :—

Yesterday we were received by the King and Queen. Both begged me to tell you when I wrote, how sorry they had been not to have seen you before your departure. *He* wished also personally to have thanked you for all you had done.

And the King only expressed the feelings of his more intelligent subjects. Sir Clare Ford communicated specially with Lord Granville that he

might enclose an extract from the Athens journal 'Ephemeris.'[1] He says—

In forwarding this extract to your Lordship, I beg to state that the eminent service rendered by General Hamley and the British officers, members of the Evacuation Commission, during the transfer of Arta and Thessaly from Turkish to Greek rule, are most highly appreciated and well spoken of in this country, and the greatest praise is awarded to them for the zeal, ability, and tact they displayed in the performance of the important and delicate duties they were severally called upon to fulfil.

[1] Translation :—

Extract from the 'Ephemeris.'

"*July* $\frac{4}{16}$, 1881.

"*The English General Hamley.*—In speaking about the occupation [of Arta] I must make particular mention of the English General Hamley, to whose persisting representations, and firm and bold, and, in the meantime, dignified language to the Turks, the excellent result of the occupation of Arta is due, so that not even the slightest internal disorder should happen and the least resistance to our troops should be offered."

CHAPTER XIX

ALEXANDRIA.

APPOINTED TO THE COMMAND OF SECOND DIVISION OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE—HIS ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE CAMPAIGN—THE DEFENCE OF ALEXANDRIA—DEMONSTRATIONS AGAINST THE REBEL EGYPTIANS—INTERVIEWS AND CORRESPONDENCE WITH SIR GARNET WOLSELEY AND SIR JOHN ADYE—STARTS FOR ISMAILIA.

THE year 1882 was to be eventful to Hamley in more ways than one. The listless life of the London season was beginning to weigh on him, and he seemed to have been unsettled by his roving Eastern Commissions for the serious literary work which might have given him pleasant and regular occupation. He read much but he wrote little, and he was meditating a Continental tour, or a fishing trip to the North. If he kept his thoughts to himself, he may nevertheless have been turning longing eyes towards Egypt, where, after our fleet had put down the Alexandrian riots, the despatch of a military force

was announced to deal summarily with Arabi Pasha and his revolted Egyptians. He had not entertained the hope of being asked to take a part in the expedition. So it was a welcome surprise when he received a brief but most cordial note from Sir Garnet Wolseley, offering him the command of one of the Divisions of the expeditionary force. It need not be said that the offer was eagerly accepted, and his spirits rose high at once with the unexpected appeal to his energy and ambition. The time for preparation was brief, but it was more than he needed. He set to work straightway on his various arrangements—providing his equipment, purchasing his chargers, nominating his staff, &c. As to his promptitude in that last matter, his connection Captain Hanbury Williams—who always speaks of his old chief with the most grateful affection, as he expresses warm admiration for his soldierly qualities—has a characteristic story to tell. Moreover, it pleasantly illustrates the abrupt manner which was sometimes much mistaken, the generous readiness when a fair opportunity offered to perform even more than he had promised, with the quick appreciation of men likely to be useful. At that time Lieutenant Hanbury Williams had only recently made Sir Edward's acquaintance. But Sir Edward had immediately taken a fancy to the zealous

young officer, who was anxious to be put in the way of active duty and of distinction. In the meantime he had arranged to take Williams as his aide-de-camp, when he went to direct some manœuvres that were in contemplation. On the evening of the 21st July Hanbury Williams was in London, and was dressing for dinner at his lodgings. The servant came to say that a gentleman was waiting below, and wished to speak to him at once. Going down, he found Hamley on the doorstep. Hamley went straight to the point. "I have been appointed to command a Division in Egypt: will you come with me as aide-de-camp?" As Captain Hanbury Williams adds, "Before I had time to thank him almost, he turned away, saying, 'Good night!' and I was left to consider my good luck alone."

Hamley has left a very full and minute Diary of the Campaign. It is written with all his admirable skill, conciseness, and lucidity, and as I have remarked of the Bulgarian and Armenian Journals, it would be presumptuous or impossible to condense it. No doubt, as it was the frank record of feelings as well as of actual occurrences, there are passages and episodes he would certainly have withheld from publication in the exercise of a wise discretion. Some of them revive passing differences which had best be forgotten;

others would inevitably provoke gratuitous and unnecessary controversy; not a few are the outspoken expression of strong personal feeling, which time might have softened or induced him to reconsider. The earlier portion relates to the measures for the defence of Alexandria, and consequently much of it has ceased to be of permanent interest. But besides being a masterly narrative of the short and decisive campaign, the straightforward candour of the Diary makes it an invaluable guide as to the inner mind and opinions of the writer. Even when it may be inexpedient to transcribe the pages as they stand, it enables us to judge matters from the writer's point of view, and to understand the motives which governed his conduct in Egypt, and the measures he took in self-vindication after his return.

The Diary dismisses very shortly what passed before his leaving England. Already the main lines of the campaign were marked out to a certain extent by the strategical features of the country occupied by the rebels. It was understood, moreover, that although it had not as yet been fortified by Fehmi Pasha, Tel-el-Kebir was indicated as an Egyptian Plevna.

In all interviews while in London, with Sir G. Wolseley and Sir J. Adye—Sir John was chief of the staff—

they took it for granted that the advance must be from Ismailia as the shortest line to Cairo.

Sir Garnet always spoke of the bombardment of the forts of Alexandria as an injudicious and unfortunate occurrence, taking place at a time when there was no land force to co-operate and prevent Arabi's return, and now obliging him [Sir Garnet] to divide his forces.

The questions of French and of Turkish co-operation in the campaign were at this time sources of complication and uncertainty, and it was intended to send an officer to Paris. . . . Wolseley had at first expressed a wish I should go, and I being indebted to him for my command, was anxious to oblige him, though it would have been extremely inconvenient and unsatisfactory to leave England when I ought to have been providing my equipment.

But when Hamley was on the point of starting for Paris, at a meeting at the house of Mr Childers in consultation with the Commander-in-Chief and Sir John Adye, it was arranged that Sir John should undertake the mission.

Then maps were sent me from the Intelligence Department, with Colonel Tulloch's report on Egypt, in which the importance attached by the Egyptians to Tel-el-Kebir, strategically and tactically, and the probability that a stand would be made there, are noted.

On August 4 he embarked at Portsmouth in the Catalonia with his staff. The transport carried also his Brigadier-General Sir Evelyn Wood and the 50th Regiment. Her Majesty came from Osborne to bid them God-speed.

She inspected the accommodation for the troops, and graciously condoled with Sir Edward on the brevity of his bunk as compared to his stature. In seven days the Catalonia cast anchor off Malta. There is an entry on the following day, when, under different circumstances, many officers of the expedition would have been otherwise engaged, for it happened to be the 12th of August. "Sir G. Wolseley arrived at 8 A.M. I called on him at the governor's palace. He spoke to me of the sortie made by Alison from Alexandria, saying he disapproved of it, as such reconnaissances always in the end wore the appearance of defeat." But Sir Archibald had not undertaken the reconnaissance without a motive, and at that time Sir Garnet had not heard his explanation. It was a very simple one. Sir Archibald had gone straight to Cyprus from the Intelligence Department of the War Office, and was probably better informed than his chiefs as to the ideas of the Egyptians. He had reliable information that they believed the British advance would be made on the old line, from Alexandria on Cairo, by Kafr-el-Dowar. Consequently it was his object, by making a reconnaissance in force, to maintain Arabi in that delusion, and so to prevent his detaching troops in the direction of Tel-el-Kebir.

On the 15th the Catalonia anchored off Alex-

andria, and the following day Hamley went on shore to communicate with Sir John Adye. In the evening Sir Garnet's ship came in.

An hour afterwards I went on board. Sir G. W. was lying on a bench on deck. When he saw me he started up and came to shake hands, putting questions as to news, where the Turks were, &c. I asked if he would allow me to make a suggestion about an attack on the enemy. He said promptly, "Yes, and I hope you will always do so whenever you see occasion." I then spoke of the strip of land between Lakes Aboukir and Edkee as suitable for moving on against the enemy's camp at Kafr-el-Dowar, after landing by night in Aboukir Bay about the part marked Kalat-el-Madiyeh. He remarked that there was a heavy sea on the coast. I observed that I had asked some of the naval people, when outside, as to what part of the coast might be sheltered in the existing wind (N.W., I think), and they thought the bay would be smooth in the part indicated. He said he did not think of adopting this plan—that a march round the south of Lake Mariout might be preferable. I observed there would be great difficulties for water on that side, whereas an advance from Aboukir would be a matter of a few hours: it would take the enemy in flank, and a force from Alexandria might co-operate and join in the attack. He did not seem to wish to pursue the subject, and I soon after took leave.

It is to be noted, with reference to the above conversation and to the previous plan of basing the advance on Ismailia, that circumstances were not the same as when that plan was formed. 1st, It was now expected that the Turks might claim to occupy jointly with us Port Said, the canal, and Ismailia, which would have been a great cause of perplexity. 2d, The enemy's main force was

about Kafr-el-Dowar, and would oblige us to keep a considerable part of the army about Alexandria, which had not been originally contemplated. 3d, A successful attack on the flank from Aboukir would certainly cut off a large part of the defenders from their line of retreat on Cairo, casting them back into the desert; and this single blow might have ended the war. If it be said that we did not know the strength of the works at Kafr-el-Dowar, the same was true as to Tel-el-Kebir, when we attacked there: we were alike ignorant in both cases.

Of course I put the point to Sir G. W. as a suggestion only, and fully understanding that reasons might exist, which I had not the opportunity of knowing of, for not taking this course.

On 18th August Hamley took over the command of Alexandria from his senior brigadier, Sir Archibald Alison, who, having gone forward to Cyprus some weeks before, had preceded him to Egypt. He established his headquarters in the "Maison Wolseley,"[1] which was within a stone-cast of the Ramleh Terminus. Sir Evelyn Wood, his junior brigadier, with the headquarters of the 4th Brigade, also moved to Ramleh. On the following day Alison took up his quarters in Ramleh Palace, and assumed the command of the Highland Brigade, which he led so gallantly at the storming of Tel-el-Kebir. As

[1] So called in the Diary, though Mr Moberley Bell, then 'Times' correspondent, says that, to his knowledge, there was no house of the name.

to the troops then forming his division, Hamley remarks that the battalions of the 95th and 96th were composed of very young soldiers who had been brought from the Mediterranean garrisons to occupy the town of Alexandria. There was, besides the garrison artillery, &c., a detachment of the Malta Fencibles, 100 strong, which had volunteered for foreign service. He made it his first business to ride out with Alison to inspect the outposts on the canal. The canal runs parallel to the railway, which is carried upon a causeway across Lake Mariout from Meks to Alexandria, and from there to the position of Kafr-el-Dowar, from which the enemy, in unknown force, were threatening Alexandria. The fortifications of Meks were constructed of solid stone, and in fairly good condition; but the waters of the lake were sinking and steadily receding from either side of the causeway, as also from the town wall and the peninsula, which tended to complicate the situation. Next, Hamley examined the city defences, and the Diary goes into minute details as to their condition for encountering and repelling an attack. All defects were remedied and all deficiencies supplied,—thanks, as he says, to the zealous co-operation of Colonel Maitland, commanding the Engineers, who was then living under his roof, and with

whom he was in constant consultation. The enemy at that time, who were in communication with their countrymen within the walls, showed so much audacity as to give our Resident, Sir Edward Malet, good reason for his anxiety as to the security of the city and the suburban villages. A somewhat formidable force had closed in around Fort Aboukir, built near the scene of the memorable naval engagement, and crowning the spit of land which projects into the Mediterranean on the north-west, opposite Nelson Island. Marauders from that side used nightly to venture on pillaging expeditions among the dwellings of Ramleh; and even some days afterwards, when additional precautions had been taken against their visits, several were captured by the patrols and handed over to the civil authorities.

Hamley's immediate object was to have everything in readiness to repulse any advance of the rebels. As his brigades were incomplete—as he virtually, indeed, had only a single brigade at his disposal—and as the incessant ebb of the waters left him more and more open to attack, he explains how his original plan was to be modified. In accordance with the principles he lays down in his 'Operations of War,' he was inclined to defend himself by assuming the offensive, and, as will be

seen, had he been free to act for himself, he would probably have done so subsequently. Nevertheless, General Maitland remarks that he had good reason to hesitate, for he was almost unprovided with field-guns, and the enemy were known to have a formidable artillery served by fairly efficient gunners. In the meantime, he was still in immediate touch with the Commander-in-Chief, who had his headquarters in a vessel in the harbour. On the 19th he went on board H.M.S. Salamis to say good-bye to Sir Garnet.

He led me to believe that I was to co-operate from Ramleh in a combined attack on the Egyptian position, Sir G. Wolseley with the rest of the troops advancing from Aboukir Bay on the strip of land between the Lakes Aboukir and Edkee. I observed, alluding to our conversation on the 15th, that I expected he might choose this point to advance from, and mentioned the order in which in that case I should advance, so as to give him a hand, . . . which he approved. He then instructed me to make demonstrations this evening and Sunday, to induce the enemy to expect I should attack him. I was warned not to be surprised if I should hear firing at Aboukir on Saturday evening.

Before leaving the Salamis, the chief of the staff handed him sealed letters of instructions, not to be opened till daylight on the following day. That afternoon he rode out from Ramleh to the outposts, where Wood was making a

demonstration according to orders. He sent an aide-de-camp with directions to the brigadier to do nothing beyond what was absolutely necessary to induce the enemy to apprehend an attack.

On the following morning, with the break of day, he eagerly opened the sealed instructions. Undoubtedly he was much disappointed and mortified. Colonel Maitland and his aide-de-camp Captain Williams, who were present, could see his extreme annoyance. He felt that his chief might have safely confided the real plan; but perhaps the sting is to be sought in the words "led me to believe," which are quoted in the preceding extract. Yet Sir Garnet's grave responsibility is to be remembered, and at all events, officers of the highest rank and greatest distinction have given the assurance that the Commander-in-Chief was well within his rights.

Hamley, with his loyal and straightforward nature, never seems to have doubted that the Commander-in-Chief had spoken to him with entire unreserve. But the special commissioners of journals are professionally suspicious, and one wary member of the fraternity was not hoodwinked. It is interesting to read, by the light of subsequent events, the telegram despatched from Alexandria on the 20th of August by the 'Times' correspondent, Mr Moberley Bell. He,

too, had boarded the Salamis on the 18th in quest of information, had a somewhat prolonged conversation with Sir Garnet, and received much the same information as was subsequently furnished to Hamley. Mr Bell was told by General Wolseley that the Fleet would attack the Aboukir forts; that the First Division would land and advance on the earthworks of Kafr-el-Dowar, while the Second Division, under Hamley, would co-operate with a flank attack on them, advancing along the lines of the canal and railway. He was referred for further details to Colonel Paul Methuen, who was on board. Mr Bell was by him told that the project of landing at the canal had been abandoned, probably for political reasons; but when Colonel Methuen added that the press censorship had been removed, the correspondent's suspicions were aroused. A reference, however, to General Hamley the next day showed that the commander of the Second Division had received, and evidently believed, the same information.

His telegram, sent from Alexandria in the early morning of the 20th, at the very time when Wolseley was actually seizing Port Said, gave the information he had received, expressed the scepticism which he felt, and after courteously exonerating Sir Garnet from any intentional *assertio falsi*, concluded: "If, therefore, his officially

stated plan does not come off, it must be assumed that circumstances have compelled him to change it within the last twelve hours."

Although the letters from Sir Garnet and the chief of the staff have ceased to be "secret and confidential," so far as they relate to the forthcoming military movements, it would be improper to give the contents in full. The note from Sir John Adye was brief, and merely impressed the importance of silence, and of keeping the enemy amused as long as possible. The more lengthy letter from Sir Garnet was of similar tenor, explaining, besides, his real destination and the nature of the contemplated operation. He added that he would not even telegraph his intended movements to England until he reached Port Said. In the meantime Hamley was to keep Arabi alive with demonstrations and shells from his guns of position. He was to be brought on to the front as soon as possible, as every man would be wanted for the battle near Tel-el-Kebir, "if Arabi will only in kindness stay and fight me there."

After reading this [writes Hamley] I had to provide for the altered circumstances. It had been confidently affirmed that the ships would attack the forts at Aboukir this morning, and I was under the impression that they would still do so. So was Alison. I had had (so had he) some explicit information—from what source I forget, but

authoritative—that my demonstration would be most effective if made simultaneously with the attack of the ships. I waited anxiously for the cannonade, but nothing of it could be heard or seen. It appeared to me desirable so to time the demonstration as to leave the enemy at nightfall under the apprehension of an attack from me. At the same time, it was very inexpedient to keep a large number of the troops out in the plain, exposed to the burning sun all day. Alison was very desirous to defer the operation till evening; but I did not consider this consistent with the instructions I had received.

He then describes the operations he directed, the nature of the ground, and how he had procured a few commissariat animals to harness to some field-guns he borrowed from the works. Having been unable to lure out the enemy, and seeing that the Egyptian intrenchments were still manned in force, he withdrew the last of his troops at nightfall. He adds by way of comment:—

No duty can be more unsatisfactory than that of conducting reconnaissances like this one. To incur serious losses, or any losses, without the possibility of engaging, would be very unfortunate, while the withdrawal of the troops may be always called a retreat by the enemy. Any one of the large shells a little more exactly pitched might have cost me half a company.

Notwithstanding, and in obedience to his instructions, he left orders with his brigadiers that these demonstrations were to be renewed, should

they seem likely to deceive the enemy. In Alexandria or at Ramleh his own time was fully occupied. There were constant calls at his head-quarters from commanders of regiments, heads of departments, secretaries of Embassy, &c. Hospitals in the town and field-hospitals were to be arranged for, and transports were to receive speedy despatch. Above all, the defences of the town were to be strengthened, and in that business, as he says, he was greatly indebted to the indefatigable activity of Colonel Maitland. The fort at Meks in particular caused him considerable anxiety. It was in good condition enough, and effectually commanded the narrow causeway leading across the lake to the desert; but the waters had been receding so rapidly as to leave ample space for troops to advance on either side. The town walls were exposed to possible attack, and Sir Garnet Wolseley had warned him that he considered the guards to be injudiciously distributed. Hamley made the circuit with Major Ardagh and other officers, and gave orders for enforcing stricter discipline. Sir Edward Malet was of opinion that, above all things, it was essential to guard against a possible panic, caused by doubts as to the safety of the city and of the Khedive. Hamley agreed, and admitted that the appearance of the enemy's long-ranging guns had

sensibly increased the gravity of the situation, although a serious attack was extremely improbable. But in the circumstances he could not expect Sir Edward Malet to consent to the withdrawal of any of the troops. Accordingly, he gave Colonel Maitland further instructions as to strengthening his defences and collecting the scattered ammunition into field-magazines. At the same time he sent a letter to Ismailia describing the position to the chief of the staff. The bearer was Major Ardagh (specially employed), who could supply all further information.

On the 25th he accompanied Sir Edward Malet on a visit to the Khedive at his palace of Ras-el-Tin. The reception went off pleasantly, except for that obnoxious formality of the cigarettes carried round with the coffee, which had embarrassed him in his interview with the Khedive's suzerain. Captain Williams, who knew that his chief professed himself unable to understand "how a man could ever put a cigar in his mouth —a pipe being quite bad enough," watched him with considerable curiosity when the cigarettes *de rigueur* were presented. But Hamley on that occasion diplomatically got out of the dilemma by making great difficulties in the lighting, and succeeded in escaping the ordeal without defiling his lips.

Next day, having received no orders from Ismailia, he despatched a telegram to the chief of the staff—

> Can you not tell me what you wish me to do? This place will be in good state of defence this evening. . . . I could leave three and a half battalions and bring you four —or if sailors take the police duties, could bring you five. Shall I take any steps for embarkation?

The answer did not arrive till two days afterwards:—

> Telegram from Sir J. Adye, desiring me to leave Wood's brigade to garrison Ramleh and to come with Alison's, but not to act till I had seen Malet and telegraphed what he said about it. Mentioned it to Malet accordingly, and obtained his verbal concurrence, which I telegraphed to Adye.

Afterwards he received an answer to the former despatch, ordering him to embark with the Highland Brigade as soon as he should be ready. Accordingly the four Highland battalions with their baggage were transferred to the transports before the following evening. Next day at noon he went on board the Lusitania, and the little squadron of transports steamed away for Port Said.

But by way of interlude to the story of the defence of Alexandria, one or two other reminiscences of Captain Williams should be given, which

show the softness of the heart of the soldier who was always in practical touch with the sorrows of his "poor relations."

While in Alexandria we had catered for him with some difficulty a box of sardines. To our horror we found him disposing of the greater part of the box to some starving cats who were always hanging about the back of our house.

Once when I was riding with him round the works at Alexandria, and thought him deep in some tactical problem, he suddenly pulled up, caught hold of me by the arm, and said in his deep voice, "Look, look!" For the life of me I could see nothing of importance, till I noticed the stern face relaxed into a smile, and his eyes directed to a large tabby cat fast asleep in the sun on an adjacent wall.

Before leaving Alexandria he tried to make some arrangements for establishing a home for starving cats, of which there were many at that time in and about the ruins. His love for all animals was the same, and the sight of the wounded camels upset him terribly.

CHAPTER XX.

ARRIVAL AT ISMAILIA.

INTERVIEWS WITH SIR GARNET WOLSELEY—DIFFICULTIES ABOUT THE SECOND DIVISION—NIGHT MARCH THROUGH THE DESERT —THE BIVOUAC.

THE squadron arrived at Ismailia on the 1st September.

The naval officer on duty in the Lusitania went on shore to report our arrival to the Admiral. On returning he said he had seen Sir Garnet Wolseley, and had told him of the arrival of the brigade and myself, . . . who had replied, "Give my love to him."

Saturday, 2d Sept.—I went on shore at 10. Sir G. Wolseley had left for the front at 7. Sir J. Adye explained the position of affairs to me.

3d Sept.—On shore at 8 A.M. to Sir G. Wolseley's quarters: he was not yet visible, and sent out to ask me to remain to breakfast. As I could not have talked to him on business at table, I sent word to him that I would return after breakfast, and went back to the ship. After breakfast I saw him, and explained to him the situation at Alexandria, showing him a sketch map with

the works as they now existed, and reading the letters which had passed between Malet and me. I concluded by saying, "This puts us right with Malet," on which he observed, "Then that's all right,"—all he ever said on the subject. I advised that the Highland Brigade should be left on board for the present, where it caused no difficulties to the harassed staff, and was available for fatigues, &c., which was acceded to.

The entry on the 7th contains some very outspoken criticism on the general orders which had been published, allotting to the writer for the advance on Kassassin a force composed of miscellaneous troops and inadequate transport. When Hamley made inquiry as to how the scattered and incongruous forces were to march, he received only vague and unsatisfactory answers. He was told they might steer, like the early navigators, by the stars, and was reminded of the admirable advantages for bivouacking afforded by the sands of the desert. "I explained that many of these detachments would wander or break down in the night, and that it would be impossible for me to maintain supervision over them. Also I asked what they would do for water." He added that it seemed indispensable that the detachments should move entirely on the towing-path of the canal, and should be formed in columns of suitable size for the purpose.

I reminded Sir John Adye that he had telegraphed to me at Alexandria that I should have a second brigade, made up of my own (divisional) Rifle battalion and the Marines. He said, it was now intended to keep the Marines with the First Division, and to place Macpherson with the Indian Contingent under me, . . . with which I expressed myself satisfied.

I then spoke to Dormer of the inexpediency of causing those aforesaid detachments to march with me, and the order was cancelled. I also mentioned my opinion that the men had better carry their blankets, which, according to the order, were to be conveyed with their tents, valises, &c., by rail. I was told that Sir G. W. would agree to this, provided I could make it sure that the men would not throw them away.

Next day he sent an important letter to Brigadier-General Dormer, as Adjutant-General at headquarters, which relieved himself of responsibility in the event of his suggestions being ignored :—

LUSITANIA TRANSPORT, *8th Sept.* 1882.

DEAR DORMER,—Though I have nothing to do with regulating the march of the miscellaneous troops to-morrow, I hope you will allow me to say a word about it, as it may affect the march of my brigade.

I most strongly recommend that their hours of departure and the order of succession should be fixed for them, and not left to them—and none to start till 5, which will give my brigade half an hour's start. The order of succession should be adhered to throughout the march on each day.

2. That all be ordered to move near the canal. I feel

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sure that to attempt to move men and horses on a fatiguing route, far from water, must have unfortunate results.—Believe me, &c., E. B. HAMLEY.

P.S.—The risk of exposing stragglers and broken-down vehicles to marauding Bedouins, as they may be exposed if moving far out in the desert, must also be considered.

Orders had been issued for the disembarkation of the Highland Brigade, to begin after the men's dinners. But a notice had been sent from the transport authorities to the Brigade Major that it would begin an hour earlier—a most improper step on the eve of their beginning their march in the desert. I had, on coming on board the Lusitania (I had been on shore making arrangements for the march, &c.), desired that the men should not be hurried with their dinner. But it was too late, as they had already finished their hastened meal, and were assembling on deck. I expressed my disappointment to Sir A. Alison, who said the order had been given without his knowledge.

It had been proposed to place the baggage of the officers in a tent on shore. This would have entailed such risk—almost certainty of loss of a great part of it—that I strongly objected, and obtained stowage for it on board the transport Capella, which was to remain for sick at Ismailia.

Men's valises and greatcoats, tents, and a small proportion of officers' baggage, were sent by rail to Kassassin.

A proportion of rations and fuel was carried with the brigade by the regimental and divisional transport. Only one pack-horse or mule was available for three officers. Two of my own horses (cobs) carried my baggage.

There had been a question of carrying the blankets which had at first been ordered to be sent by them as

well as the greatcoats. It appeared to me that the blankets would be specially useful on the march as protection from the sun by day and against chills by night. I had represented this to the Chief of the Staff, and the Commander-in-Chief had permitted them to be carried if it could be done without the risk of the men throwing them away. I directed that they should be carried, folded flatly, behind the shoulders.

These extracts are interesting as illustrating the thoughtful consideration given to the health and efficiency of the men under Hamley's command. The march was accompanied by droves of fat bullocks—"the large white Egyptian oxen with long horns."

The brigade was on shore before 4.30, and the march began on the north side of the canal, and a considerable distance from it, the ground being harder there. The troops moved on a large front, taking plenty of room. When dark was approaching, we began to bend to the left towards the canal. The ground became more broken, the sand deeper, and night fell while we were still moving towards our destination, El Magfar, nine miles. On the path of the canal we came on the transport, moving with difficulty in a long, broken line. Riding was very difficult; hillocks and ditches were all around, and the towing-path mostly encumbered with the carts and pack-animals. I had got ahead of the brigade, and now rode a mile or two forward, towards some lights, but found nothing except some broken-down vehicles. I rode back, therefore, giving directions for collecting, as I went, the transport of each regiment, all having got mixed. As the battalions

came up, the men came down to the canal to fill their water-bottles, some fires were lighted, and all lay down on the sand. There had been many stragglers, but most of them came in in the night, or next day. El Magfar was little more than an expression on the map.

Sunday, 10th September.—Early in the morning the brigade was moved forward a short distance, and assembled in a compact and orderly bivouac, in the space between the railway and canal. The heat was more oppressive this day than we had yet found it in Egypt, and the men's blankets were of great service for shelter from the sun. Standing on the railway embankment a breeze was felt, but the embankment prevented it from reaching the camp, where we were obliged to remain in order to be near the canal for water.

Seeing the consequence of arriving at our destination after dark, I endeavoured to avoid it by starting a little earlier in the afternoon. The men were suffering as much from heat in the bivouac as they would on the march. The brigade passed through a low part of the railway embankment out into the desert. The men began to fall out directly the march began. We had eight miles to go to El Masameh, a station-house and a few ruined mud huts occupied by a detachment of the 50th Regiment. We finally bivouacked near this place, outside the railway, the inner space having apparently been a burying-ground, and very offensive. About 400 men were reported by the brigadier as having fallen out on the march, having been overcome by the heat.

11th Sept.—The brigade marched about daybreak for Kassassin, five miles on, and arrived there between seven and eight o'clock. Major Butler came to point out a large space on which to choose our camping-ground. The brigade encamped as far to the east of it as possible, in

two lines, left near the canal, cavalry squadron in rear. On the right front on the railway station, our tents, valises, &c., had been packed on their arrival by train: these were now brought to us, and the camp pitched.

The divisional battalion, 3d King's Royal Rifles (60th), under Colonel Ashburnham, hitherto with the First Division, was encamped a considerable distance in our front. Kassassin lock, with large posts and beams visible, was about half a mile in our front. Near the left of my brigade a small pontoon bridge had been thrown across the canal; and not far from it, on the other bank, were the Commander-in-Chief's headquarters in tents. I rode round by the lock to report my arrival. The Duke of Teck met me and took me to Sir G. Wolseley, who was at breakfast with his staff in a tent. He invited me to sit at table and eat something. Speaking of the march up, I suggested, as the result of my experience, which might be useful for future guidance, that when troops had to perform any part of a march in the night, which seemed inevitable when the days were so hot, it was better to begin the march in the dark than to end it so. Beginning it in the dark, they were at any rate already in order, knew where their transport, &c., was, and had their camp-fires to light them. But ending it in the dark meant great confusion, separation of troops from their transport, difficulty of getting water and refreshment, and of lighting fires, with consequent loss of so much repose. Sir Garnet observed that I might have started later, and so marched in a cooler period, to which I replied that the hour of starting was fixed by his orders, and, moreover, as we were ordered to start at daybreak next morning, by starting late the evening before there would have been no time for the men to rest. He rejoined that they might have had two hours' rest, which would have been quite enough. This

seemed a strange assertion, for two hours in darkness at the close of a march would scarcely have sufficed to bring the battalions together, to procure water, light some fires, and get coffee, and there would have been no rest at all. . . .

On leaving the tent, I spoke to him alone, outside. He then told me he had decided to attack the enemy's intrenchments before daybreak on Wednesday; that he would meet the generals on a hill outside the camp next morning and explain the plan of attack; that flank movements only turned them out of one position to take up another, and that he should therefore make a decisive effort in their front; that if he failed, he must fall back and wait for reinforcements.

It may be mentioned here—though there is nothing said of it in the Diary—that although the probability of serious fighting at Tel-el-Kebir as a natural bastion between the desert and the cultivated country had been foreseen, even before the expedition had left England, yet Sir Garnet Wolseley had always felt considerable anxiety as to whether a decisive action could be brought on there. That anxiety finds expression in the final sentence of the letter of secret instructions addressed to Hamley. "I shall want every available man I can get, for my fight near Tel-el-Kebir, if Arabi will only in kindness stay to fight me there." The apprehension was, that in the event of defeat the enemy would retire behind the strong and for-

midably armed fortifications of the *barrage*. That explains the splendid energy with which Arabi was followed up and hustled towards Cairo after Tel-el-Kebir; and perhaps, although it may sound paradoxical, we were in no small measure indebted for our rapid success to the engineering talents of Fehmi Pasha. Fehmi, who died the other day in Ceylon, for an oriental had rare capacities as a military engineer, with the gift of imparting some of his own energy to his indolent countrymen. Arabi was intelligent enough to recognise his merits, to give him *carte blanche* as chief of the engineering operations, and to be guided by his counsels in strategical combinations. It was Fehmi who quickly put Tel-el-Kebir in such a condition for defence that Arabi was induced to stake his fortunes in making a resolute stand within its works.

Hamley continued the conversation with his chief, taking advantage of the opportunity to remind Sir Garnet that he had been promised the Indian contingent as his second brigade. "He said Macpherson had objected to this, and it was not to be—moreover, the Indian contingent was to be on the other side of the canal, and could not therefore be under my directions." No doubt Hamley was fully prepared for the

answer; for in an interview with Macpherson at Ismailia, in which he had broached the subject, the Indian general had remained significantly silent. The fact apparently was, that the chief of the staff, willing on the spur of the moment to dispose of Hamley's reasonable complaints, had committed himself to a hasty promise which it would have been unfair and almost impossible to fulful.[1] What Hamley desired and strove for was that his Division should be homogeneous, tolerably complete in all its arms, and made up to something approaching its normal strength before it had been deprived of battalions and guns for the defence of Alexandria. The time was flying fast, and his position became extremely embarrassing. It seemed likely that he might have to conduct a difficult operation under conditions beyond his control, which must gravely compromise its success. Yet much might be done by forcible representations in the space which remained, and it is little wonder that he was eager and urgent.

The diary goes on :—

I observed that my divisional artillery had not yet joined me. He said the divisional artillery was to be

[1] Officers who have held the highest posts in India have expressed the opinion that General Macpherson's objection to serve under one of the English generals of division was quite justifiable.

separate from the Division, massed with the rest under the brigadier. I then inquired when my divisional battalion would join me. He replied that the exigencies of the service required that it should act with the First Division. I represented that I was being deprived of everything except a single brigade—to which he replied again that the exigencies of the service required it, and went into his tent. I returned to my camp, and, after thinking over what I had heard with the greatest surprise and concern, crossed the small bridge, and went to the chief of the staff's tent. I represented to him how deep an injury would be done both to me and to the brigadier by leaving me with only a single brigade—that I had been promised the Indian contingent, and had now learned that I was to be deprived not only of it, but of my own divisional battalion — that it could not be expected that I would submit to be stripped quietly of my command, and that I now made the strongest remonstrance.

The reply of the chief of the staff was :—

That Macpherson objected to being attached to a general of division, on the ground that, as coming from India, with Indian troops, he was entitled to a certain independence, and that Wolseley had assented. On my continued representations he went to the Commander-in-Chief to repeat what I had said, and, returning, said, 'Wolseley says he has made his arrangements, and won't alter them.' I renewed my remonstrances, said that I held the Queen's commission to command the Second Division—that I did not understand how my troops, in my presence, could act under any orders but mine, and that it would be supposed that there must be some reason for thus stripping me

while the Commander of the First Division retained a proper command. Sir J. Adye then explained the part of the plan of attack relating to the infantry—that the Highland Brigade was to be followed by the Guards, and Graham's Brigade by the two divisional battalions (3/60th and 46th). I represented that from the position of the Guards' Brigade, placed in rear of the Highland, while it belonged to the First Division, and was not under my orders, it would be too far off to receive orders from its own commander. Adye observed that there was a reason (which he did not mention) for placing the Guards there. I then pointed out what a grave tactical error it would be not to have the supporting brigade in each case under the orders of the general who commanded the attacking brigade. Adye asked, 'What would you propose?' I answered, 'Reverse the positions of the two brigades acting in support, and then each Division will be entire, under the orders of one general.' There had never been any mention or hint on the part of Sir G. W. or Sir J. A. of placing the Guards under my orders—on the contrary, it had been assumed that I was to have only one brigade; and as General Willis could not command the Guards while thus separated from him, they would appear to have been meant to be independent (a most serious blunder), and to render them so, I was to have been deprived of my divisional battalion.

Sir John Adye earnestly deprecated the idea of the changed arrangements being due to any want of confidence in Hamley, and he went off to communicate again with the chief. The interposition was so far successful that in the afternoon Hamley received a note saying that arrange-

ments would be made by which he should have the command of two brigades, the one in support of the other.

As to the facts of the case there can be no question, for the writer of the Diary is so scrupulously and even gratuitously veracious that there are passages recording feelings and motives which very few men would have deemed it needful to acknowledge. That he felt himself deeply aggrieved is evident, nor is it difficult to place ourselves in his position. In his opinion, he had been seriously crippled on the eve of an important engagement, on which his soldierly reputation and professional prospects were at stake. A long-desired opportunity had come to him at last, and failure, or even incomplete success, would have cast a cloud on the rest of his existence. Moreover, his consciousness of a talent *hors de ligne*, and his unrivalled position as a European authority on the science of war, should be remembered. Doubtless he was best fitted for supreme command, when he might have controlled the operations he originated, and communicated to the subordinates who were to carry them out his own energy and prompt resolution. It was galling to be trammelled at every turn by arrangements and instructions, the wisdom of which seemed worse

than doubtful. He knew his duty as a soldier, and was ready to obey. But it was natural that, while there was yet available time, he should have remonstrated warmly, as his position constrained and obliged him to do. In fact, he was fully justified in his protests, if any justification were necessary, by obtaining important modifications of the scheme of attack. It is very possible that the chief of the staff had hastily pledged himself beyond the power of performance. Generals of almost as high standing as Sir Garnet Wolseley have unhesitatingly expressed the opinion that the commander with whom the ultimate responsibility rests is justified in ordering everything at his absolute discretion. Hamley, as he said in expostulating, held her Majesty's commission to command his Division. Nevertheless, it is evident that the commission must be held subject to the controlling authority of the Commander-in-Chief. But it seems, to a civilian at least, that, in the interests of his country and in his own, other qualities besides military genius are essential to the general, who should neglect nothing to command success—the genial diplomacy that avoids gratuitous friction, and wise consideration for the susceptibilities and temperament of his subordinates. A reiterated reference to the "exigencies of the service," without further

explanation, was surely a very summary way of disposing of the expostulations of a man of Hamley's standing and unrivalled strategical knowledge. That curt phrase, the "exigencies of the service," with the "led me to believe" of the important interview at Alexandria, must be remembered in estimating the strained relations between the generals which unfortunately followed the victory of Tel-el-Kebir.

Probably, if Sir Garnet Wolseley and his divisional generals had been in more immediate and familiar contact, many matters in dispute might never have arisen, and differences would have been amicably settled in unrestrained and confidential communication. Both Sir Garnet Wolseley and Hamley were working for a common object; it was the ardent desire of both to bring the war to a speedy termination; and both were profoundly versed in strategy, and open to argument and conviction. The appointment of a chief of the staff is an innovation in English warfare. Lord Wellington had no chief of the staff in his Peninsular campaigns. It is a tradition of the French service, which we borrowed from our allies in the Crimean campaign. No doubt a chief of the staff was a necessity for Napoleon, when the conqueror's armies were scattered over Europe; although the administration of Berthier

made much bad blood, and gave rise to those bitter quarrels between himself and the marshals which were subsequently disastrous to their master. It may have been advisable to have a chief of the staff with the French forces in the Crimea, considering the political circumstances and the peculiar relations of the Emperor with his generals. But the appointment would appear to be worse than superfluous with such a handful of troops as was operating in Egypt, composing only a couple of weak divisions — or three, if we count the Indian Contingent as a separate one — and when, moreover, the operations were concentrated in a limited space, with field-telegraphs following the movements of headquarters. That high and responsible official may possess all possible military virtues; he may be a miracle of science, tact, and suavity; but his interposition must more or less tend to misapprehensions which could otherwise be avoided, as it interferes with the free personal intercourse which should make serious misapprehensions impossible.

The next note in the Diary indicates those difficulties of steering on a given point in the desert, even by daylight, which were so successfully surmounted in the critical night-march.

As for the names of localities set down in the military maps, they were simply topographical signs, only intelligible to the Arabs or the initiated.

I had received a verbal order for all generals to meet the Commander-in-Chief at Ninth Hill at 4.30 on Tuesday morning, each attended by one staff-officer. The name "Ninth Hill" must have been an arbitrary one given to a particular part of the range of low sandy heights which were about two miles west of the camp, and extended round to the north of it. . . . I and my brigade knew nothing of the locality. I had, therefore, requested a guide from headquarters, and one was promised later. But I also wished to learn something of the locality myself, and therefore, in the afternoon of the 11th, I rode out with my aides-de-camp in the direction in which this Ninth Hill was supposed to be; but up to the time of getting beyond the farthest tents we could learn nothing definite of its position, and, after riding about till nearly dark, I returned to camp. The officer from headquarters who professed to know the ground was to be with me at 2.30 next morning, as I expected to be long in getting to the rendezvous in the pitch darkness, though only two or two and a half miles distant.

12th Sept.—Up at 2.30. I rode to Sir A. Alison's tent, where he and his staff officer joined me. We set off towards the railway, which it was advisable to cross at a known spot, as it was on a steep embankment. The night was so dark that in crossing the embankment some of us were entangled in the telegraph wires. Captain —— now led us, and we rode on for some time at a smart walk, over ground entirely unknown to the rest, and guided by

the stars. After a considerable time I inquired of Captain —— whether Ninth Hill was north of us, because, I said, we have been going a little east of north for some time. He at once said we ought to be going *west*, and promptly faced about. It seemed possible (after we had ridden a good way in this new direction) that we might blunder into the enemy's pickets, and I mentioned that possibility to Alison. Soon after we came upon the track of wheels, which —— pronounced to be that by which the guns had been taken to a battery on the hill; and not long afterwards we came upon a picket, and learned that the rendezvous was on its left. So we rode on, and finally found the Commander-in-Chief and staff.

. . . . . .

The Commander-in-Chief, staff, and cavalry escort then rode off in the direction of the Egyptian lines, accompanied by the generals and their staff-officers. Some time after day had broke, the word was given to dismount, and, leaving our horses with the escort, we proceeded some hundred yards on foot, and then all came to a halt. We were now ascending a slope leading to a low summit which concealed the view beyond—on both sides of this slope were our cavalry vedettes. . . . A few dim figures, which might be Egyptian vedettes or pickets, probably two and a half or three miles off, were all that could be made out. Sir G. Wolseley then called us round him, and said he intended to leave the camp that night and march so as to reach the enemy's works before daybreak. He gave (or caused some staff-officer to give) to each of us a piece of paper with the positions of the various parts of the army, their distances from the canal and from each other, marked thereon. He then gave some brief directions to General Willis and to myself, to the effect that we were to form line of half

Plan of Battle

13 Sept 82

Handed to me at
Meeting of the Generals
Early morning 13 Sept.

Highland Brigade
Second Brigade
First Line
Second Line
Brigade of Guards
Naval Brigade
Native Infantry
Marine Artillery
Reserve
Ammunition Column
Royal Engineers with Pontoons
Canal
Railway
Cavalry
Cavalry
N
S

battalion columns and to attack directly we came upon the enemy's works. He added to me, "It will be a race between the Highland Brigade and Graham." He then repeated his instructions to Sir A. Alison. He also said to me that I might find, after penetrating the front line, the enemy's reserves drawn up for the defence of his camp, in which case I was not to deliver the attack on it, till the First Division should have worked round on its flank. Also, that I might find myself under a heavy artillery fire from the guns on the side of the railway and canal, and must in that case be cautious in advancing after having penetrated the line of works. Then, addressing all generally, he said, "Go straight in on them,—and then," he added, stamping his foot on the ground, "kill them all." He then briefly wished us success, and dismissed us, and we rode back to camp.

. . . . . .

While on the ground Sir G. Wolseley, adverting to the additional brigade having been given me, remarked aloud, "I have changed my plan to please General Hamley," to which I replied that I felt greatly obliged to him for having done so.

Either to-day or on the 11th, the chief of the staff had addressed to me a question, whether my two squadrons of cavalry were not distributed at that time in such and such localities? To which I responded that I supposed them to be so, but could not say whether they were or not, as any orders they might have received had not been transmitted through me.

The general order for arrangements for the battle was received.

I saw Sir A. Alison in his tent, and spoke to him of arrangements for the coming battle. I told him I should accompany the Highland Brigade to Ninth Hill, my place

of rendezvous. He was to see the commanding officers of his battalions in his tent. I desired that orders should be given that the men were not to load.

. . . . . .

I sent for the Commissary of Ordnance, Mr Steevens, and gave him some private letters with instructions: they were to be returned to me after the battle.

I sent for the officer commanding the remaining troop of cavalry of my division, and gave him orders to leave the camp with it at 3 A.M., so as to reach me at daybreak, intending to employ the troop in the battle, if occasion should arise. Soon after this was settled, he came to tell me that he had received orders from headquarters to join Sir G. Wolseley's escort. I was, therefore, without any cavalry, except a corporal's party as orderlies.

I ordered Major Blood, R.E., of the engineer companies of my division, to follow me at 3 A.M. with a mounted party, provided with material for blowing in stockades, &c., in case of the enemy's forts holding out.

My grooms with horses and my servant to follow at the same time.

The striking of the tents began at nightfall. After it was done, I rode with my staff to the brigades, now assembling by battalions, and accompanied the leading battalion to a point outside the railway where the whole were shortly assembled, and all marched together to Ninth Hill, where Ashburnham's brigade was already formed up. Just before we had met Colonel Fraser, who was returning from setting up a line of telegraph-posts for some distance towards the enemy. I then directed Sir A. Alison to advance his brigades, following the line of poles a thousand yards into the desert, and there form it in the order in which it was to attack, saying I would join it before the march would begin.

It must, I think, have been about ten o'clock when Sir G. Wolseley, staff, and escort, rode up. He first asked where the telegraph-poles were, and I took him to the nearest, close by. He said he was going to ride round the lines of troops, and desired me to await his return.

Meanwhile we all walked or sat about on the sand, or lay down. In spite of orders to the contrary, there were frequent flashes of matches in front, where the Highland brigade was, the lights showing very vivid in the pitch darkness. I went to the nearest guns of the line of artillery drawn up close to our right, and several times during the night conversed with Brigadier Goodenough.

On Sir G. Wolseley's return after a long interval, I rode to meet him. I told him of the alarm on my right (recorded in the Narrative).[1] He said it was caused by some of the cavalry galloping near the Guards.

The cause of that alarm was never satisfactorily accounted for. There is no doubt that for the moment it produced something like a panic, and I have been informed by an officer high in command, that he was alarmed by the cries — or "shrieks" — when at a distance of a couple of miles.

Sir Garnet then gave me some instructions to the effect that if I should find any very serious obstacles when the attack was made, and felt doubtful whether the brigade in reserve could overcome them, I was not to use it. "I wish to keep it intact," he said. He also then (or before he had started from the hill, I do not remember which) asked me at what hour I thought the division ought to

[1] Narrative in 'Nineteenth Century' article—see *post*, pp. 124-141.

begin its march, supposing the enemy's lines to be five and a half miles distant, and daybreak about five o'clock, allowing, he said, for "possible *égarements*." I suggested a little after half-past one, to which he assented. He asked if I had yet posted connecting links between Ashburnham and the brigade in front and the artillery on the right, and desired it might now be done. He then lay down on the sand. I ordered Colonel Ashburnham to take a company of Rifles, order it to drop files at equal distances till the brigade in front was reached—sufficient detachments to be similarly disposed towards the artillery on our right—and to maintain these in their places throughout the advance. He was to form his two battalions in contiguous columns, as they could then keep distance and direction better than if extended.

When I thought the time to advance was not far off, I rode to where Sir G. Wolseley was lying on the sand, and told him I fancied the hour agreed on must be drawing near. He raised himself on his elbow and said, "I can tell you the time exactly by my repeater," which he then struck. He told me that it was twenty minutes to one. I said, "I will not disturb you again, but will give the necessary orders to Colonel Ashburnham for starting, and then ride forward to the Highland Brigade." Either that night or on the previous morning Sir G. Wolseley, with reference to my place in the attack, had said, "Alison will be with his brigade: you go where you please." I now said, "If I am wanted, I shall be found with the leading brigade,"—to which he responded, "Very well." I then left him and gave Colonel Ashburnham final directions for moving off at a particular moment, and about a quarter past one I started for the brigade in front. It was so dark that although the files were regularly placed, and I

started from the first of them, I and my staff were riding about for some minutes to one side and the other before we found the second. On coming to the Highlanders, who were lying down, I rode to and fro till I found Sir A. Alison, whom I desired to call the men to arms and begin the advance as soon as they were in order.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

ARTICLE FROM 'NINETEENTH CENTURY' — CORNWALL LIGHT INFANTRY AND KING'S ROYAL RIFLES — LETTER FROM CAPTAIN HANBURY WILLIAMS.

'THE Egyptian Diary' must have been revised or rewritten in England. As to the battle it is a blank, for the story of Tel-el-Kebir was told in detail in the article contributed to the 'Nineteenth Century.'[1] That article made a profound sensation at the time, and was widely read and freely discussed wherever there was an English garrison. To more than one it was, of course, singularly unwelcome, and it was said that it was a violation of all professional etiquette for a general officer to publish in a magazine a narrative of events of which he had already made an official report in his despatches. The simple answer

[1] 'Nineteenth Century,' December 1882.

was that the despatches had been suppressed, and that the suppression of the despatches of a General of Division, who had played a leading part in the action, was absolutely contrary to precedent. Nor did Sir Edward act hastily or without reliable advice; and since then, impartial officers of the highest rank and varied experience have unhesitatingly expressed the opinion that Hamley was not only justified in publishing the article, but constrained to do so, as well in vindication of his own military reputation as in consideration for the troops he led and the officers he named for special acts of gallantry. The reader will be better able to estimate his conduct when the despatches which never saw the light are compared with the official reports of the war embodied in those from the Commander-in-Chief. To quote from the Diary, "The paper for the 'Nineteenth Century' contains a full account of the march and battle, and, with my despatches, forms a sufficient record." Consequently, to complete the record, it is essential to give the paper at length, and setting controversy aside, it is well worth reading again, as a brilliant piece of lucid and picturesque description.

The Second Division at Tel-el-Kebir.[1]

Scarcely any of the correspondents of the press accompanied the Second Division on the 13th of September, and those who attached themselves to other bodies of troops appear to have thought that what they witnessed in their immediate front was *all* the battle. They were further kept in ignorance of what had happened elsewhere by the fact that the Second Division was the only body of troops which attacked in the dark. For these, among other reasons, only a very dim and vague idea of the general course and incidents of the fight has been received by the people of this country, who testify a very strong wish for information more complete and authentic. I desire, therefore, while the interest of the public is still keen, and while my impressions of the action are still fresh, to place on record what passed under my own observation and direction during the march and the engagement.

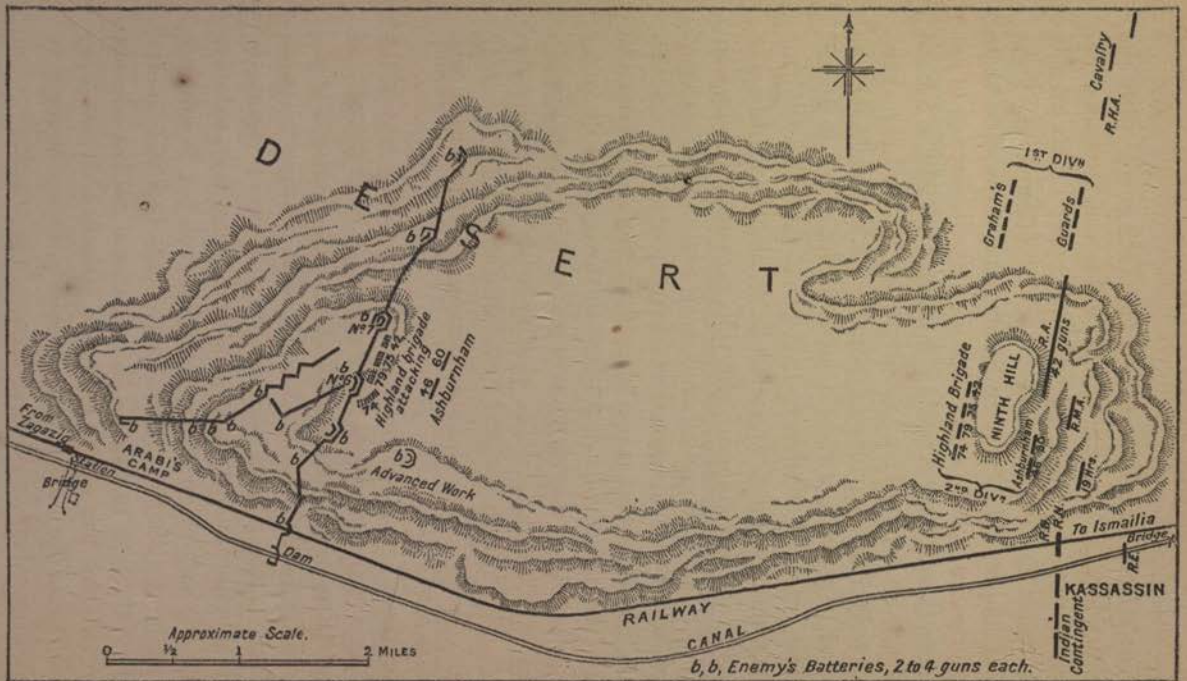
Four Highland battalions, the 42d, 75th, 79th, and 74th (numbered thus from right to left), under Major-General Sir Archibald Alison, were to form the leading brigade of the Second Division. On the previous Saturday, Sunday, and Monday they had marched across the desert between Ismailia and Kassassin, encamping on Monday at this latter place, where they completed the assembly of the force destined to attack. On Tuesday, the 12th, after nightfall, they struck their tents, and assembled at a point in the desert just outside (north of) the railway. As the battalions silently, and in darkness, formed up on this place of assembly, they seemed to be part—as within a

[1] Reprinted by permission of Mr Knowles, proprietor and editor of the 'Nineteenth Century.'

few hours many of those who composed them really were —of a world of shadows.

The place of rendezvous of the army that night, about two miles from the spot where the Highland Brigade assembled, was a range of sandhills, west of Kassassin camp; and the place of the Second Division, on the left of the line, was the spot marked "Ninth Hill" on the map. Behind this hill was already drawn up the rear brigade of the division, whose camp had been much nearer to it; and when the Highland Brigade arrived here, it was moved forward into the desert a thousand yards, the distance prescribed, by order, to be maintained between the brigades during the advance. It then assumed the formation which it kept throughout the march and the attack, thus[1] —each half-battalion was formed with two companies in front, and two in rear, and the whole brigade consisted of a line of these half-battalions thus formed; they were at deploying intervals, and on a parade would have preserved spaces between them equal to the front of two companies, but, as it was most desirable that the men should march at ease, these intervals almost disappeared, and the brigade presented practically the appearance of two almost continuous lines, one about fifty yards behind the other, and occupying a front of about half a mile. It numbered three thousand bayonets. The rear brigade consisted of the 3d battalion of the 60th Rifles, which belonged to the division, and the 46th Regiment, which did not belong to the division, but which was joined to the Rifles for the nonce, in order to compose a second and supporting brigade, in the absence of Wood's brigade, properly making part of the division, which had been left at Alexandria. This smaller brigade was formed in contiguous column

[1] See Plan, p. 126.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

of battalions, and, in order to maintain touch with the Highlanders, a company of the Rifles was extended between them in files some fifteen yards apart. This brigade was under the command of Colonel Ashburnham, of the Rifles, and numbered fifteen hundred bayonets; and these two brigades, followed next morning by a company of engineers, formed in the battle the whole force of the Second Division, its artillery and cavalry being allotted elsewhere.

About three-quarters of a mile on the right of the Second Division was the First Division, formed in almost similar order; the difference being that the half-battalions of the leading brigade were formed in company, instead of double company columns, and thus presented the appearance of a line of eight columns, each four companies deep. Between the two divisions, and in rear of their rear brigades, was a line composed of most of the artillery of the army (the divisional being added to the corps artillery for the occasion), numbering forty-two guns, and occupying a front of 1200 yards. The cavalry with its artillery was on the right of all, and the Royal Marine Artillery, acting as an infantry force, and something under 400 strong, was in rear of all.

On the other side of the canal was what remained of the Indian Contingent, most of which had been distributed about parts of the communications. The Seaforth Highlanders and a body amounting to about another battalion of native troops, being parts of three different regiments, with a mule battery and some engineers, was to move along the south side of the canal, and was not to advance till an hour after the rest of the troops,—partly, I believe, because there were villages in the strip of cultivated land there whence the alarm might be spread, and partly because it was obviously not desirable to expose a force so weak in numbers to the first brunt of the attack.

About five and a half miles from Ninth Hill, lying along sandhills considerably elevated above the canal, and extending northwards about three and a half miles into the desert, was the enemy's position. He was known to have many works there armed with field artillery, and it was believed that he had brought heavier guns up by the railway, and stationed them on it. But this, together with the numbers of the defenders, was all that was known definitely about the position. It is of course very difficult for even the most skilful officers, when unable to approach near to low parapets and trenches made in a vast surface of sand, and carried over uneven ground, to distinguish them with any degree of accuracy. After conversing with one of these, I had still, like the rest of my division, only a very vague idea of what it was that we were going to attack. Our instructions, generally stated, were to march on till we should come upon the enemy, and then to attack with the bayonet; and the better to ensure the execution of this, I had directed that the Highland Brigade should not load.

Tel-el-Kebir had been recognised by the military advisers of the Khedive for a long while as the point at which to take a defensive position. It was on the edge of the cultivated land, and the native army would thus be in plenty and comfort here, with all the resources of Egypt behind it, while the adversary was restricted to the sands of the desert,—and from the canal rose directly up, stretching northwards, a line of elevated sandhills commanding the ground over which an enemy must advance. All this was so well known, that the enemy had long been expected to fight his main battle here.

There was no moon, and the night would have been pitch-dark but for the stars. The long sojourn at Ninth Hill, while awaiting the moment to advance, was of a

sombre kind: we sat in silence on our horses or on the sand, while comrades moving about appeared as black figures coming out of the darkness, unrecognisable except by their voices. A skirmish had taken place some days before near this spot, in which men and horses were slain, and tokens of it were wafted to us sometimes on the breeze. The sand, I believe, does not deodorise or disinfect what is buried in it, and the noxious exhalations, so long as they arise, are spread abroad on the wind.

Long before the time for the advance had arrived we were suddenly startled by a loud clamour on our right, such as might indicate the onset of irregular troops; and I called Ashburnham's brigade to arms. But the noise died away: it had been occasioned by the passage of a body of our cavalry across the front of troops of the First Division, who had been lying down—probably sleeping—and hence the alarm.

Men accustomed to consider military questions had long been agreed that to attack a fortified position, adequately defended, in broad day, would be a desperate undertaking, and that the rule generally followed for many generations in attacking fortresses must now apply, namely, to deliver the assault just before dawn. This has been so universally recognised, that it is a general rule to redouble, in the hour before dawn, precaution against attack. The assault should be delivered while darkness still screens the assailants, but it is evident not to the advantage of these that the conflict should be continued in the dark. It was therefore decided, after consideration of all contingencies, that my advance should begin shortly after half-past one. Accordingly, a little before that time, I gave instructions to Colonel Ashburnham to move forward at a particular moment, and then rode forward to the Highland Brigade—which, though it

extended, as has been said, half a mile across the desert, was not easy to find in the darkness. About half-past one it was called to arms, and about ten minutes afterwards the march on the enemy began. And here I must ask the reader to note that the northern half only of the enemy's line was the object of attack. There were no troops between my division and the canal.

For some distance onward the engineers had erected a line of telegraph-poles to guide us, but after they ceased the desert was absolutely trackless. Our guides were the stars—had the night been overcast the enterprise would have been impossible—and we were steered by a naval officer, Lieutenant Rawson, who had doubtless studied on previous nights the relation of these celestial beacons to the course of our march. The centre of the line was the point of direction; therefore he rode between the centre battalions (75th and 79th) of the Highland Brigade. Frequently, in the course of the night, after duly ascertaining what dark figure I was addressing, I represented to him that his particular star was clouded over; but he always replied that he had another in view, a second string to his bow, which he showed me, and that he was convinced he had not deviated in the least from the proper direction. And he was right; his guidance was marvellously correct: for his reward, poor fellow, he was shot down in the assault, mortally wounded.

Thus began one of the most singular operations I have in any way come to know of. In assaulting the breach of a fortress before dawn there are many means of securing, over a rush of a few hundred yards, a right direction for the columns. But here we were adrift, but for the stars, in a region where no token existed on the surface by which to mark the course—any more than on the ocean without a compass—and the distance to be traversed was many

miles. It may safely be said that only very well disciplined troops, commanded by very good regimental officers, could have accomplished the task. Precautions were taken to conceal our movement from the enemy; the men were not allowed to light their pipes, talking was suppressed, words of command were only passed on in low tones. Nevertheless, indications of our presence would appear,—matches were struck to consult watches, the blaze being visible at a great distance in the darkness; men would sometimes chatter; and once, a soldier who had found means to provide himself with more liquor than he could quietly carry, broke forth in an uproarious song, and other vocal exercises, till, all endeavours to quiet him proving vain, he was summarily knocked down and gagged. A few days later I heard, on what seemed good authority, that, according to the statement of prisoners, the enemy's horsemen had been retiring before us all night, and had carried the intelligence that the English were coming on "in hordes." Indeed, with ordinary vigilance on the part of the Egyptians, it was hardly to be expected that the march of an army upon their position, across that perfectly open ground, could be concealed even by the screen of the night. But, on the whole, and especially after the first mile or two, a dead silence was preserved; the pace, owing to the darkness, was necessarily slow; and weird and ghostly was the effect of the dim streaks, looking like the shadows of moving clouds, but which were really lines of men, stealing over the desert. The surface was harder and smoother than any we had yet traversed, and could be discerned, when close at hand, to be dotted over with small patches of some herbage or shrub.

There was one halt of about twenty minutes—and it was shortly after the march was resumed that an incident took place illustrative of the precarious nature of such an

operation. A rumour had passed about of horsemen in our front; the companies in the centre had first stopped short, and finally halted, while the order to conform to this had not extended to the other parts of the line. These consequently continued to step on, moving unconsciously round the pivot of the centre, until the wings absolutely faced each other at a distance of some fifty yards. Not only was the line thus deranged, but the companies of the wings, from the inequality of the distance gone over in this circular movement, were in disorder. All this was discovered in time to prevent what might have been a fatal collision in the case of each wing taking the other for an enemy. The brigade staff and the commanders of regiments promptly and almost in silence set about the restoration of order: the necessary steps were taken with the greatest patience, steadiness, and skill, till the errant wings were once more aligned on the centre, where the right direction had still been maintained by Lieutenant Rawson; and at length, after an interval of great anxiety, the lines once more bore steadily forward.

Just as the paling of the stars showed dawn to be near, but while it was still as dark as ever, a few scattered shots were fired in our front, probably from some sentries, or small pickets, outside the enemy's lines. No notice was taken of this, though one of the shots killed a Highlander; the movement was unchanged,—and then a single bugle sounded within the enemy's lines. These were most welcome sounds, assuring us that we should close with the foe before daylight, which just before had seemed very doubtful. Yet a minute or two of dead silence elapsed after the bugle was blown, and then the whole extent of entrenchment in our front, hitherto unseen and unknown of, poured forth a stream of rifle-fire. Then,

for the first time that night, I could really be said to see my men, lighted by the flashes — the dim phantom lines which I had been looking on all night suddenly woke to life, as our bugles sounded the charge; and responding with lusty continued cheers, and without a moment's pause or hesitation, the ranks sprang forward in steady array. Their distance from the blazing line of entrenchment was judged to be about a hundred and fifty yards: in that interval nearly two hundred men went down, the 74th on the left losing five officers and sixty men before it got to the ditch. This obstacle was (as the engineers afterwards recorded) six feet wide and four deep, and beyond was a parapet four feet high. Over it, or into and out of it, went the whole of the first line, mounting the parapet and attacking the Egyptians who lined it, and most of the second line followed; but I stopped the parts of it that were nearest to me as they came up, wishing to keep a support in hand which should be more readily available than such as the brigade in rear could supply.

The part of the entrenchment we had fallen on was on the highest ground of the position; behind the trench, on each flank, was an elevated battery armed with artillery, enclosed nearly throughout by its own separate parapet, and a ditch ten feet deep. The nature of these is thus described in a plan made subsequently the same day by an officer of the staff. "No. 6" (the work represented in the plan as opposite the 74th Regiment), "battery with four embrasures. Parapet eight feet thick. Traverses very well placed. This battery must have been built by a well-practised military engineer." And of that close to the 42d Regiment, it says: "Six-gun battery almost enclosed by entrenchment. Highest part of the position. . . . Nos. 6 and 11 are nearly as high, all others are con-

siderably lower." The Second Division had taken the bull by the horns in attacking these works, which held the flank battalions engaged, but the centre battalions having only the outer entrenchment, of the dimensions already described, before them, pushed on, after killing and dispersing its defenders, into the interior of the position for two or three hundred yards. Thus the brigade was enclosed in a triangle of fire, and a hotter fire it is impossible to imagine: the enemy's breechloaders were good, their ammunition was abundant, and the air was a hurricane of bullets, through which shells from their batteries tore their way with the first gleams of day. From the work on the left the fire was especially formidable, sharper and better aimed than elsewhere, but the whole area was swept by a storm of missiles. Our losses would have been tremendous but for two circumstances—first, that we attacked in the dark; secondly, that a large proportion of the enemy's bullets were aimed too high. The light was now increasing every moment, our own men of course had begun to shoot immediately after entering, and aim could now be taken. The fight was at its hottest, and how it might end was still doubtful, for many of our advanced troops recoiled even to the edge of the entrenchment; Alison carried back in recoil; but there I was able to stop them, and, reinforcing them with the small bodies I had kept in hand (who had remained, I think, in the ditch), I sent all on together, and henceforward they maintained their ground. A good many of the enemy were now leaving the entrenchments on our right, not in panic, but halting to fire as they went, many crossing (probably unconsciously) the rear of our advanced troops; but on the left they held out stoutly, perhaps because their retreat on the canal was not so directly threatened. I had been looking anxiously for my rear brigade (which had been

delayed a little since the action began by necessary changes of direction and formation), and had despatched more than one messenger to hasten it. The horse of my senior aide-de-camp, who proceeded on this errand, had been crippled by a bullet and killed by another; turning to repeat the order to the other aide-de-camp, I found his horse lying dead: I therefore dismounted from my own horse, and despatched him. Shortly afterwards the Rifles came up at a run, and threw themselves over the entrenchment in gallant style, wheeling afterwards to the left, and enveloping the rear of the work, while the 46th made a corresponding movement on the other side of it. Having brought all my disposable forces to bear on it, and feeling confident of the issue, I rode (having mounted another horse) to the battalions of the centre, now assembled on a low hill about 300 yards within the position. No body of the enemy was now opposing us on this part of the ground: in the work on the right their infantry had been killed or driven from the trenches, the work on the left was heavily assailed by the 74th and the fresh battalions, and the division had thus, after a twenty minutes' fight in the midst of the Egyptian army, single-handed, and unaided by artillery, established its footing there. It was a solid step towards final success; but other work remained to be done. Not far from the left of the centre battalions ran the interior line of works marked on the plan as running backwards to Arabi's camp. The theory of our engineers respecting them is, I believe, that the original plan of the Egyptians was to enclose their camp in the two lines meeting at an angle near the point which the Second Division attacked, and that the extension of the eastern line northward, with the view of rendering a turning movement more difficult, was an afterthought,—a theory which receives confirmation from the fact that the north-

ern extremity of the line of entrenchment was still incomplete, the obstacle there a mere shelter trench, and the battery at the end unfinished. This second and interior line was now held by the Egyptians, and it was against the front of this line that the next movement of my troops was directed. On reaching it the troops entered the ditch, and went along it: after a time a broken part of the entrenchment was reached, and some of the men passed into the interior space there. From this moment the advance, though not undisputed—for the enemy held on to every traverse and battery and enclosed portion—was not interrupted; at all points the defenders were taken in reverse, and shot down, both in the ditches and behind the parapets, in considerable numbers, while the guns captured were upset.

The immediate result of this advance was that it split the centre of the Egyptian line of defence, which now crumbled on both our flanks into crowds of fugitives, making for the canal, with its bridge, from which we threatened to bar them, and the loss of which would throw them upon the desert. On our right these crowds now passed across the front of the 42d Regiment drawn up obliquely between our centre battalions and the right battery (No. 7), where they were shot down in hundreds; and one of our batteries, crossing a gap in the outer entrenchments about this time, joined in mowing them down. But the Egyptian gunners still stuck to their posts, firing on the troops of the First Division now approaching the outer extremity of the entrenchments. Major Lugard, of my staff, who had been conveying a message to Ashburnham's brigade, observed, in passing No. 7, that the guns there were still in action, and also that a way existed into the work from the rear. Collecting ten Highlanders, he led them into the opening, where they put an end to the fire

of the battery by shooting down or bayoneting all the detachments serving the guns, numbering about thirty men. Speaking of this part of the field, the Engineer report already quoted says: "More of the enemy's dead here than at any other spot on the field of action—ground strewn all over with their bodies, and a heap of dead and dying in the rear ditch of battery."

The Second Division was now in undisputed possession of the high ground dominating the whole Egyptian position, except the still defended portions of that line of works along which it was rapidly advancing. Beyond the edge of this ground, towards the canal, I now caught glimpses of great numbers of Egyptian troops, moving in the same direction as ours, and, to meet a possible attack from that quarter, I caused some of the Highlanders to form front to that side. But it soon became evident that we were surrounded by fugitives only, and that it was only necessary to keep them on the move. Therefore, without any great regard to the order of the ranks, or awaiting the coming up of troops constantly left behind, the advance was pushed at a great pace along this last line held by the enemy. It was when we were probably still about half a mile from its extremity that some four or five of our guns came up on our right, outside the works, and fired some shots into the interior of them. So rapid was the advance, that on reaching the last work there were not above two hundred men and officers in the front line: the colonel of the 79th was one of them, but I do not remember whether the rest were all of that regiment, or partly of the 75th. Sir A. Alison was also among them on foot. The officers now called out for a short halt as necessary after so rapid an advance. But just then Arabi's camp, occupying all the flat ground between us and the canal, was visible just below us, the last occupants escaping as a shell or two

from the guns just mentioned burst near; a body of his cavalry was also forming near the tents, some of its officers riding forward as if to lead a charge upon us; and, pointing to these, I called on the men to make another effort and complete their work. They responded cheerily, and went right through the camp, capturing all the tents standing, with immense quantities of forage and provisions, and herds of loaded camels, while the cavalry, its movement probably accelerated by a well-pitched shell or two, turned and galloped off. Two of my officers brought from a tent the Egyptian Commissary General, Ragheb Bey, who desired to surrender to me. There was still some spoil left to capture, for the railway station just beyond was full of trains: into this our men went, shooting a few Egyptians who still carried their rifles, and capturing a hundred carriages. We were now on the raised bank of the canal, beyond which were the groves and fields of the strip of cultivated land, covered at this moment with flying inhabitants and animals. None of the enemy remained, and not a man of any troops except my own had been even visible to us throughout the action.

Meanwhile, as I afterwards learned from reports, the three battalions had made short work of the remaining battery, No. 6, breaking into it by the rear, and killing the defenders. Lieutenant Mordaunt Edwards of the 74th was specially brought to my notice as having found a way into the defences with a few followers, and killed with a sword-stroke an Egyptian officer who attacked him: at the same time he was assailed by a gunner armed with one of the implements of the battery, and laid stunned on the ground, but was rescued by his men. Part of these troops then turned towards the canal, capturing the remaining batteries on that side; part

advanced along the short interior line of works parallel to that already captured by the centre battalions. Colonel Ashburnham reformed his brigade; the 74th rallied on the line of the canal; the 42d, its work finished, also moved towards the Egyptian camp; the men of the 75th and 79th followed the leading troops, and the division was again in order between the camp and the railway station about half an hour after the capture of these was effected, which had occurred about half-past six—the storming of the entrenchments taking place at five minutes to five. Thus, in that interval of time, the Highland Brigade had broken, under a tremendous fire, into the middle of the enemy's entrenchments; had maintained itself there in an arduous and dubious conflict for twenty minutes; had then captured two miles of works and batteries, piercing the enemy's centre and loosening their whole system of defence; and had finished by taking the camp and the railway trains, and again assembling ready for any further enterprise. No doubt these troops were somewhat elated —perhaps even fancied that they had done something worthy of particular note and remembrance. And, in fact, the Scottish people may be satisfied with the bearing of those who represented them in the land of the Pharaohs. No doubt any very good troops, feeling that they were winning, would have accomplished the final advance; but what appear to me exceptional are, firstly, the order and discipline which marked that march by night through the desert; and, secondly, the readiness with which the men sprang forward to storm the works. The influences of the march had been altogether of a depressing kind—the dead silence, the deep gloom, the funereal pace, the unknown obstacles and enemy. They did not know what was in front, but neither did they stop to consider. There was not the slightest sign that the enemy was surprised

—none of the clamour, shouts, or random firing which would have attended a sudden call to arms. Even very good troops at the end of that march might have paused when suddenly greeted by that burst of fire; and none but exceptionally good ones could have accomplished the feats I have mentioned. I cannot say, therefore, that any degree of credit which is likely to be bestowed on them would appear excessive. And I may perhaps be justified in remembering, not without pride and satisfaction, that these troops were throughout the battle under my uncontrolled and immediate personal direction.

I can speak as an eye-witness only of what was done by my own division. But I have heard from many authentic sources, and it stands recorded in the report of the officer who commanded the Royal Marine Light Infantry forming the left of the leading brigade of the First Division, that that brigade, after broad daylight, was still at a considerable distance (that report says 1200 yards) from the enemy's entrenchments, when it consequently proceeded to form what is called the "order of attack"—lines of skirmishers in front of each battalion, with companies in support, and others in reserve, advancing by short rushes, and after each rush lying down to fire. It is to be noted that the First Division did not share the advantage, which the Second possessed, of being directed by a prepared naval officer, and, if I may be allowed to say so, only great coolness and good management on the part of its commander could have brought the First Division, under such novel and trying circumstances, to the point which it had reached.

The losses of the Second Division in the action were 258 killed and wounded, of whom twenty-three were officers. Any one interested in the question can, by

referring to the list of casualties, and comparing these with the losses of other bodies of troops, ascertain by that simple test on whom fell the brunt of the fighting.

It is interesting to contrast with that deliberate piece of workmanship a letter dashed off to his brother, General William, which is the foundation on which the article was written, and which supplies some picturesque details in spirited and colloquial language.

CAIRO, 21*st Sept.* 1882.

MY DEAR BILL,—At nightfall on the 12th we moved out of the camp at Kassassin, and formed on the desert at the spot marked Ninth Hill. All we knew of Arabi's lines (anybody in my division) was, that if we marched nearly due west for five and a half miles or so we should come on them. The Highland Brigade was 1000 yards in front of my other, and both were 2000 yards from the canal, with no troops between it and them. The men lay down till the time for moving came. I forbade firing, or even loading, till the first entrenchment should be stormed.

The two battalions forming my 2d brigade were my own divisional battalion and another, put together under the senior colonel, to make up for the want of Wood's Brigade, left at Alexandria. Thus I had only six battalions instead of nine, no guns—all being massed in the great central battery—and no cavalry. But so much the better,—"the fewer men," &c.,—and those six battalions won the battle. Towards its close a battery came up on my right; but I never saw or heard anything of the First Division the whole day, neither did I see anything of Wolseley the whole time after the march began till the

close of the action: he followed in my track at a considerable distance, and saw nothing of the fight.

At half-past one A.M. we moved off. It was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand. A naval lieutenant, Rawson (who was shot at the beginning of the action), rode in the centre of my line, directing us by the stars, which he did with extraordinary precision, poor fellow! We moved in dead silence; and the effect of this march across the desert was so solemn that a French correspondent has, I hear, described it as "cette marche funèbre." My lines were formed of four half-battalions in the first line, with the corresponding halves in the second. I rode myself in the centre of the leading brigade.

Exactly as the stars began to fade, and a glimmer of daylight to appear, a few feeble pickets fired on us, and then a bugle sounded in front, and then the whole line of entrenchment blazed out at once. The flank battalions had come on the enclosed works *x* and *y*, the centre on the curtain between. The enemy's cavalry, watching us in the desert, had given him warning, his trenches were fully manned, and a vast number of ammunition-boxes laid out open in all the works. It was a very fine thing to see the Highlanders spring forward, cheering so loudly as to be heard, above the rattle of the enemy's fire, far out into the desert. The centre stormed the curtain at once and bayoneted its defenders—the works on the flanks gave more trouble, especially that on the left. I stopped the second line, charging close behind the first, keeping it as a support. The enemy's fire was extraordinarily brisk and rapid,—the air was alive with bullets and shells. The Highlanders in front of the curtain found themselves fired on on three sides—and a great number began to retire. That was a very ticklish moment; but I succeeded in stopping them, reinforced them from the second line, and

they again went on. As the fire was as hot as ever on the left flank, I looked anxiously for my 2d brigade. The horses of both my A.D.C.'s had been shot down. I gave one of them my own horse and hurried him off. Presently the battalions began to come up at a run, and entered the entrenchments; and having now done all I could for the flanks, I determined to push on. I rode to the most advanced Highlanders, now standing thickly, but in no formation, in front, and led them straight along the line of entrenchment which Arabi had thrown back, looking north, to meet a turning movement. I got our men on both sides of this, and thus, though the enemy stood obstinately in parts, we always took them in reverse, and turned them out, killing numbers. The works led up hills of considerable elevation. We had gone on so fast that the number of men with me was always dwindling, but I saw that the enemy was giving way all round and must be kept moving. At last the officers called out for a short halt; but at that moment I saw Arabi's camp just below, and asked them to make another effort. I had not then 200 men with me. Alison was marching with them, his horse having been shot. The enemy's cavalry drew up in the camp and threatened a charge, but changed its mind and galloped off. We went right through the camp, its last occupants bolting, and into the railway station, where we took 100 carriages. I had nothing further to do but to stop the men from firing on the peasants flying through the fields to the southwards, and on the herds of Arabi's camels.

Both before and after the battle we had a very severe time, marching constantly and lying on the sand. But nobody was much the worse. In the march before the attack, having hardly had my clothes off since the preceding Friday, I fell asleep in the saddle every time we

halted, but all sleepiness passed off directly we came on the enemy.

Here it may be mentioned how greatly Sir Edward regretted his inadvertence in omitting to make fuller mention in the 'Nineteenth Century' article of the gallantry of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry and the 3d King's Royal Rifle Corps, who, under command of Colonel Ashburnham, composed his second brigade in the action. He had the fullest appreciation of their conduct, and was accustomed to speak of it in the highest terms. Indeed he had written to the editor of the 'Nineteenth Century,' after sending him the manuscript, in the hope that there might still be time to rectify the omission. But the magazine was already in print, and he was informed that it was too late to make any addition or alteration. It was a strange and unaccountable oversight, and one which he always regretted.

The personal coolness and courage of the soldier who had gone through all the Crimean fighting were unimpeachable, yet I may quote some passages from a letter written to Miss Hamley by his aide-de-camp immediately after the battle. It is dated Benha, 16th September. Captain Hanbury Williams says:—

However, the General seems as hard as nails: never

tired, and always looking after the people, such as servants, &c., before he gets his own grub. . . .

The account of the battle you will have seen in the papers. The General sat as straight on his cob as if he were riding in the Park. The bullets were very thick. An old doctor, a V.C. and Humane Society's medallist, told me that the General's coolness under fire was wonderful, and everybody admired him immensely for it. My respect, though great already, has become, if possible, greater. He enjoyed it thoroughly.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SECOND DIVISION AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY—THE SUPPRESSED DESPATCHES—COLONEL HERIOT MAITLAND'S REPORT—SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S TELEGRAM—THE OFFICIAL DESPATCH—THE THIRD DESPATCH.

THREE days after the battle Hamley wrote from Benha, on the Nile, a very long letter to Mr Childers. When he took leave of the Secretary at War, Mr Childers, with whom he was on a most friendly footing, had requested him to write at length on any subject of interest. The contents of the letter were expanded in the article, and consequently they cover identical ground. But the concluding sentences are significant, as showing that the writer already felt reasonable anxiety as to the fate of the earlier of his two despatches.

Thus ended a most singular enterprise, and one which I trust you will consider was not ill-executed on the part of my Division. At the same time, I am bound to say

that I have no idea as to what Sir Garnet Wolseley's opinion of it may be, for although I met him at the railway station immediately after the action, he has never signified any approval, nor questioned me as to the part which my Division took in the battle.

The significance of the passage is explained by going back to the Diary, and reverting to the incidents which followed the engagement.

After the capture of the railway station I rode some little way, 200 or 300 yards, along the canal bank, and stopped my men from firing on such Egyptians as were either peasants or unarmed soldiers: also on camels which were drawn up on large slopes near the canal bridge, where some of them were shot down. The Duke of Teck told me afterwards at Abbasieh, near Cairo, that he had seen with astonishment the indifference with which the soldiers on the canal bank were suffered to shoot at camels after the action was over.[1]

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[1] With regard to that, an old friend of Hamley's recalls a conversation when, after his return, he was recounting some of the minor incidents, and two of them, when contrasted, seem eminently characteristic. "After the Highlanders had carried the works, and when the enemy was retiring in confusion, he was anxious that they should be kept on the run and not suffered to rally behind an inner line of defences, which, though left uncompleted, nevertheless afforded shelter from which they could fire with effect upon our men who had no similar advantage of cover. He had more than once to order individuals to fire on the retiring Egyptians, which they were not thinking of doing, but were walking with their rifles on their shoulders as if the work was over. The circumstance was remarkable in itself, because, as a rule, the best tempered of soldiers become ferocious after fighting, when the blood has been excited to fever heat. On the other hand, Hamley spoke strongly

On a hill north of the station was a large body of our officers, which I imagined to be the headquarters' staff and escort. I therefore crossed the railway with my aide-de-camp Williams, and rode towards this hill, but when near it I met an officer who told me Sir G. Wolseley was at the canal bridge. I rode thither (having lost some ten minutes), and found him dismounted on the bridge. Sir A. Alison was talking to him. Sir G. Wolseley looking, not in my face but towards my breast, muttered what sounded like, "Oh, Hamley, is that you?" and turning from me, began to write on a paper placed on the parapet of the bridge. I cannot describe the astonishment which this reception caused me, when I had come to him expecting welcome and approval after leading the attack which had won the battle (and made his fortune). —— informed me later that Wolseley had told him that he had timed the moment of my attack by his watch as five minutes to five, and also the moment when the enemy opened fire on the First Division, which was three and a quarter minutes later.[1] The First Division was then

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of the disgust it gave him to see men shooting at the unfortunate camels which were wandering about unattended, after the enemy had been scattered and had abandoned the field: and how he had, with the utmost difficulty, put a stop to what he considered gratuitous inhumanity, seeing that the camels could no longer be of any service." As his friend wrote to me, "The two proceedings, so strongly contrasted, appear to illustrate well the two sides of Hamley's character — ruthless determination to accomplish any object which he thought it his duty to effect, and his most tender and compassionate nature, always ready to relieve the sufferings of man or brute, if it were in his power to do so."

[1] "Captain James, A.D.C., told me [Hamley] in London that one of Graham's regiments opened a heavy fire on two Egyptian horsemen who galloped by the ranks, which may have been mistaken by Sir G. W. for the opening of fire by the enemy."

1200 yards from the enemy's intrenchment, and proceeded to form "order of attack." General Willis also told me that Wolseley had found fault with him for not attacking with the bayonet as I had done, and that he had explained to him that, it being then daylight, he did not consider he could have advanced over the distance to the works in any except open order. It was therefore with full knowledge of the circumstances that Wolseley wrote his first despatch on the bridge, suppressing what my Division had done, and giving the 18th Royal Irish credit for what it had not done.

Another explanation has been suggested to me by an officer on the Staff who accompanied Sir Garnet to the bridge, and who saw and heard all that passed. He says that Sir Garnet, anxious to send off news of the battle, hastily accepted the report of a staff-officer from the First Division who had galloped up in great excitement to announce the glorious victory won by the Royal Irish. The Field Telegraph had closely followed the General—indeed, they arrived at the bridge simultaneously. The despatch was scribbled down, and the telegraphic machine at once set in motion,—the assumption being that the General, having too hurriedly committed himself, was loath to retract or even modify his statement. As matter of fact, the Royal Irish are said to have found themselves obstructed by a detached redoubt on our extreme right front, and unquestionably there was sharp fighting before they carried it.

While Sir G. Wolseley was writing on the bridge, General Lowe came up, and was questioned by him; and immediately afterwards General Lowe turned to me and asked me about my share in the battle. I mentioned some of the chief incidents in Sir G. Wolseley's hearing. Sir J. Adye also rode up, and I recounted them to him.

The only observation addressed to me by Sir G. W. was, when half turning round, he inquired if I thought my losses were heavy. Having conveyed to him thus indirectly my statements about the action, and my feeling as to his reception of me being very strong, I rode away. Sir J. Adye followed me over the bridge—I think to say that one of my battalions would be required to occupy a building on the other side of the bridge. The Highland Brigade was at that time forming up in column near the bridge. I rode into the camp and got some breakfast with Sir A. Alison, in a tent he had appropriated. At the foot of the bridge, just before, I had been met by my orderly, leading the horse on which I had despatched my A.D.C. Williams to convey an order in the battle, and which he had said had fallen wounded into the trench, where he had left him and caught an Egyptian horse.[1] I had not expected to see my horse again; he was quite fresh and unhurt. The orderly had kept him in the trench till the battle was over. My aides-de-camp's horses, both killed, had been stript of everything—saddles, bridles, wallets, field-glasses, and provisions; by whom I know not—soldiers could hardly have hoped to secure such booty, and we had not been aware of camp-followers accompanying the attacking troops. The horse I had caught in the battle, mistaking him for my own (he was standing near me masterless), and had ridden throughout the rest of the action, turned out to belong to Gordon, Brigade-Major of the Highlanders, who had in some way lost him in the battle.

[1] Captain Hanbury Williams had already had one horse shot under him. When the second horse fell he naturally supposed it to be wounded, a supposition which in the darkness he could not verify, and to save time caught another. As it turned out, the horse had merely stumbled in the sand.

Seeing from Sir Garnet Wolseley's reception of me that he might attempt to suppress the share my Division took in the battle, I went into an empty Egyptian tent with my A.D.C. Williams, and lying down on the floor wrote my report concerning the battle, which, after reading it to Sir A. Alison, and it being first copied by Williams, I at once sent by him to Sir J. Adye. He reported to me that he had delivered it.

It was probably about 12 o'clock that I met Sir J. Adye in the camp. I observed that I had sent him a despatch, and asked what he had done with it. He replied that he had given it to Wolseley, who had put it in his pocket. I said, "I suppose it will be telegraphed home." He said, "I suppose so."

That first despatch, thus hastily dashed off, was followed on 29th September by a detailed report, addressed to the Chief of the Staff, and dated from the Camp, Ghezireh, Cairo. They supplement the famous article in the 'Nineteenth Century,' as they had anticipated its substance, and as their being suppressed was the cause of it. It is necessary to give them at length, that they may be compared with the contents, or rather with the omissions, of the despatches from the Commander-in-Chief. Then impartial readers will be enabled to judge whether Hamley had reasonable cause of complaint, and was, as he asserted, the victim of indefensible injustice:—

1. Report of Action of Second Division at Battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

Camp, Tel-el-Kebir, *September 13th*, '82.

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that the Second Division under my command, composed of the Highland Brigade under Sir Archibald Alison, and the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry and the 3d Royal Rifles under Colonel Ashburnham, forming the 4th Brigade, assembled outside the camp, pursuant to orders, after nightfall. At half-past one the brigades moved towards the enemy's position, the Highland Brigade leading, directing their march across the desert by the stars. Exactly at dawn the enemy opened fire upon us from his entrenchments, which the Highlanders, pursuant to instructions, stormed with the bayonet, firing being forbidden till after the entrenchments should be gained. For twenty minutes a very sharp conflict was maintained, the enemy being numerous, strongly posted, and aided by artillery. The Brigade pushed the enemy back single-handed, and on the arrival of Colonel Ashburnham's troops, who entered the entrenchments most gallantly, the battle began to assume the appearance of a rout. The Highlanders pushed on, in the most impetuous manner, for many miles, killing numbers of the enemy, and capturing a continuous succession of works and batteries, all of which the enemy fought for. We ended the pursuit at the railway station of Tel-el-Kebir, capturing nearly a hundred carriages. I fear we have lost severely both in men and officers, but I must reserve a detailed report for another occasion. I cannot express too highly my sense of the eminent services rendered by Sir A. Alison throughout the battle.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

E. B. Hamley, Lt.-Genl.,
Comg. 2d Divn.

To the Chief of the Staff.

2. Detailed Report of the Action of the Second Division at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

Camp, Ghezireh, Cairo, 29*th Sept.* '82.

Sir,—I have the honour to forward, for the information of the General commanding in chief, the following report of the part my Division took in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. It is supplementary to that which I sent to you from the battlefield on the 13th, and it is accompanied by the reports of Major-General Sir A. Alison and Colonel Ashburnham, commanding the two brigades which formed the Division in the battle—namely, the four battalions which have always formed the Highland Brigade, and the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and the 3d Royal Rifles, brigaded for the occasion under Colonel Ashburnham.

The desert across which the march took place was absolutely trackless, and there was no light except from the stars, which rendered objects close by dimly visible. Lieutenant Rawson, R.N., rode between the centre battalions of the Highland (leading) Brigade, directing our course by the stars throughout the night with remarkable accuracy. About half-way an incident occurred which illustrates both the precarious nature of the operation and the value of discipline on such occasions. On a rumour of Bedouins in our front the centre companies had stept short; the order, which could not be loudly given, had not extended to the flanks; thus great part of the troops on both sides of the centre had continued to step out till they faced each other and were almost in collision. Formation had been in great measure lost when this was discovered; nevertheless, the patience and skill and readiness of Sir A. Alison and his colonels remedied the mischief, and without noise or confusion order was restored, and the line moved forward.

The line to be attacked was a continuous entrenchment with many enclosed works placed along its course, extending northward from the canal for many thousand yards. The course of the Division was directed on a point about 2000 yards north of the canal, and no other troops moved between it and the canal. The portion of the enemy's line, embraced by the assault of the Division, consisted of two redoubts and the straight portion of entrenchment connecting them, all fully manned by infantry, and the redoubts being also armed with artillery. The Highland Brigade, numbering about 3000 bayonets, was formed in half-battalion double-company columns; thus its general formation was in two lines, facing westward, on a front of about half a mile wide. It arrived at the enemy's entrenchments thus: On the right of the line the Black Watch had its right near, but not touching, the redoubt on our right, and, in the first instance, along with the two battalions of the centre (the Gordon and the Cameron Highlanders) stormed the entrenchment between the redoubts, while the Highland Light Infantry, on the left of the line, completely enveloped the redoubt opposite to it. When, on our approach just before dawn, the enemy's lines, fully manned and prepared, opened a heavy, sustained fire, sweeping the whole of our front, all of these battalions dashed at the works with a single impulse and with the greatest spirit, cheering continuously as they charged across the space between, which, at the moment when the enemy opened fire, was from 150 to 200 yards in width. The three battalions on the right broke in at once, but the Black Watch was afterwards delayed by an interior entrenchment, and by an attack made by some part of it on the work on the right; while, on the other flank, the Highland Light Infantry found itself obstructed by a ditch of great width and depth surrounding the

redoubt there, and by a fire of extreme severity from the redoubt itself, and lost 5 officers and 60 men before it reached the ditch. Thus it happened that troops of the two centre battalions had pushed some distance into the interior space, while the flank battalions were still occupied with the attack on the enclosed works behind.

I had advanced myself, with my staff in the centre of the Highland Brigade, between the two lines, and had halted that portion of the second line which was nearest to me and which was charging close to the first, intending to keep it in support, for which purpose it was soon needed. The advanced troops, enclosed on three sides by the enemy's fire, began to give way, and to retire in considerable numbers upon the entrenchment. I here rallied a large body of them, and reinforcing them with the part of the second line then at hand, sent them on once more, and they continued thenceforward to maintain their ground.

The enemy had not ceased to keep up a hot fire on all sides, especially at the left redoubt, and our losses all along the front had been severe. I was now looking anxiously for Ashburnham's brigade, to hasten the advance of which I had already sent several messengers. According to the Commander-in-Chief's order, it was 1000 yards behind the leading brigade, and its two battalions were marching side by side in column of companies. It was when the Highland Brigade had already maintained the fight single-handed for fully a quarter of an hour that the other began to appear, coming up at a run. The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry arrived on the left of the Highland Light Infantry, the 3d Royal Rifles on its right, and passing over the first line of entrenchment joined in the attack on the redoubt, in which its aid was greatly needed.

Meanwhile a party of the Royal Highlanders, turning to their right, had gained possession of the trenches of the work there, though from an interior and elevated portion of it the enemy's guns seem to have still remained in action. Major Lugard of my divisional staff returning from conveying a message to Colonel Ashburnham observed that these guns, four in number, maintained a fire on our troops. Observing also that the gorge of the work was partially open, he collected about ten Highlanders, led them into the opening, and they killed all the detachments working the guns, about 30 men.

Before this time, without waiting for the capture of the work on the left, I had ridden to the advanced troops of the Gordon and the Cameron Highlanders, now assembled on a low hill some 300 or 400 yards within the enemy's line, and led them in a further advance. Near this point the enemy had formed a further long line of entrenchment at right angles to the first, and consequently facing northward, and apparently intended to oppose a possible turning movement on that side. This line having batteries and enclosed portions, extended for about two miles from the point where we found ourselves, to the hills immediately above Arabi's camp, its course lying uphill nearly the whole way. Nearly parallel to it, at a few hundred yards' distance, ran a second similar line. It was the first of these which was now attacked by the Highlanders, part of whom, crossing the ditch and parapet, advanced along the inside of the works, while the rest were on the outside: thus the enemy, who held their parapets at every available point, were always taken in reverse, and suffered heavily. In this way the advanced troops went steadily on, capturing works and guns. As they neared the top of the hill, some of the 16-pounders, the left of General Goodenough's artillery, came up on

our right, and threw shells into the last of the works held by the enemy with great accuracy.

Throughout this series of attacks bodies of the enemy constantly appeared on our left, rendering it necessary for the moment to rally the troops, in case of an attack coming from that side; but they never came on, and as they were manifestly giving way along the whole interior space, it seemed to me most expedient to keep pushing them, without halting to bring up the troops in rear. So rapid had been the advance that on reaching the last summit, whence the canal and railway were seen below, there were not above 200 men in the foremost line, with whom was, as he had been throughout this final advance, Sir A. Alison. Some of the officers asked for a halt, but at that moment Arabi's camp was visible close below, the last occupants escaping from it, while just beyond an engine, fired on by our artillery, was trying to carry off some of a large number of carriages along the railway; at the same time some cavalry forming near the camp seemed meditating a charge on us. I therefore called on the men for a last effort, to which they cheerily responded, and we passed through the camp, all tents standing, with immense quantities of provisions and forage, where two of my officers brought from a tent the Egyptian Commissary-General, Regib Bey, who wished to surrender; and thence on to the railway station, where, the engine alone escaping, all the trains fell into our possession, along with a large number of camels and baggage-animals.

To conclude with what had happened in rear: The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, while advancing in support of the Highland Light Infantry, had met a body of it, 150 to 200 in number, retreating from the redoubt, had rallied them, and the whole went on together, and

the 3d Royal Rifles at the same time joining in the attack, as before mentioned, parts of these three battalions appear to have finally carried it and to have killed or driven out its defenders, thus finishing what had been a very severe and often doubtful conflict. Part of the Highland Light Infantry advanced along the interior line of works already described as parallel to that already taken by the Highland centre, and, I believe, now weakly held by the enemy; part of it turned more directly towards the canal, capturing the works and artillery on that side; Col. Ashburnham rallied and reformed his brigade; the Royal Highlanders were moving forward on the other flank; and the whole being directed on the railway station, the brigade was again formed up there within half an hour of its capture, which took place about half-past six o'clock A.M.

In my former report I endeavoured to express my sense of the services rendered by Sir A. Alison throughout the action, and I take this opportunity to add that all his arrangements preceding and during the march were most judicious. For the valuable assistance which he has constantly rendered me, I owe him sincere thanks. Colonel Ashburnham brought up his troops in the best spirit, and threw them into action with energy and judgment. Colonel Twynam, A.A.G., and Major Murray, D.A.A.G., of my divisional staff, were zealous and energetic in aiding me. Major Lugard, an active intelligent staff-officer, had an opportunity, already recorded, of doing special service. My two aides-de-camp, Captain the Hon. H. Gough and Lieut. J. Hanbury Williams, had their horses shot during the early stage of the assault. Lieut. Williams caught a stray horse and accompanied me throughout the advance; Lieut.-Colonel Maitland, R.E., accompanied by his adjutant Captain Green, rode with the foremost troops in the ad-

vance, and was of great use to me in conveying orders. I desire specially to note the gallantry of Brigade-Surgeon Manley, who remained always in the hottest of the fire, led on stray parties of men, and was of great service to me, at a moment when my staff was dismounted or dispersed, in helping to get my horse over the ditch and parapet of the main entrenchment under a heavy fire.

Individual mention of many officers and men will be found in the accompanying reports of Sir A. Alison and Col. Ashburnham.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant, E. B. HAMLEY, Lt.-Genl.,
Comg. 2d Division.

To the CHIEF OF THE STAFF Army of Egypt.

As a sequel to these reports of the commander of the Second Division, that addressed to him by Colonel Heriot Maitland, who was in command of the Royal Engineers and attached to Hamley's divisional staff, may be very appropriately introduced. It was found among Hamley's papers; nor has it hitherto been given to the public. Colonel Maitland [1] supplies various interesting details of the action which did not happen to come under the notice of his chief. The professional engineer officer gives exact estimates of the strength and extent of the Egyptian defences, and incidentally he furnishes what—coupled with the recollections of General Willis—should be a conclusive proof of the exactitude of Hamley's

[1] Now General Heriot Maitland.

statements as to the part his Division played in the battle. I refer to the survey of the field, which fixes the place and the time when the First Division began firing. But apart from its important bearing on the matter in dispute between the generals, the picturesque description of an observant eyewitness takes civilians behind the scenes in a battle, showing that the bravest troops have their moments of discouragement merging into panic, when everything depends on the bearing of the officers. So we come to understand the value of regimental *esprit de corps*, and how British leading has lent irresistible force to the warlike races enlisted in our ranks, when fighting against kinsmen and co-religionists with courage equal to their own. What Maitland says of the temporary repulse of a battalion of our stormers is fully confirmed by Sir Archibald Alison.[1] The leader of the Highland Brigade, a veteran soldier, who had won the respect and

[1] I am permitted to print an extract from a letter written by Sir A. Alison to his wife on 16th September 1882, three days after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir: "But just as I was moving on, there came a refluent tide of men which carried me back over the rampart and down into the ditch. It was a very critical moment. I sprang on my horse, and did all I could to rally and get the men on again. Hamley came up with his staff at the moment and exerted himself nobly. I never saw a man expose his life more recklessly. We got the men halted in the ditch (it was only the left of one regiment which had fallen back—the rest of the centre met with no check), and soon got them on again."

admiration of his men by habitual coolness under fire and many a deed of personal daring, was fairly borne back in the recoil. In vain he implored, and even vehemently objurgated, if he did not actually proceed to *voies de fait:* the men were deaf to appeals and, perhaps, more forcible language, till, with the advance of their comrades upon either flank, the fire converging on our centre was slackening. But to do them justice, Sir Archibald admits that in all his experience he had never faced a more determined *passive* resistance. The Egyptians did not take the initiative in their turn, or press the Highlanders when the battalion began to give back. But they stubbornly fought and fell in the ranks where they stood till wellnigh annihilated by a cross enfilading fire, followed up by another bayonet charge from the front. It was only then that the survivors broke and fled, to be hustled back without an opportunity of rallying.

COLONEL MAITLAND'S REPORT TO LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR EDWARD HAMLEY.

SIR,—I have the honour to report that on leaving Kassassin on the night of the 12th inst., I accompanied the General commanding during the night march to Tel-el-Kebir. Captain Green, my brigade-major, was

with me, and I had a section of the 26th Company, R.E., under Major Blood and Lieut. Blackburn, with means of destroying possible stockades, &c. . . .

The march lasted from 1.20 till 4.40 A.M. with one halt, and was executed with wonderful quietness and regularity by the Second Division. At 4.40 the first shot was fired from a point in front of our left centre, giving the alarm, which was taken up at once by the sentries. At this time I calculated that the front line with which Sir E. Hamley was riding was about 300 yards from the lines of the entrenchment.

In two minutes the outline of the works was visible in the darkness from the stream of rifle-fire that flared from it, and some guns both to right and left front began firing shell.

The 3d Brigade was formed in two lines of battalion columns of double companies.

When the enemy's fire opened, the division pressed steadily on, only slightly increasing the pace, which up till now had been a *slow* march.

About half-way up the charge was sounded, and the men fixing bayonets and giving a wild sort of howl, not a cheer, charged the works without firing a shot. The staffs were stopped at the edge of the ditch.

Both to right and left were redoubts, each with two Krupp guns, where the profile of the works was much more severe. These were stormed by the Black Watch and Highland Light Infantry respectively.

In the centre the Gordon and Cameron Highlanders were met by a storm of bullets, and the exterior slope of the parapet offered a tempting shelter from which they could fire. A considerable number, however, jumped down inside the work, and, using their bayonets, drove off the defenders of a portion of the parapet—but these

retired steady and in fairly good order — turning and firing at almost fifty yards back. Captain Green was now sent back to bring up the second line under Colonel Ashburnham.

A number of men advanced firing, but the cross-fire from the redoubts on each hand and the retreating Egyptians was so tremendous that they could not stand it, and a good many came running back and took shelter under cover of the parapet. A large cluster of men were lying on the exterior slope a little to the right, and Sir E. Hamley sent me to try to get them forward. While doing so, I found a place which apparently had been left as a path, the ditch not being excavated to its full depth for a width of about eighteen inches, which enabled me to ride over ditch and parapet, and with a fall to scramble inside.

After remounting, for a considerable time I saw only one other mounted officer, Captain Hutton, A.D.C. From the noise and the darkness the men could not recognise their own officers, and looked for guidance to those who were mounted. With Captain Hutton's assistance, I believe that at this critical time I was of some use in directing the movement of the Brigade, of which I then found myself temporarily in command. A mixed mass of about 1000 men of all four regiments, utterly without formation, now (about five o'clock) joined the most advanced part of the attack, and the tremendous cross-fire continued from the redoubts and from trenches on our left front. We got some men to move in this direction, to kneel down and open a comparatively steady fire. The garrison of the redoubt, which was now on our right rear and which was enfiladed about this time, now tried to retreat, and when they found that impossible, to give themselves up. I tried to stop the firing on them, but could not; and on

their recommencing again, they were all shot down or bayoneted. The fire from the left now slackened, and the men rushed on to the redoubt on top of the hill in front, the H.L.I. clearing out the trenches on the left front.

A Battery of R.A. (Brounker's) now came up on the right, led by Lieut.-Colonel Elton, R.A., and after firing a few rounds, enfilading the long line of trenches to the right, which were later attacked by the First Division, wheeled to the front again and shelled in succession from the outside the different salients giving flank defences to the long line of trenches running back to the railway station. These salients were successively carried by the Highlanders, who kept rushing on in so broken and irregular a way that a counter-attack by formed troops must have had a most damaging effect.

Soon after the battery began firing on the redoubt and salient on the top of the hill, a large body of cavalry suddenly came over a hill about 800 yards off, and formed-up as if to charge the guns which were well away to the right of the scattered infantry advance. The guns were slewed round to bear on them, and Sir R. Buller, who examined them through field-glasses, pronouncing that they were not our own cavalry, but enemy, a few well-directed shells induced them to retire behind the hill again. The last mile of trench towards the station was full of men; and a few Highlanders (50 or 60) were formed-up in line and ordered to fire volleys enfilading it, while the guns shelled it from outside, a little to the right. In a few minutes it was empty, and the guns galloped across the front of it to a new position.

We were now getting near the main camp of the Egyptian army: Sir Archibald Alison sent me back to bring up some fresh men, as the men in advance were tired and

straggling a great deal. I soon met the Black Watch, completely reformed and marching in half columns, followed by the 60th Rifles. Soon after coming up again we got in sight of the camp and the railway station, where trains were standing, with columns of black smoke pouring from their funnels as they got up steam. By order of Sir E. Hamley I galloped over to the artillery some 400 yards off, and directed Colonel Elton to take up a position from which he could shell the station and trains. The practice made was excellent, but five trains succeeded in getting away—the last one having a truck full of ammunition blown up by a shell fired by Viscount Fielding at about 3000 yards off. The troops then occupied the bridge, where we found Sir Garnet Wolseley, and the action was over.

The decisive portion of it was over so very quickly, and the section of R. E. Co. so far behind, that they could not be brought up in time to cut ramps for the guns through the enemy's works, which might have enabled a heavy force of artillery to be brought up.

The admirable timing brought off the attack exactly at the best moment, and, as it happened, the direction brought that of the Second Division against what proved to be the most vital part of the works. The works were inferior to what we expected, considering how long the position had been occupied, and Arabi in command of unlimited forced labour.

In this report I have tried to describe only and exactly what I saw myself, and if I did duties foreign to the position of the C. R. E. of a division, I did this by the desire of the divisional general.

We are now in a position to compare the preceding despatches with those of Sir Garnet Wol-

seley, though, indeed, at first sight they scarcely seem to refer to the same engagement. To quote the words of a well-known general officer :[1] "Hamley's despatches describe a battle won by a general, while those of Wolseley would make it appear that the battle had been won by detached battalions." He added that if Sir Garnet ignored Hamley in his reports, Sir Edward had his revenge in the 'Nineteenth Century' article, where he does not even name the Commander-in-Chief.

Sir Garnet's hasty despatch, sent off from the bridge, is brief as the first report from Hamley, and may be given in full, merely omitting the paragraphs on casualties.

We[2] have received from the War Office a copy of the following telegram :—

FROM THE GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING IN EGYPT TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE, WAR OFFICE.

ISMAILIA, *Sept.* 13.

Struck camp at Kassassin Lock yesterday evening, after bivouacked on the high ridge above camp till 1.30 this morning.

Then advanced upon the very extensive and very strongly fortified position held by Arabi with 20,000 regulars, of which 2500 cavalry, with 70 guns, and 6000 Bedouins and irregulars.

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[1] There can now, unhappily, be no objection to naming the late Sir George Chesney.

[2] The 'Morning Post,' September 14, 1882.

My force was about 11,000 bayonets, 2000 sabres, and 60 guns.

To have attacked so strong a position by daylight with the troops I could place in line would have entailed very great loss.

I resolved, therefore, to attack before daybreak, doing the six miles that intervened between my camp and the enemy's position in the dark.

The cavalry and two batteries Horse Artillery on my right had orders to sweep round enemy's line at daylight.

On left cavalry First Division, 2d Brigade, under General Graham, leading, supported by Guards under Duke of Connaught.

On their left seven batteries of artillery, 42 guns, in line with supporting brigade.

Then the Second Division, Highland Brigade, leading Indian contingent south of canal, with Naval Brigade on railway at intervals.

Great emulation evinced by regiments to be first in the enemy's works.

All went at them straight, the Royal Irish Regiment particularly distinguishing itself by its dash and the manner in which it closed with the enemy.

All his works and camps now in our possession.

I do not yet know how many guns have been captured, but it is a considerable number.

Several trains captured. Immense quantities of supplies and stores.

Enemy ran away in thousands, throwing away their arms when overtaken by our cavalry.

Their loss has been very great.

Conduct of troops everything that could be wished.

Cavalry now on march to Belbeis.

Indian contingent on its way to Zagazig, and will be followed this evening by Highland Brigade.

Arabi escaped on horseback in direction of Zagazig.

The second despatch is dated from Cairo, two days later. It did not appear in the 'Gazette' till the evening of the 7th October, and was transferred on the following morning to the London journals. Minute in the extreme, it does credit to Sir Garnet's energy and literary skill in collecting and arranging information from all quarters, so as to give at first sight the impression of a narrative as exhaustive and accurate as it is intelligible. It filled more than a column and a half of small type in the 'Times,' and we may conceive the feelings with which Hamley scanned it, in the hope that his mind might be relieved by some measure of tardy justice being done him. Not only was that hope doomed to be disappointed, but there was the additional bitterness of knowing that the last official word had been said on Tel-el-Kebir, and that the guides of public opinion naturally accepted Sir Garnet's official version of the history as finally closing individual records. There is a significant sentence in the 'Times' leader on the subject. "The original accounts of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir were necessarily imperfect in many ways. . . . To these is now added the personal appreciation of *individual effort*,

which can come only from the officer commanding-in-chief." That lengthy despatch, which was to make or imperil the reputations of the Commander-in-Chief's subordinates, must be regarded chiefly with reference to its omissions. Silence in such circumstances is ominously significant, and special laudation, however well it may be deserved, may be a severe reflection on those who are passed over unnoticed. According to official precedents, an officer in high command may only receive, when rewards are being distributed, inadequate recognition of exceptional service. But it is understood that notes are made of a balance standing to his credit, so that the account may sooner or later be rectified, by employment, decorations, or elevation in rank. The despatch, as has been said, must be read with reference to the omissions; nevertheless, some important passages may be extracted. Sir Garnet, with good reason, claims credit for the strategy which decided the campaign with a single blow, as he dwells upon the formidable nature of the resistance which was overcome with such signal success.

The result of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir has been the entire collapse of the rebellion. . . .

All the information obtained from spies and prisoners led me to believe that the enemy's force at Tel-el-Kebir consisted of from sixty to seventy horsed guns, which

were mostly distributed along their line of works, of two infantry divisions (twenty-four battalions) of about 20,000 men, and three regiments of cavalry, together with about 6000 Bedouins and irregulars, besides a force of about 5000 men at Salahieh, all under the immediate command of Arabi Pacha. I have since been able to verify these numbers, which certainly are not overstated, except as regards the number of guns at Tel-el-Kebir, which I believe to have been thirty-nine, the number we took in the works and during the pursuit. . . .

The enemy's position was a strong one. There was no cover of any kind in the desert lying between my camp at Kassassin and the enemy's works north of the canal. . . .

I wished to make the battle a final one. . . . I had ascertained by frequent reconnaissances that the enemy did not push his outposts far beyond his works at night, and I had good reason for believing that he then kept a very bad look-out. These circumstances, and the very great reliance I had in the steadiness of our splendid infantry, determined me to resort to the extremely difficult operation of a night march, to be followed by an attack before daylight on the enemy's position. The result was all I could have wished for.

After describing in spirited language the circumstances of the silent night march and the dashing attack on the works, Sir Garnet passes aside to the flanking attack on his right to praise the conduct of the First Division, which doubtless well deserved the commendation.

Major-General Graham reports: "The steadiness of the

advance of the 2d Brigade (2d Royal Irish Regiment, Royal Marine Light Infantry, 2d battalion York and Lancaster Regiment, 1st battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers), under what appeared to be an utterly overwhelming fire of musketry and artillery, will remain a proud remembrance. The 2d Brigade was well supported by the Brigade of Guards under his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught.

Then he mentions the Second Division, which had borne the concentrated heat of what appeared — away to the right — to be an overwhelming fire.

To the left the Highland Brigade (1st battalion Royal Highlanders, 1st battalion Gordon Highlanders, 1st battalion Cameron Highlanders, 2d battalion Highland Light Infantry), under Major-General Sir A. Alison, had reached the works a few minutes before the 2d Brigade had done so, and in a dashing manner stormed them at the point of the bayonet, without firing a shot until well within the enemy's lines. They were well supported by the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry and the 3d Royal Rifles, both under the command of Colonel Ashburnham of the last-named corps. . . .

Such is a general outline of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. . . . I do not believe that at any previous period of our military history has the British infantry distinguished itself more than upon this occasion.

It is difficult indeed to conceive how the most conspicuous figure came to be omitted from this "general outline of the battle." Paragraphs are

devoted to General Graham, Brigadier-General Goodenough, General Macpherson, and his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. Both Hamley's brigadiers, Sir A. Alison and Colonel Ashburnham, are specially named in connection with the fighting. But as for Hamley himself, to whom fell the chief share in directing the extremely difficult operation of the night march, who rode throughout at the head of his columns, and made his way into the works with the leading stormers, he is merely bracketed incidentally with a batch of officers in one of those conventional paragraphs which conclude the despatch. Nor is anything said of the officers in his Division whom he had recommended to the Commander-in-Chief for exceptional gallantry or good service.

A third despatch was sent from Cairo on September 24. It was published in a supplement to the 'London Gazette' on the 2d November. It observes that as "in my previous despatch I referred to the good services performed by the general officers commanding divisions and brigades," &c., there was nothing to be said on the subject. All the more attention should be called to the eighth paragraph, which, in bestowing well-deserved commendation on General Gerald Graham, was nevertheless couched in terms which

could hardly fail to be considered as ignoring the services of Hamley. General Graham had undoubtedly played a conspicuous part in the opening operations of the campaign, although his own immediate chief was personally in command. But assuredly Hamley and his Division must be held to have had their full share of the fighting, when, freely exposing himself in the forefront of the advance, he led it to the decisive attack in the concluding battle.

8. The brunt of the fighting throughout the campaign fell to the lot of Major-General G. Graham, V.C., C.B., commanding 2d Brigade, and it could not have been in better hands. To that coolness and gallantry in action for which he has always been well known, he adds the power of leading and commanding others.

Without referring here to the fact that General Willis was in personal command at Kassassin, one cannot help thinking that General Graham, as a generous comrade, must have been somewhat painfully embarrassed by having a monopoly attributed to him of the laurels, which should at least have been shared with the gallant commander of the Second Division. As to the relative shares in the action of the two Divisions, it will be remarked that Sir Garnet assents in his third despatch to the conclusion at which we have come from a consent of indisputable testi-

mony. He says that the Highland Brigade had reached the works a few minutes before the 2d Brigade. The First Division, at break of day, owing to various causes—chiefly, perhaps, because it had no capable guide like Rawson to steer it—was still 1200 yards from the Egyptian lines. The Royal Irish suffered considerably, but the list of casualties sufficiently indicates where the fighting was most serious. By a coincidence the professional journal, the 'Army and Navy Gazette,' in a leader on the article in the 'Nineteenth Century,' borrows Sir Garnet's very word in passing judgment. Pronouncing Hamley's article "the first *authentic* detailed account of the most important part of our latest English victory," the leader concludes thus: "The First Division was no doubt well handled, and displayed the utmost gallantry and steadiness; but the 'brunt' of the action was clearly borne by the Second Division, and especially its leading brigade. This fact Sir Edward Hamley's article establishes conclusively."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

HAMLEY'S NARRATIVE—MOVE TO ZAGAZIG—ARRIVAL OF WOLSELEY —INTERVIEW WITH HIM—IN COMMAND AT BENHA—CAIRO DIARY—ENTRY OF THE KHEDIVE—CORRESPONDENCE WITH WOLSELEY—TAKING LEAVE OF THE DIVISION—DEPARTURE.

SIR EDWARD'S story of the campaign was interrupted by an indispensable digression at the point where, in his interview with the chief of the staff, he received the unsatisfactory answer that "probably" his first hasty despatch had been telegraphed home. As will be seen, the conversation on the subject was resumed in Cairo, when Sir Edward learned, rather perhaps to his displeasure than to his surprise, that neither that first despatch nor the second had been forwarded by the Commander-in-Chief, nor had their substance with the commendations of regiments and individuals been embodied in Sir Garnet's reports. The narrative of the Diary may now be resumed,

with the omission or condensation of passages and incidents which have lost much of their interest.

Sept. 14.—Sir J. Adye told me that Sir G. W. wished me to proceed by rail with a battalion and a 40-pounder gun to Zagazig in order to seize the town. On my asking him if I should have time to ride back over the battle-field, he said he believed I was to start for Zagazig with the least possible delay, and that I had better take steps forthwith, which I accordingly proceeded to do. The 42d was to come with me — the other three battalions of the Highland Brigade to march by the canal at five that evening, about five miles, halt for the night, and go on to Zagazig in the morning. I went to Sir J. Adye's tent to report that I should be ready to start at any moment. He said I had better be with the regiment at the station at 2 P.M. On my asking for information and instructions, he said it was to be left to me. I said I should, on approaching Zagazig, send forward an advanced-guard, and if I should find serious resistance, I would use the 40-pounder, and then attack with the battalion.

At two I was with the battalion at the station. A train was being got ready, but there was no engine. The troops were placed in the train, but the engine did not appear till five o'clock.

When we did start, it was at a very slow pace, owing to the inadequacy of the engine—never more than four miles an hour. There were frequent halts on account of obstacles on the line. All the way we were passing troops and baggage of the Indian Contingent marching towards Zagazig, and our progress was frequently stopped by their camels on the line. At length, after dark, the train ran over and killed two camels, and was thrown off the rails

by the shock. We were still some miles from Zagazig. Captain Green, R.E., volunteered to walk into Zagazig to procure the means of righting the train. He returned, saying the place was already in possession of some of the Indian troops, who had entered it before dark, and were then in the station. The battalion accordingly bivouacked by the roadside, and in the course of the night again got the train on the rails. Colonel Buller shared my compartment in the train for the night. Soon after daybreak we started again and reached Zagazig, where I found Sir H. Macpherson in the station-master's rooms. The first thing I did was to ask him if he had any news of the garrison of Salahiyeh, and if by an immediate movement to Abu Kebir I might hope to cut it off and bring it to action. He assured me that he had intelligence that the whole force had passed the place. I think he added that it had reached the left bank of the Damietta branch of the Nile. He had also received telegraphic orders to hold Zagazig with the troops of the Contingent.

I telegraphed back my arrival to the chief of the staff. Now began a series of telegrams. One had already been received by the military station-master, Colonel Wallace, ordering a train to be sent back for the Commander-in-Chief and his staff, which was despatched as soon as it could be got ready. I received myself orders to proceed as soon as possible to Benha with the Highland Brigade, with a 40-pounder, except the Black Watch, which was to go to Belbeis. Meanwhile I learned that the 40-pounder would cause the train to move very slowly, and that I should probably be prevented from reaching Benha by daylight if I took it. As my divisional artillery was then on the way up, I telegraphed for permission to take the 16-pounder instead of the 40-pounder. I received a telegram from the chief of the staff saying that the Com-

mander-in-Chief had been waiting for the train he had desired to be sent, and another requesting me to go to the telegraph office, as the Commander-in-Chief wished to talk to me. . . . I asked that the line might be kept clear between Zagazig and Tel-el-Kebir, until I could send trains down the line to bring up Alison's battalions, then marching up, so as to be able to take them to Benha while it was still daylight. I was all this time under the impression that the first thing the Commander-in-Chief wanted to be done was, that I should go with sufficient force to occupy Benha. But it now appeared from his telegrams that everything was to give way to the passage of himself, with the Guards, to Cairo. . . .

There was a difficulty from an obstruction of the line, made by the Egyptians, by turning carriages off the rails, some miles on towards Benha. Colonel Buller went to inspect this, taking a party to clear the line. I decided that if he did not return and report it clear before a certain hour (5 or 5.30), it would be in vain to move forward that night, and I must await daylight. I also requested Sir H. Macpherson to send a party of Indian cavalry to the scene of the obstruction, to prevent mischief and assist the other party, which was done. . . .

I had sent Mr Hughes, the commissary, into the town to procure supplies. The chief people of the place came to me at the station, offering to furnish them. A supply thus procured was sent with the Black Watch to Belbeis. Major Murray [who had been despatched on that errand] rode as fast as he could, and returned to tell me that he had seen Sir A. Alison, who might be expected shortly: he was longer in arriving, however, than Major Murray had led me to expect.

Considering the obstruction of the line in front, the necessity of keeping a clear passage for the Commander-

in-Chief's train, and the uncertainty as to the arrival of the Highland Brigade in good time, it was expedient to provide for the contingency of keeping them all night in Zagazig. I therefore sent Colonel Twynam into the town to look for suitable buildings, and three factories (I think) were selected. I also had fresh provisions ready for the Highlanders to cook when they should arrive, which they did about seven in the evening.

I had directed that, if necessary, the carriages obstructing the line should be broken in pieces. Colonel Buller returned after the hour which I considered should be the latest at which I should start that evening, reporting one line, that to Benha, to be practicable.

The train sent in the morning to Tel-el-Kebir, according to the Commander-in-Chief's orders, had arrived within four or five miles of that place, when it was stopped by injury to the rails done by the passage of artillery, and had run up a siding, where it had remained. When this became known at Tel-el-Kebir assistance was sent, but it was not till the evening that the train was able to convey the Commander-in-Chief and the staff towards Zagazig; and other obstructions occurred subsequently, so that it was ten o'clock when Sir Garnet arrived with his staff and the Duke of Connaught. They came into the waiting-room of the station, where I had taken up my quarters with my staff. I told Sir G. W. the incidents of the day regarding trains, &c., and read him a telegram I had received from some of the Egyptian authorities at Benha, about the deputation from Cairo which there awaited him. He made no allusion to what my Division had done in the battle (this was the first time I had seen him since the interview on the bridge), but on seeing General Macpherson he addressed him aloud in a pointed manner, bestowing the most exaggerated

praise on his "wonderful march;" [1] and repeating it, turning round afterwards to fix his eye on me, as if to emphasise the neglect of all similar recognition in my own case. . . .

The headquarters staff and Duke of Connaught with his slept in the waiting-room.

Sept. 15.—Going out at daybreak to see if the trains were ready, Major Wallace informed me that Sir G. W. had himself countermanded the 40-pounder. This giving of orders to a general who is to execute them, and then countermanding them without his knowledge, is apt, of course, to place him in a false position. I went to the Commander-in-Chief to the telegraph-office to inquire what orders he wished to give about my divisional artillery, the commander of which was awaiting them—to which he responded, "They are not to march on the railroad,—it was the damned artillery that broke the rails and stopped me yesterday."

The battalion, myself and staff, and Sir A. Alison and staff, proceeded as soon as the train was ready (about 5.30), and shortly before arriving at Benha there was a shock which threw some officers on the floor of the carriage. This was caused by a train following us so close that it had run into us. It contained Sir G. Wolseley and staff and the Duke of Connaught.

On arriving at Benha station I was met by some members of the Egyptian deputation, who, on learning that Sir G. W. was approaching, said they would reserve what they had to say till he should arrive. He arrived a few minutes later, and the deputation conferred with him in

[1] *Note in Diary.*—Measurement on the Government map shows the total distance done by the Indian Contingent from its camp at Kassassin to Zagazig was twenty-five miles, and only the native cavalry reached Zagazig that night. A train was sent back for the Seaforth Highlanders next morning.

the waiting-room of that hotel. He then went into the telegraph office, where he remained some time dictating telegrams. Meanwhile I represented to Sir John Adye that I could be of no use at Benha, where there would be only three battalions of the Highland Brigade under their proper commander, Sir A. Alison—and that I should prefer much to go with the Commander-in-Chief and staff to Cairo. A short time after this, he told me he had spoken to Sir G. W., who intended I should stay at Benha. On my remonstrating, he said, "You had better speak to him yourself." Sir G. W. was at that moment coming out of the telegraph-office, and I said to him, "There will be no use, I suppose, in my remaining in this place, where I must either do nothing or interfere with Alison in the charge of his own troops." He asked, "Where do you want to go to?" I said, "I should like to go with you to Cairo." He answered, "Thank you: you had better remain with your own troops," and passed by me on his way to the train, in which he left for Cairo.

I took up my quarters in a private house at some little distance from the station with my two aides-de-camp, after walking beyond the bridge of the Nile, where a picket was now posted on the farther side. The three battalions and a company of Royal Engineers were quartered in large buildings on the Nile. The inhabitants were most quiet and peaceable, pursuing their ordinary avocations, and selling whatever they had to sell to the troops.

Sept. 16.—By order from headquarters, the 74th and 79th moved by rail this afternoon to Cairo. Only the 75th and the Engineer company now remained.[1]

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[1] Wrote my letter of this date to Mr Childers, describing part taken by my division, and read it to Sir A. Alison, who concurred in it throughout.

Late this night a telegram from headquarters informed me that a force of the enemy was supposed to be seeking to escape through Tantah, whither the Highland battalion was to be sent to intercept it. I gave orders for the movement of the battalion at daylight. Sir A. Alison expressed his desire to accompany it.

Sunday, Sept. 17.—After some delay Alison and the Highlanders moved off. Telegrams from Tantah had been coming in, which left it doubtful whether the enemy was or was not in possession of the station. Alison was to telegraph to me on arrival. It was not, however, till after many hours that I received a telegram from him, saying that he had found a large force of all arms in the place, which, after an interview, had surrendered to him. I telegraphed back, "I congratulate you on your splendid bag." This afternoon I received a telegram from the chief of the staff, saying that either I or Sir A. Alison could come to Cairo. I therefore gave directions for going next morning. The bad air of this place had begun to affect me.

The command of the force detached to Benha was really the post of danger and honour. There was an unknown number of Egyptian troops in the camp at Kafr-el-Dowar,—it is believed that they mustered a strength of about 30,000,—and a daring leader had a splendid opportunity of redeeming the defeat of Tel-el-Kebir by striking at the attenuated column of the English, which was advancing to Cairo by rail and road. As matter of fact, the panic at Kafr-el-Dowar had been aggravated by a quick succession of telegrams,

which, as I have been told by a distinguished staff-officer who perused them, were extremely amusing reading. The lively oriental fancy ran riot in the most ludicrous and absurd exaggerations of the catastrophe which had befallen the insurgents. But, for anything the British authorities knew at the time, the enemy might have been cool, revengeful, and determined. It is somewhat remarkable that neither the Commander-in-Chief nor the chief of the staff made any mention of a possible attack from the west, in giving Hamley the route for Benha. Nor is there any hint of such a danger in the Diary. Moreover, had Sir Garnet Wolseley entertained serious apprehensions, he could not, after declining Hamley's company to Cairo, have despatched the telegram on the very next day which permitted either him or Alison to follow. Be that as it may, Hamley, availing himself of the permission somewhat tardily accorded, left Benha on September 18.

The change to Cairo immediately re-established his health, otherwise there is nothing specially noteworthy in his brief sojourn there; nor in the circumstances did he find a Capua in the Egyptian capital. He might have hoped, after his labours at Alexandria and his fatigues in the field, to repose for a time on his well-earned laurels, and

to receive the commendation and congratulations which he knew he had deserved. On the contrary, he was chilled by the cold oppression of significant silence, and was worried besides by petty and apparently gratuitous annoyances as to unsuitable or uncomfortable quarters. Possibly the chafing of his own temper may have been partly in fault, for he was awaiting and hoping against hope for the public recognition of his services; but surely everything should have been done to make things smooth and pleasant for the General who had contributed so much to the brilliant results of the campaign. At the same time, the somewhat rueful narrative of his experiences is relieved by the usual picturesque descriptions, and the inevitable gleams of humour; and we may return to the Diary, which contains matter besides of personal import.

Monday, Sept. 18.—Reached Cairo with my staff in the forenoon. Drove to the Abdin Palace, and sent an officer in to ask if any quarters had been allotted to me. Was informed that I might choose quarters in the Citadel. Went to the Citadel, where the two Highland regiments had taken up their quarters, in buildings lately, I believe, Egyptian barracks, and so filthy and unwholesome that there had been an outbreak of disease. Surgeon Manley made a strong protest in writing against the continued occupation of these. Went with my staff to an old palace in the Citadel, formerly inhabited by Mehemet Ali, and

close to the scene of the massacre of the Mamelukes,—a shabby building, but comfortably furnished: the few servants, who were and long had been its sole occupants, received us civilly, and helped to establish us. I quartered myself in a room looking over the city to the desert and the Pyramids. Being ill, I was glad to remain here on the divan where I slept, and was badly bitten by mosquitoes. An order signed by one of the headquarters staff came requiring that the "Bijou Palace" in the Citadel, having in it valuable art treasures, was on no account to be entered, and was to be guarded. The palace I was in did not seem to answer the description (I heard afterwards that it was a different building), nor was there any other choice of a resting-place than the horrible barrack on the roadway. I therefore with my staff remained where I was.

Sept. 19.—Still unwell, as were several of the staff. Sent Captain Gough into the city to inquire if among the numerous empty houses there could be found one available for us. Two Egyptian officials, one a captain in the navy, the other a civilian, called on me. They said there were many houses such as I required, and they would find one and let me know about it; but they never did. Captain Gough returned, saying he had found a villa belonging to a merchant who was absent, and that his agent would authorise us to live there. I found afterwards that if we should stay any time, I should be expected to pay £50 a-week. Living at an hotel would of course be much less, but our cook and servants would then be an extra expense to us.

Sept. 20.—Went to report myself to chief of staff at the Abdin Palace. He asked if I had received a note from him, observing that I had been some days in Cairo without reporting my arrival. Reminded him I had been

only one clear day in Cairo, and unwell. I said I must apply to have some suitable lodging for self and staff. He said I might go to an hotel if I preferred it, but could not have any other quarters assigned me than those in the Citadel—that is to say, not the palace I had been in, but the barrack. He also said it had been decided by Sir G. Wolseley that the troops should go into camp at once. I then went across the saloon to the Commander-in-Chief's antechamber, and sent in word that I was there if he desired to see me. Went in to him. He received me civilly, and put in my hand a sketch of the Egyptian position and entrenchments at Tel-el-Kebir, making no remark about it, but appearing to await observations from me. This, under the circumstances (I, the commander, never having been asked what my Division had done), I did not do, merely remarking of a particular spot on the plan, that it was where my Division had entered. He said, "Yes, I supposed so, for I saw a lot of your men lying about there, poor devils." I inferred that he had himself entered the works at this point after the fighting was over, and had followed in my track to the bridge. I observed that my men had done the storming very gallantly, upon which he said, "They must have been splendidly led," but said nothing to imply that he knew I led them. He said nothing further respecting the incidents of the battle, except to speak of Lieutenant Rawson, whose guidance of us I praised. He then told me he thought it might be necessary to send the troops into camp. (Adye had told me it was already decided on; in fact, it was done that evening.)

On receipt of the G. O. this day prescribing the immediate movement of infantry, except 1st (Guards) Brigade, into camp at Ghezireh, I wrote to Adye, asking if it was

expected that I, as General of Division, should go into camp.

Sept. 21.—Received the following reply from Adye:—

"Lt.-General Sir E. HAMLEY.

"The Commander-in-Chief thinks you should go into camp with the troops of your Division, the remainder of which are gradually being concentrated here.

"JOHN ADYE, G.,
"*Chief of Staff.*

"CAIRO, 21, 9, '82."

I proceeded accordingly with my staff to camp the same evening. It was on an island of the Nile, on which is situated the Ghezireh Palace. Officers of the general staff were assigning the camping-ground, and pointed out to me a row of stone huts, the largest of which had been reserved for General Willis, as senior; the others to be appropriated by me and the staff. They were filthy and ruinous places, which had been used, it was understood, by labourers, the ground all round being fields and gardens, with remains of vegetables still in the mould, and divided by mounds where the water-courses had run. Beyond the line of huts the soil was deep in sand. The tents of self and staff were pitched close to one of the huts, in the stone verandah of which I and my A.D.C.'s ate and sometimes slept. The heavy dews, however, made sleeping there inconvenient, and sometimes unwholesome. Any garments left beside the beds were drenched with moisture, and I, for the most part, slept in my tent.

Sept. 22.—In the course of the morning Hamley received from the chief of the staff a paper containing certain queries, which were duly an-

swered. The memorandum, marked "confidential," related to sanitary arrangements and the victualling of the men. The Diary goes on :—

It appeared that Sir G. W., with some of his staff, had visited the camp about 6 A.M., and that he had questioned soldiers whom he met: hence the queries, which appeared for object to endeavour to throw blame on the lieutenant-generals. It was absurd to require them to be present in a camp, containing a small part of their infantry, when the city was so near. My force has been stated, and only one brigade under its brigade-general (Graham) of the First Division was present, the Guards being detained in Cairo.

Certainly it would seem, if not actually absurd, to have been carrying the punctilio of a martinet to an extreme to send the divisional generals into camp in the circumstances, and that was also the feeling of General Willis. The war was practically ended, and there was no apprehension of a sudden summons to arms. A telegram in the 'Standard' shows how the matter struck the able correspondent of that journal,—who, I am informed, was the only press representative present with the Second Division at Tel-el-Kebir. The telegram is dated Cairo, 28th September. "Even General Hamley, although in command of a Division, is condemned to remain under canvas, in sight of half-a-dozen empty palaces, while the Commander-in-Chief and his staff are luxuriously housed."

The regiments gradually drew into Cairo. On the 25th the Khedive made his formal entry. Sir Evelyn Wood with the Staffordshire and a detachment of the Sussex came into camp from Damietta next day, and on the 27th Sir Archibald Alison arrived from Tantah. On the 28th, "The 60th from Benha and the headquarters, Sussex, moved into camp. The Gordon Highlanders from Tantah arrived late. An explosion had taken place that afternoon in the station, followed by a fire: the battalion was consequently unable to enter, and bivouacked in the train."

Sept. 30.—The troops marched past in presence of the Khedive and official personages of Cairo.

That was the official announcement of the conclusion of the campaign.

Oct. 2.—Dined with the Khedive. After dinner in the drawing-room I said to Adye, who was to start for England next day, that before he went I should like to ask him what had become of the report I had sent in on the field of Tel-el-Kebir. I then learned that it was still in the Abdin Palace—that it was not intended to send it home—and Adye affirmed that it was not customary to forward the reports of divisional generals. [It would appear that new light had broken on the chief of the staff, as he had said previously, after Tel-el-Kebir, that he presumed the report would be forwarded.] I then spoke very warmly about the despatch that had been telegraphed by

Wolseley from Tel-el-Kebir, and also about his reception of me after the battle, saying that the neglect and treatment of myself and my Division were without precedent in our military history, and that what we had done would certainly be made public, however it might be sought to suppress it. He said he would advise me to suspend my opinion on the matter till I should see Wolseley's despatch. This he said in a tone as if something very gratifying to me would be found in it.

I had no further communication with the headquarters staff, till the following letter reached me:—

"CAIRO, *7th October* 1882.

"DEAR HAMLEY,—Upon returning here this evening I found a telegram, desiring me to send home both the lieutenant-generals commanding the divisions, which are now to be broken up. I shall therefore publish an order to-morrow, breaking up the divisions from to-morrow. I am to remain for the present, to command the force till it is reduced. The brigades will not be broken up just at present.

"I have thought it best to give you this early notice of your return home after the hard work you have done here, and I avail myself of this opportunity of thanking you most cordially for all you have done towards rendering the war a success, especially for the able manner in which you led your Division on the 13th ult. . . . —Very truly yours, G. J. WOLSELEY."

The letter was a very handsome and friendly one: had as much been said in the official despatches, which were to be eagerly read by the British public, Hamley could have had no reason-

able cause of complaint, and the disagreeable friction would have been avoided.

Hamley answered immediately :—

CAMP, GHEZIREH, *8th Oct.* 1882.

DEAR SIR GARNET,—Pray let me thank you for giving me early notice of my departure. I need hardly say how I welcome any circumstance that releases me from my position here.

I must also thank you for the expressions showing you are not dissatisfied with my tenure of the divisional command, especially on the 13th—expressions which, considering the part my Division played in the battle, and the results of its decisive action there, I may venture without diffidence to accept.

When making my acknowledgments to you for procuring this appointment for me, I said I hoped to be able to do you good service in return. I have endeavoured to fulfil the wish.—Believe me yours very truly,

E. B. HAMLEY.

That day he left the camp for Cairo, and on the 11th proceeded to Alexandria to embark for England.

Doubtless there was sincerity in the somewhat sarcastic assurance—that he welcomed relief from an embarrassing position. Nevertheless, in different circumstances he would have preferred to remain in command of the forces of occupation. He may have expected that the choice would lie between him and the other general of division; and a passage in the Diary seems to indicate

that he was surprised and somewhat hurt at being set aside for a junior. As matter of fact, Alison was still more surprised at the command being offered him. But the idea had apparently originated with the authorities in England; and special circumstances marked Sir Archibald out as exceptionally fitted for the post. He had gone straight from the Military Intelligence Department to Cyprus: it had been his business to make himself thoroughly acquainted with Egyptian affairs in all departments; and moreover, he had just shown his readiness to accept grave responsibility on the spur of an emergency, when he changed the destination of the troops he was bringing from Cyprus, on receiving news of the riots and conflagrations in Alexandria.

On October 8th Hamley had taken leave of the troops he had commanded, in a divisional order. After thanking various of his officers individually, he goes on to request that the following paragraph should be read at a parade:—

Lieut.-General Sir E. Hamley wishes to assure the Highland Brigade and the Divisional Battalion that there is no event in his military life to which he will look back with so much satisfaction and pride as to the day when he had the good fortune to be the leader of the Second Division at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN LONDON.

INTERVIEWS WITH THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE AND MR CHILDERS —PUBLICATION OF SIR G. WOLSELEY'S FINAL DESPATCH— CORRESPONDENCE WITH SIR GARNET AND MR CHILDERS.

THERE is a sequel to the Egyptian Diary, with the heading in pencil—"After leaving Egypt." It is the record of the endeavours made by Hamley in London to obtain some tardy redress for the injustice which he felt had been done him. Necessarily it contains strong expressions of feeling, and much delicate matter which, for obvious reasons, must be treated with a certain reserve. It is a scathing indictment—a bitter expression of the personal griefs which we should gladly bury in oblivion; but, after all, its foundation is a narrative of facts which apparently cannot be disputed or controverted, and which have never hitherto been made public.

The course taken by Wolseley towards me immediately after the battle was the more extraordinary, as there had been nothing in our previous relations which could lead me to expect it. He had procured my appointment to the army of Egypt, and his demeanour when I saw him subsequently on business at the Horse Guards, and in interviews at Malta and Alexandria, had been consistently friendly. In the interview at Ismailia the failure to acknowledge in the slightest degree the services I had done him at Alexandria was sufficiently noticeable, but he had received me with civility, as also at Kassassin, though the design of leaving me with the Highland Brigade only showed him to be absolutely indifferent to my interests or just claims. Also on Ninth Hill, just before the night march began, his manner caused no suspicion that he meant to repudiate any services I might render.

But at the bridge of Tel-el-Kebir, immediately after the battle, the change would have been remarkable even had the occasion been an ordinary one. Again, at Zagazig, the absence of all notice of the share of my Division in the battle, and the praises bestowed on Macpherson in my presence, as if with the intention of affronting me, were in unison with this altered tone—so was his rude reply and manner at Benha.

When I left Alexandria, there was still some slight possibility that justice had been done to my Division in Wolseley's detailed despatch, dated 24th September but not sent from Cairo till the 3d October, when Adye took it home.[1] I saw the English papers containing this despatch at Malta, and read this deliberate account of the battle with renewed feelings of surprise, indignation, and disgust. No doubt existed in my mind before as to his intention:

[1] Appendix, 'Morning Post,' October 7.

it was now evident that the intention was to be persisted in as deliberate policy.

There are references to conversations with General Willis,[1] who returned in the same steamer. As to the facts of the storming of Tel-el-Kebir, General Willis said that the special mention of the Royal Irish in the telegraphic despatch had no warrant from him, and he did not believe that they merited distinction beyond the other battalions of the Division. He said further, that delay had been caused by Graham losing his way in going to the rendezvous—for the First Division had no such competent guide as Rawson; that after Hamley's assault had commenced, he proceeded to form "order of attack"; and that he believed he might have been ten minutes later in reaching the works. In proof of that, he mentioned that he had replied to some reproaches of the Commander-in-Chief by pointing out that the alarm having been given and the day beginning to break when he was still at a considerable distance from the works, he did not consider that he could advance farther in column. Of course much of the conversation between the two Generals must be regarded as confidential, but I do not think there can be any objection to

[1] Now General Sir George Willis, K.C.B.

reproducing the simple assertions which have a direct bearing on points in dispute. Moreover, the conversations, so far as reported, have been seen and sanctioned by Sir George Willis himself.

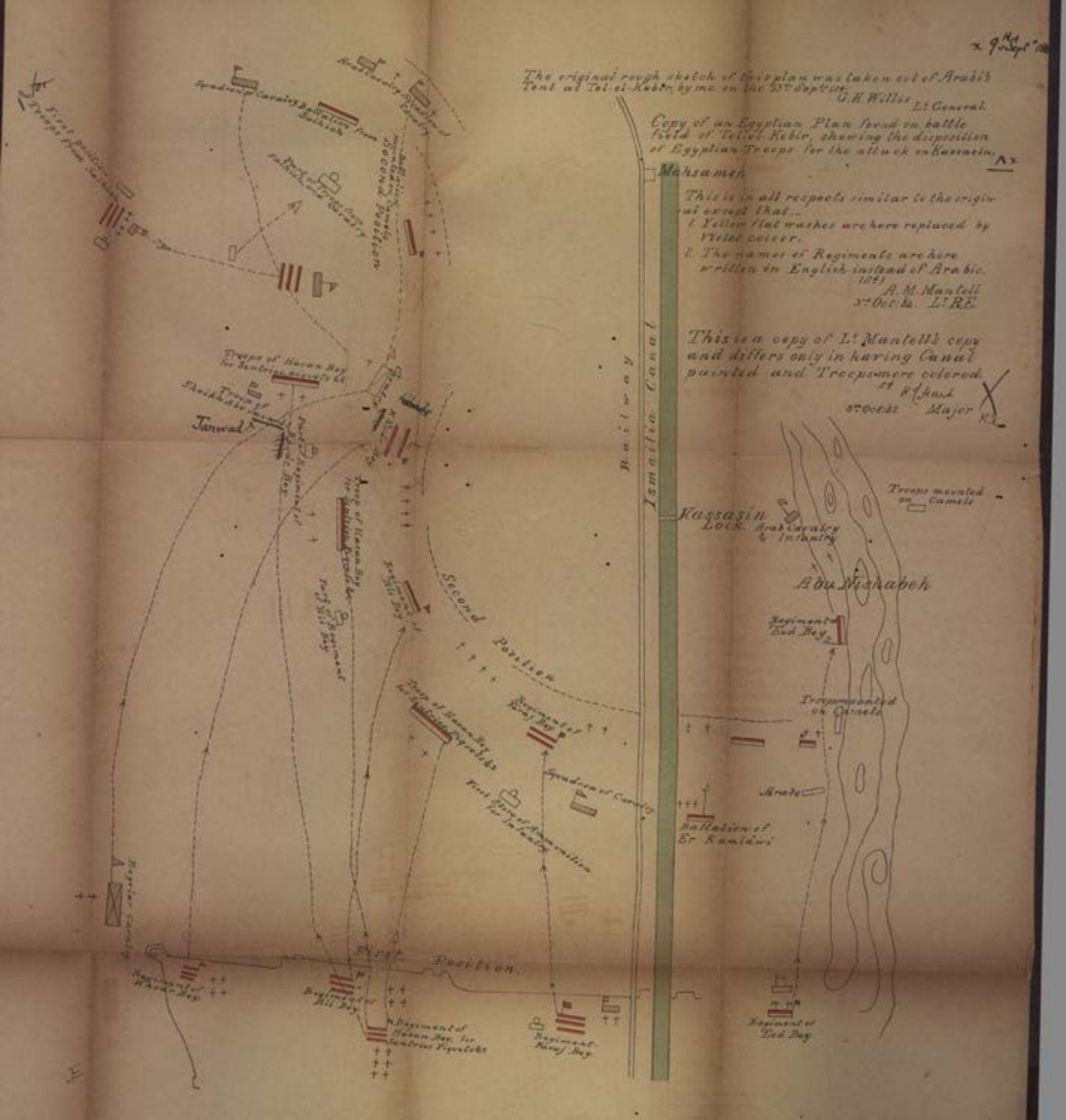
Indeed Sir George had grievances of his own, which are not recorded in the Diary. As they are almost identical with those complained of by Hamley, it can hardly be considered irrelevant to advert to them—the rather that they relate to interesting incidents, some of which were unnoticed in the official history of the campaign. Sir George also had to complain of a suppressed despatch, and was perhaps more concerned than Hamley in objecting to the passage in the despatch of the Commander-in-Chief which credited the gallant General Graham with bearing the brunt of the fighting. The following sketch of the incidents of the second engagement at Kassassin is authoritative, being taken from Sir George's own "Notes on the Military History of the Egyptian Campaign," and from the unpublished despatch he addressed to the chief of the staff.

After the first action or skirmish, General Willis having been in command throughout, the Commander-in-Chief left the front. Before going, he sent for General Willis and desired him "to

hold his own during the night, and to attack the enemy in the morning." Previous to leaving on the 25th, Sir Garnet gave orders to bring back all the troops to Tel el Mahata. The chief reason for the order was, that the cavalry were short of forage. On being informed that stores of grain had been captured, General Willis took the responsibility of leaving the cavalry where they were, sending out infantry and guns in support. General Lowe, commanding the cavalry, did not succeed in getting touch of the enemy, and he reported that Kassassin Locks were undefended. Consequently General Graham's brigade was moved forward to take possession of the Locks, which were already guarded by the cavalry.

That was very much the position on the eve of the action of 9th September. The brigade of Guards had been advanced towards Kassassin in support of Lowe and Graham. The force under General Willis was about 6000 men, but some of the regiments were securing the communications and still far in the rear. The Indian cavalry had furnished the outposts that night, and at dawn Colonel Pennington came in contact with a strong body of Egyptian horse covering the advance of a large force. In fact, the whole Egyptian army was moving northward in order of battle, and led for once by Arabi in person. Then came an un-

fortunate *contretemps*. Colonel Pennington had promptly sent off reports to General Willis, but by mistake the bearer carried them to the Locks to General Graham, who, by another unfortunate misunderstanding, "did not pass them on." Consequently General Willis remained in ignorance of the formidable movement menacing his front, "and he allowed the daylight parades to be dismissed, under the impression that all was quiet." It was a surprise, and a startling one, but a surprise for which he was in no way responsible. The rest of the story may be briefly told from the unpublished despatch, dated 10th September, slightly amplified by the General's recollections. He at once took measures to make the most of the forces under his hand, sending back at the same time to call up his supports. The guns were sent to the front, with imperative orders "not to limber-up" when they had got into action. From an eminence the enemy could be seen advancing at about three miles' distance. Their strength was afterwards estimated at 15,000 infantry with about 35 guns, and they were enveloped in a cloud of Bedouin horsemen. But the English, weak as they were, took the initiative in the attack. At 7.30 a general advance was ordered. The masses of the enemy were "slowly pressed back," till with breaking ranks they retreated in confusion under


The original rough sketch of this plan was taken out of Arabi's Tent at Tel-el-Kebir, by me on the 15th Sept'er.
G.H. Willis Lt General.
Copy of an Egyptian Plan found on battle field of Tell-el-Kebir, showing the disposition of Egyptian Troops for the attack on Kassassin.
Mahsameh
This is in all respects similar to the original except that..
1. Yellow flat washes are here replaced by Violet colour.
2. The names of Regiments are here written in English instead of Arabic.
A.M. Mantell
3rd Oct.br. Lt R.E.
This is a copy of Lt Mantell's copy and differs only in having Canal painted and Troops more colored.
R Hart
Major R.E.
Ismailia Canal
Railway
Kassassin Lock
Troops mounted on Camels
Abu Kishaboh
Second Position
First Position
Tanwal
Mirale
Battalion of El Kamliri

the deadly precision of our artillery fire. Great praise is bestowed by General Willis on General Graham for the manner in which he manœuvred his infantry. But to General Lowe, who led the cavalry "with his usual dash," the honour of the day is chiefly attributed. He had scattered the forces threatening the English right, and pushed forward till he had actually outflanked the works of Tel-el-Kebir. It is a fact which, I believe, has not yet been made public, that Lowe sent back to General Willis, saying that he could take the position with his horse, and asking permission to do so. The General refused, rightly believing that the premature capture of the works would cross the well-considered plans of the Commander-in-Chief. For he knew that it was Sir Garnet's hope and intention to annihilate—as he did—the Egyptian army; and had Tel-el-Kebir been carried on the 9th, Arabi could have withdrawn his forces in fair fighting condition. The accompanying sketch of the battle may be interesting, as showing how deliberately the rebel leader had made his arrangements for dealing us what he hoped might be a deadly blow. It is the copy of a plan picked up on the battle-field, and the original in rough outline was found on the table in Arabi's tent by General Willis himself.

Hamley reached London on the 23d October,

and next day had an interview with the Duke of Cambridge.

I observed to H.R.H. that no doubt he was acquainted with the share taken by my Division in the battle from having seen my despatches. The Duke replied he had never heard of them. I told him the circumstances of the action.

Then his Royal Highness proceeded to ask some questions as to the relations between Hamley and his chief — inquiring, in fact, how he had liked his commanding officer. Hamley did justice to Sir Garnet's social courtesy; but remembering, doubtless, that, as to their official relations and the complaints he was then urging, silence or undue reserve might be misconstrued, he added:—

Yet I feel bound to say, as your Royal Highness has put the question to me, which I should not otherwise have done, that I have received such extraordinary treatment as a general of division, that had not the campaign ended so quickly, I could not have continued to serve without remonstrance.

Oct. 25.—Had another interview with the Duke of Cambridge, when I requested him to let me leave with him copies of my two despatches. He received them, and in my presence read that of 13th September, which, he remarked, was very clear and good. He was beginning to read the other, when I suggested that it was somewhat lengthy, and that I would leave it for perusal. He spoke of the question whether it was usual to publish the de-

spatches of generals of division, and inclined to think it was. . . . In taking leave of him, I said I was sure it could not be his Royal Highness's desire that any of her Majesty's troops or officers should be treated with injustice—to which he replied, "Certainly not."

If there be a doubt whether it was customary to publish the despatches of generals of division, yet undoubtedly there were special reasons for publishing those of Hamley. His attack was delivered in the dark; it was made independently of that delivered by the First Division, nor did the Commander-in-Chief direct the operations in person.

On the 27th October Hamley saw Mr Childers by appointment. When he left for Egypt, they had parted on cordial terms; and the Secretary at War had invited Hamley to keep him informed of any events of interest in the course of the campaign. The interview was unsatisfactory and disappointing, and Hamley, who must have seen that his last opportunity was eluding him, gave vent to very natural indignation, speaking his mind with uncompromising warmth.

I said I hoped he had received my letter from Benha. He replied that he had, and would have acknowledged it if I had not been about to return home. He made no comment whatever on its contents. I said that in bringing me home while my Division was left in Egypt, and

superseding me in command of it, giving it to my late brigadier, who was raised to the local rank of lieutenant-general for the purpose, he had inflicted on me the most tremendous affront ever offered to a general who had done nothing to deserve it. He appeared disconcerted by this, and then said he hoped I should not think so, that the appointment was not one of seniority, that political and other considerations had entered into the question, and that in blaming the course taken I was blaming the Cabinet. I said whoever might be responsible it was a cruel wrong, and one which could not possibly have been inflicted on me had the truth about the battle been made known. He said he must assume the responsibility of the step himself as having advised the Cabinet,—that it was a matter into which various considerations entered, &c. (as before), and so talked for some time, saying at last, "I hope you now see the matter differently from what you did a few minutes ago." I replied, "Not in the least; I shall always consider it a cruel affront." I then observed that my Division and myself had been dealt with in Sir G. Wolseley's despatches in a very extraordinary way — that the suppression of what troops and their commander had done in battle was, so far as I knew, without precedent, and that I was not even mentioned in connection with my own Division. He professed to be unprepared for such a complaint, said he had seen none but favourable mention of me, and that there was a despatch still forthcoming which he believed would be found to contain satisfactory mention of me. I desired to be allowed to leave copies of my despatches with him, which he accepted, and I took my leave.

That day, and immediately after the interview, he scribbled a hasty note to his brother. The

significance of the sentence in italics will be sufficiently obvious. It shows that, to the last, he was being semi-officially deluded by hopes which were never to be realised.

ATHENÆUM CLUB,
PALL MALL, S.W., *27th Oct.*

MY DEAR BILL,—Mr Childers received me very civilly, and on my breaking ground on the subject, said he had received none but highly favourable reports of me personally from Wolseley, and that he thought (he wouldn't be positive) that if I awaited the publication of the final despatch, I should not be dissatisfied. I read him Wolseley's private letter, and I left the copies of the despatches with him, *and he remarked that if after seeing the final despatch I should be still dissatisfied, I need have no difficulty in requiring that the recorded opinion of me should agree with that privately expressed.* I asked him if I had better carry out my intention at once of appealing to Wolseley, and he thought I had better at least await the despatch.

Lord Aberdeen told me that the Duke had mentioned me by name, and the Highland Brigade also; and Childers said Gladstone had made some small special mention of me, the reporters being to blame, but I doubt it. Yours affec., E. B. H.

Next day he received a note from the War Office intimating that he would probably receive ample satisfaction on the publication of Sir Garnet's second despatch.

It was acknowledged immediately in the following letter:—

PALACE CHAMBERS,
RYDER ST., S.W., *29th Oct.* 1882.

DEAR MR CHILDERS,—I am obliged for your note, and most sincerely trust with you that the forthcoming despatch may deal satisfactorily with the matter in question.

I asked permission to bring my reports to your notice in order that, by comparing them with the public despatches, you might see how deep and grievous is the injury which my Division and myself at present suffer from. It is a case which, so far as I know, stands absolutely alone, and I trust, for the welfare of the service, it always will.

Even if it were desirable to withhold from the public facts so important respecting her Majesty's troops and their commander, it would not be possible. But I should greatly regret that they should be made public in any other way than by Sir G. Wolseley himself.

On the 31st October he addressed a communication to Sir G. Wolseley at the Horse Guards. It briefly recapitulated the points and arguments he had pressed upon the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary at War. It ended:—

Feeling, as I know you will, how important it is to my troops and myself that our share in the action should not remain unrecorded, perhaps the publication of the forthcoming despatch may appear to you a fitting occasion for making that share known, and in that case you may be glad to have the matter brought to your notice.

On the 2d November the despatch appeared, and although Hamley was doubtless not unprepared for disappointment, even after the assur-

ances of the Secretary at War, we cannot wonder that he read it with burning resentment. It elicited on the 6th a long letter to Mr Childers, which it may be satisfactory to print in full, as it is a forcible and exhaustive statement of the case.

PALACE CHAMBERS,
RYDER STREET, *6th Nov.* 1882.

DEAR MR CHILDERS,—In order that no effort on my part might be wanting to arrive at the most desirable kind of solution, I anticipated the despatch which you had told me was still to be published by writing on 31st ultimo to Sir G. Wolseley,—suggesting that, should he think fit, it might afford an opportunity for rectifying omissions. To this he has returned no reply.

It is mortifying to find that, although you were in possession of the facts respecting my Division, you should have thought there was anything in that despatch likely to be satisfactory to me. To be bracketed in three lines with the other Lieut.-General, while many officers of junior rank, who had neither the means nor the opportunity for doing anything so important as taking a decisive part in a decisive battle, were treated to separate and varied encomiums, in addition to the notice they had received in previous despatches, was an aggravation of the neglect I had already brought to your notice.

I will again beg to be permitted to mention the terms in which Sir G. Wolseley (quite of his own motion) speaks of me in a private letter to me of 7th October:—

"I have thought it best to give you this early notice of your return home after the hard work you have done here; and I avail myself of this opportunity of thanking you most cordially for all you have done towards render-

ing this war a success, especially for the able manner in which you led your Division on the 13th ultimo."

I would venture to invite your attention to the remarkable difference between this estimate of my services and that which has appeared in the despatches.

It is impossible for me to suppose that the Government should not desire to be acquainted with the nature of services performed in war by her Majesty's generals holding important commands, and I would therefore beg you to bring the above extract to the notice of the Cabinet.

I am very far from complaining that I have received none of the encomiums bestowed on others—all I desire is a recognition of already well-known facts, and to that end I should receive as much satisfaction as I now can if my despatches were laid before the Cabinet, and also officially published. Should any objection in point of etiquette exist as to the publication, I trust the importance of the circumstances may be deemed sufficient to override it.

At the close of the victorious advance of my Division, with the trophies of the field in our possession, I had no manner of doubt that both it and myself would enjoy the usual fruits of a military success. But no general who had achieved success in an important battle has ever experienced such a return for the service as I have; and while other officers with inferior commands and inferior opportunities have come home to the enjoyment of credit and recognition, I find myself compelled to engage in a harassing and most distasteful correspondence in the endeavour to obtain the barest justice.—Believe me, yours very truly, E. B. HAMLEY.

Hitherto he had received no reply from Sir Garnet, though indeed the answer had been given

in the publication of the despatch. In the letter to Mr Childers he had made an unanswerable point by quoting the private letter from Sir Garnet, dated the 7th October, which has been already given at length.

The curt acknowledgment by Mr Childers was simply an intimation of the determination to close an embarrassing correspondence. The Secretary at War could take no official notice of private conversations or private letters. And on the hypothesis that Hamley "thought" he had any cause of complaint (!), he was recommended to make a round of the Circumlocution Office — in other words, he was referred back to the Commander-in-Chief and to Sir Garnet. The humour of the brief document was undeniable, but it was all the more exasperating to a man who was smarting under an intense sense of injury.

That same evening he received from Sir Garnet the belated reply to the letter he had written a week before. It was not calculated to calm his ruffled temper, although Sir Garnet courteously apologised for the delay on the score of pressure of business. He went on to defend the despatch in which, as he said, he had endeavoured to deal justly with the officers and troops under his command, and he eluded the point of Hamley's appeal by remarking that in his report of the battle he

had perhaps been too diffuse, in comparison with Crimean precedents. Clearly, the very subject of Hamley's complaint was that the report had been diffuse in a mistaken direction, as it had been silent where in fairness it ought to have spoken out. As Hamley himself observed in his answer, the "diffuseness in your despatches was certainly not caused by any mention of me, and if it were found advisable to shorten them, I could hardly have expected the abbreviation to take place in the notice of a general of division." The correspondence ended with another note from Sir Garnet, repeating his reluctance to diverge from precedent by publishing the reports of subordinate officers, from generals of division downwards.

The notes of the important interviews, and the letters or extracts from letters which have been quoted, as they supplement Sir Edward's statement of his case, have been reproduced in simple justice to his memory. The reader may draw his own conclusions, but probably they will be regarded as a sufficient justification for the embodying of his suppressed despatches in the 'Nineteenth Century' article. It is evident the writer did not have recourse to that step until after exhausting all available means of obtaining official recognition of the services of his Division and himself.

CHAPTER XXV.

HAMLEY AND SIR GARNET WOLSELEY.

[This chapter contains a statement of Sir Edward Hamley's case in respect to the Egyptian Campaign, written by one of his male representatives, and expressing the feelings of his family on the subject. As it merely sets forth in somewhat different form the facts the biographer has endeavoured to convey, as he hopes not unsuccessfully, he gladly assented to the wishes of the relatives.]

Of the night march of the Second Division and the battle, the 'Nineteenth Century' article tells the story. None better or more authentic has been given. There is not a detail of the account that has been questioned or materially added to. The official record of the war, published by authority, in dealing with the engagement, while narrating the doings of the whole army and not of one part only, confirms in all respects Hamley's relation.

A glance at the plan (p. 126) will show what the full significance of that relation is. The Second

Division attacked the fortifications while the other Division, impeded by darkness and not yet formed for attack, was still 1200 yards distant. Its assault was launched against that portion of the entrenchments where alone the lines were doubled, and where the defences were incomparably stronger than in any other quarter of the works. These doubled lines, stubbornly held, were splendidly assailed and splendidly carried. The forces, though losing their formation in the darkness, were, with a single check, continuously led forward until, the last fortifications taken, the leading groups looked down in daylight upon Arabi's camp. Here, spent with exertion, they would have rested; but responding to an appeal for one more effort, they pushed on, capturing the entire camp, and taking the railway station, whence the remnants of the Egyptian army were endeavouring to escape. This accomplished, having overrun the whole length of the defender's position, and unaccompanied by any European soldier not belonging to the Division, they were halted, or, as the Diary puts it, returned with the trophies of war in their possession. Throughout the attack the Division was directed and, after the check of the first stormers, personally led by Hamley.

Of this achievement, which effectively shat-

tered all the heart of the rebel resistance, what was the public recognition? Hamley's name was omitted from despatches. The officers whom he recommended to notice were with few exceptions ignored. His own despatches were suppressed. He was never employed again.

When it is said that his name was omitted from despatches, the expression is used in the now conventional sense. He is, of course, mentioned in the lists of the divisional and other staffs as present during the action. Bracketed with others, he is even spoken of as having done his duty gallantly. But as to the relation that he really bore to the victory there is silence. The same, with a nominal qualification, may be said with regard to his Division. Sir Garnet Wolseley's first despatch, telegraphed at the conclusion of the action, was necessarily brief. The second, which was published in the 'Gazette' on the 7th October, went far into detail. A third appeared on the 2d November. These despatches, read in conjunction with the article quoted from the 'Nineteenth Century,' might almost be supposed to describe another scene or another battle upon the same ground. The two accounts may not be indeed mutually contradictory in form. In neither is any statement made which is denied in the other. Perhaps neither represents the course

of events in such a way as would, if itself correct, preclude absolutely the correctness of any portion of the second. But the view that each takes of the action, the differing manners in which facts are stated in relation to each other and to the whole, admit of no harmonising. In effect they are virtual contradictions.

No one desires a general's reports to be highly graphic, and Sir Garnet Wolseley's despatches are by no means unduly descriptive. What there is of description seems to have been intended to represent each one portion of the force as doing practically as much as any other. All sections and all arms appear upon one general level of creditable achievement. No hint is anywhere given that the entrenchments stormed by one Division were in any way different from those carried by other troops; that any distinct portion of the army was the first to occupy the camp and railway station, or proved by its number of killed and wounded that it had met the strongest resistance. The sketch that accompanied one despatch possibly showed the nature of the works, but this the public did not see. From the way the battle is spoken of, one might imagine, as has been pointed out by others, that it was won by separated battalions, that the enterprise was carried through by officers more or less inferior in rank.

To the fact that these latter, at least in regard to the two main Divisions of the army, were commanded or led by others no reference is made. On them, not on those who inspired or directed them, all the credit of the action is bestowed. And since this has to be said, a digression of a few lines may be permitted. Its object is the simple one of stating that justice to one man in no way involves injustice to others. That all sections of the army bore themselves creditably is beyond question true. That the First Division and the Indian Contingent, with the gallant generals who commanded them, amply won whatever praise was given to them, and that the brigade, battalion, or other commanders who are so conspicuously mentioned, made themselves conspicuously deserving of mention, is in every sense asserted. Sir Edward Hamley was denied a soldier's reward for his services. But when this is stated, there is no design, however remote, of detracting from the fame of the brave men who have been brought into prominence for their behaviour on that day.

It may be said that the despatches of a commander-in-chief describing engagements fought by him are the authoritative relation of such engagements. They should tell all that is worth telling. The independent accounts by others, put forward with less responsibility, do not

carry the same weight. It would be not unnatural to infer that where the two narratives differed, that of the responsible authority was the one to accept. Further, it may be said that Hamley's story, confined admittedly to the doings of the Second Division, is incomplete. A man absorbed in directing his own force might easily attribute to its action an importance which a less occupied observer would not accord. The suggestion that a desire for personal prominence coloured Hamley's description and inspired his relation of events, is one that may possibly in some quarters have been made. Such arguments in such a case have reason and deserve consideration. In the present instance they are easily met. Not only do the reports of the brigadiers fully support Hamley's own account, but after the publication of his article no word qualifying it or intended to reduce its authenticity has been put forth. Yet many able men were present at the battle, and many were interested in the nature of its record. On the one hand, the despatch of the commander of the army was safe from the criticism of those who served under him. On the other, no consideration of decorum could have protected from challenge and exposure a review article which was a misrepresentation or contained inaccuracies. But the case is stronger

even than this. So far as we know, the only statements bearing on the battle made public after Hamley had written his account are contained in the military history of the campaign. This, prepared in the Intelligence Department of the War Office, has been compiled with great care, and is published by authority. It confirms the facts of Hamley's narrative.

Of the hypotheses suggested to explain the Commander-in-Chief's strange action and attenuate its injustice, there is one which supposes that Sir Garnet Wolseley was in reality in part ignorant of the services rendered by the Second Division and its leader. But it is clear that those who make this contention can only design it to apply to the occasion when the first despatch reporting the victory was telegraphed home. Before Sir Garnet Wolseley's other despatches were framed Hamley's written official reports had come in, and ample opportunity for the necessary inquiries had occurred; while before the publication of the last despatch in the 'Gazette' Sir Garnet Wolseley had, while still in Egypt, made in private his brief but emphatic acknowledgments of Hamley's services, and in London had received a letter in which his attention was directed to the extraordinary omissions from his previous reports. As regards,

therefore, the detailed and most important despatches, such an hypothesis cannot explain the neglect with which the Second Division and its commander were treated. As regards the report from the field, it is different. Much of the action had been fought in darkness. When day broke the advance of the Division may have been obscured from the point where the headquarters were stationed by the formation of the ground. Arabi himself, we know, was deceived as to the relative times of the attacks of the two Divisions, the elevation of certain positions and the darkness shutting part of the engagement from his view.

It might be said that Sir Garnet Wolseley had not personally witnessed all that the Second Division had achieved, and that, compelled as he was to telegraph with no delay the result of a decisive battle, he restricted his few remarks to facts that came under his own observation. And this explanation might have so far sufficed had one condition existed. It might have sufficed had it been impracticable to refer to the generals who had been engaged. But then Hamley was there. He was on the spot. Fresh from his victory, he came up to make his report at headquarters at the moment when Sir Garnet Wolseley was beginning to draft his telegram.

A few words indistinctly said, and a subsequent inquiry as to the number of casualties, constituted the sum of the communications which the general in command desired to hold with the leader of that half of the army which, whatever might be unknown, was known to have been the first to attack. No further information was asked, and the despatch was sent.

It must frequently happen that commanders are temporarily mistaken with respect to the acts of sections of the troops under their orders. They must often have to describe engagements of the details of which they have been themselves imperfect witnesses. Circumstances may on occasions render it impossible for a general to refer to his immediate subordinates before making a first report. But that a commander-in-chief should order an attack to be made in the dark, should then report upon what he could not see, and should do so without any reference to a divisional general whose division had been engaged, and who was at the moment standing by, is a circumstance that can never have had precedent.

Distinction in the field is the cherished hope of every soldier. That this hope was cherished by Hamley in a peculiar degree is easy to believe. Though he had in early youth seen hard ser-

vice in the Crimea, he had mainly figured before the world as the theoretic strategist, not as the practical leader. He was known as one who expounded the science of war, not as one who applied it. We can fancy with what joy he hailed the chance of showing that the man of reflection was also the man of energy; that theories thought out in the study could stand the test of action. There is no doubt that he was supremely delighted at his appointment. When the moment came for showing that his generalship was practical as well as scientific, he turned his opportunity to brilliant purpose. He thought of everything, and his dispositions were in everything effective. He attacked what proved to be the strongest part of the intrenchments, and his attack penetrated the entire depth of the enemy's position. At the moment when he sought the headquarters to report his action, the climax of a soldier's life seemed to have been reached,—the keystone was going to be placed upon his reputation. Having done all that hope could have pictured, he met with absolute neglect.

"I am very far from complaining," he wrote in November to the Secretary of State, "that I have received none of the encomiums bestowed on others. All I desire is a recognition of already

well-known facts." To struggle for recognition was a galling task for a proud man. He did what he could, consistently with self-esteem, that the work of his Division and himself should be properly recorded. He stated the facts to the authorities at home: they were civil, but would not act without the general in command. He begged that at least notice might be taken in public of the acknowledgment of his services made by Sir Garnet Wolseley in private; but this was refused. He claimed that his own despatches should be published, and was told that this was contrary to precedent, although there seems to have been precedents—but this point need not be pressed. At length Hamley writes in his Diary, "Having failed to obtain due recognition (or any) of the action of my Division, I wrote the paper which appeared in the 'Nineteenth Century' of 1st December."

Such a termination to such a part, acted as Hamley's had been acted, would, if introduced in fiction, be derided as absurd. Its possibility would be inconceivable. In this case, too, the possibility would be inconceivable did not Sir Garnet Wolseley's despatches remain to prove its reality. The explanation is not to be found. It does not appear that up to the day of the battle any want of personal cordiality existed between

the two generals. Differences of opinion there may have been, but they were merely professional. On the eve of the engagement Sir Garnet Wolseley generously admitted that he had altered certain plans to please General Hamley. Nor, whatever may have been the case when the first telegraphic despatch went home, can it be contended that the general who commanded lacked either opportunity or reason for repairing in subsequent reports the grave injustice of the first. The explanation is not to be found. But the continued endeavour to strip Hamley before the battle of his proper divisional command; to leave him but one brigade of his own, and that to be supported by a second over which he was to exercise no authority, the chilling reception given to him when he came in the prescribed manner to report his success; the tacit refusal to listen to any particulars from him; the suppression of his own despatches; the subsequent slights, which, when shown to an officer of his standing, no one would deem small,—these circumstances, taken together, will not be regarded as insignificant. And they will be taken together. Nor will it be forgotten that in all his despatches Sir Garnet Wolseley gave prominence to the individual action only of minor portions of his army, and of the subordinate commanders who led them. It is

the Highland Brigade, the Irish regiment, that are mentioned; Sir Archibald Alison, General Graham, and still more junior officers. The Divisions and their divisional generals are only once alluded to, and that in the third of the despatches, where they are disposed of in three lines. After all their own subordinates have received their meed of credit—undoubtedly well merited—the generals who directed and led them are introduced and dismissed with a few words of necessary civility. This solitary mention is not, it is true, a sneer, but it serves well enough to teach others. The effect of faint praise is sufficiently recognised. The Turk who bears "no brother near the throne" could, if he adopted Western forms, find no weapon more suited to his end.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MEMBER FOR BIRKENHEAD.

RETURN TO ENGLAND—LETTERS FROM FRIENDS—VISIT TO TENNYSON—PARLIAMENTARY PROPOSALS—SELECTED FOR BIRKENHEAD—INTERCOURSE WITH MR LAIRD AND MR TAYLOR—A DISSENTER'S TESTIMONY.

THERE are no less lucrative professions than the army and navy, but honourable ambition is the soul of the services. The Victoria Cross, worthless in itself, is of inestimable value as the symbol of heroism, and the soldiers who have survived to attain eminence in the highest ranks are still jealously alive to a generous recognition of their achievements. They may welcome honours and decorations, nor can they be indifferent to the appointments which often entail an expenditure they can ill afford; but what they chiefly strive for is the appreciation of their countrymen. Hamley was a soldier before all things, and his position had been a very exceptional one. After

signalising himself by gallantry and professional skill through the wearisome Crimean warfare, it had been his fortune by rare scientific genius to win a world-wide reputation. But that peculiar reputation had relegated him to something like a civilian's career, and he had always burned to crown it by giving evidence of his talents in the field. With the campaign against the disciplined Egyptian mutineers, the wished-for opportunity seemed to have come at last. We have seen, too, with what unfeigned delight he welcomed the communication from Sir Garnet Wolseley offering him the command of a Division. The man who had been an involuntary lounger about the London clubs wakened up into new life. Not a moment was lost in making all the indispensable arrangements. He went out to Egypt full of hope — exhilarated by justifiable self-confidence. He was charged there with a most critical and delicate piece of work, and he had successfully accomplished it. Yet he had missed the reward that seemed well within his grasp, and had been mortified by ominous or sinister silence where he had hoped for generous commendation. It is surely easy to enter into his feelings, and to sympathise with them. Moreover, he was smarting under the sense that subordinates who had been relying on his recom-

mendations had been overlooked as well as himself. If he made mistakes in his efforts to obtain redress—and it may be doubted whether he did so—if he uses strong language in his Diary or private letters, they scarcely stand in need of excuse or extenuation. That Egyptian blackness of silent neglect had lighted like a blight upon him, though his temper was too firm to succumb. He sought other openings for occupation and usefulness; he did not cease to struggle for self-vindication, but his professional advancement had in the meantime been effectually blocked. The strategist who was second to none but Von Moltke, if even to him, the practical soldier who had shown on a comparatively small scale of what he was capable, had to stand aside while he saw others preferred to him, and had to find a back seat on the benches of the House of Commons, in place of holding responsible commands on the frontiers of the empire.

He felt deeply and bitterly, and his was no shallow nature from which a well-grounded grievance will efface itself like a scratch upon wax in the sunshine. Possibly, in the keenness of the first smart of assured disappointment, he was disposed to make the worst of things; and there is a significant letter written to William Blackwood which reveals his feeling and the state

of his mind. "It is actually a fact," he writes, "that owing to my not being mentioned in the despatch as commanding the Division, hardly anybody seems to know I was in the battle at all — even my relatives fancied I must have been elsewhere." At the same time, if the appreciation of those whose opinions were most to be valued could compensate for the loss of fame and public notoriety, he had no reason to be dissatisfied. There are many letters which it would be improper or indiscreet to publish, from living officers of his own standing in the service, full of most cordial praise and abounding in generous sympathy. Among those who are gone, no one wrote more strongly than Sir Patrick MacDougall, who has died full of honours and years as these lines are being written.[1] And a passage or two may be printed from the letter of his old chief, Sir Richard Dacres, who had recognised the merits of the self-contained artillery captain at Gibraltar, and selected him to serve on his staff in the Crimea. Sir Richard speaks of "the shameful conduct of the powers that be" in ignoring Hamley's lead in the battle, adding that the matter is so amazing that he scarcely likes to write about it. As coming from one who had often seen him under fire, a sentence

[1] Sir George Chesney was equally outspoken and sympathetic.

or two may be extracted, as showing the fatherly affection he had inspired in the brave old general.

Your own conduct was that of a gallant officer, not put out by any amount of danger or fear of death, and all I hear seems to add to my admiration. A naval friend of mine met on a railway platform a man going home from Egypt, and when asked if he knew Sir Edward Hamley, his answer was, "Oh yes, I was his groom; and when the last attack on the lines was to take place, the general gave me his horse to hold, and he led the troops on on foot:" just what I should have expected from—*my boy.*

Hamley had returned to England in the middle of October. On the 21st November he was commanded to Windsor Castle to dine and sleep, on the occasion of his receiving the Egyptian medal, with the other officers. On the following Friday he returned thither to be invested with the insignia of the K.C.B. In a note in the following spring to William Blackwood, there is an interesting reference to the affair of Tel-el-Kebir.

The Duke of Sutherland, and his friend Sir Henry Green, a well-known Indian General, have just returned from a visit to the battle-field of Tel-el-Kebir. Green told me yesterday that what they saw confirmed my narrative in all particulars, except that the part of the works I stormed was immensely stronger than was represented in the plan or the narrative. . . . He says we did a tremendous bit of fighting, and practically all there was to do. I

did not go back over the ground after the battle, consequently have only a dim notion of the first line, which we attacked in the dark. He says not only are the works stronger, but the ground much higher than represented.

By the way, I am indebted to Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace for a fact which is not mentioned in the Diary, and as to which I have had further confirmation from Sir George Willis and Sir Archibald Alison. There was an advanced fort—an outlying post to the north—the existence of which had not been detected in the reconnoitring. Being of the same material and colour as the intrenched camp, it could only have been discovered by a survey *en profil.* There was no surprise, for the defenders of Tel-el-Kebir were prepared to pour their fire into the faces of the assailants. But that fort only opened fire, much to the surprise of our people, when the attacking force had passed it, and were making a rush for the intrenchments and ditch.

The next two years were uneventful, but in the autumn of 1883 there came a gratifying tribute from the venerable Laureate. If Hamley had received but slight notice in despatches, he was to live in Tennyson's immortal verse. Hamley had for long been on friendly terms with him, and in

October, when it was generally understood that the poet was to be raised to the peerage, he had written to congratulate him. The letter was answered by the present Lord Tennyson.

Oct. 15, 1883.

MY DEAR SIR EDWARD HAMLEY,—My father is suffering from his eyes, and he bids me write and thank you heartily for your kind letter of congratulation.

Mr Knowles wrote for the dedicatory verses of the Heavy Brigade, containing the notice of Tel-el-Kebir, but my father thought them too slight for the 'Nineteenth Century.' Mr Knowles ought to have travelled to Aldworth and secured them by main force.—With my father and mother's kindest remembrances, yours sincerely,

HALLAM TENNYSON.

He accepted the title for the sake of literature, having been told that he ought to do so.

In another note from Mr Tennyson in November there was a warm invitation to Faringford, which was accepted; and with his father's message of thanks for a detailed account by Hamley of the charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaklava, there is again a mention of the Tel-el-Kebir verses:—

A few beautiful lines on Tel-el-Kebir have been written, which our friend Knowles would do well to secure, if he could do so, for his Review. Perhaps they had better wait for a new volume to be published in a year or two—except

that the interest is fresh now. What do you say? . . . If you think of any great subject for a poem, let us know.

I find a copy of the letter, addressed by Hamley to his illustrious friend, when the distinction which was to confer a lustre on the House of Lords had become matter of public notoriety :—

PALACE CHAMBERS, RYDER STREET, S.W.,
14*th Dec.* 1883.

DEAR MR TENNYSON,—I hope to be allowed to offer a word of satisfaction and congratulation on the event which has now been generally announced in the press.

This proclaimed recognition of your splendid achievements—this gilding of a name which you have yourself carved in marble—will cause great and widespread pleasure.

It seems to me sound policy, in these days, to recruit the House of Lords with the chief men of the time; and very fitting that it should contain the most eminent representative of the highest department of imaginative literature. I trust you may long adorn the Assembly.—Believe me, dear Mr Tennyson, sincerely yours,

E. B. HAMLEY.

Hamley's ambitions were those of a soldier. We can easily realise that the very sympathetic correspondence of his soldier friends, although gratifying in one way, must have been somewhat mortifying in another. Men who, as they might have been ready to admit, had less distinguished

records, held high and honourable commands in India or the Colonies. They would write to him in friendly confidence, from time to time, intimating that such or such a post was to be vacated, and suggesting that he should make application at the Horse Guards and the War Office. He always rejoiced in the advancement of his friends, yet he could hardly help being somewhat envious. And those friendly suggestions could only tantalise him. He well knew that any application of his would be worse than idle,—that he would merely be courting gratuitous mortification. In any of the great military States on the Continent, it is very certain that such talents would have been eagerly utilised.[1] When a nation, armed to the teeth, never knows when it may be in the throes of a death-struggle —when the pecuniary penalty of defeat may be reckoned by the milliard—the paramount motive of self-preservation ensures the selection of the fittest with the approval of the country. In insular England it would seem to be otherwise. Our authorities can afford to indulge their grudges or fancies, and to trifle with a security which they assume will never be seriously threatened in their

[1] Indeed it is a fact that when the Russian forces were in their dire straits before Plevna, Hamley was sounded by an emissary of the Russian Foreign Office as to his willingness to take service with them and help them out of their difficulties.

time. So promotion may come to be dictated and monopolised by a martial mutual assurance society—by a privileged oligarchy of more or less brilliant men, based on the strong foundation of staunch common support. The system goes far to relieve a Government of responsibility in the event of misadventure or an unfortunate choice, but it inevitably involves injustice to outsiders. How far it spreads discontent in the higher ranks of the army is a question with which we need not concern ourselves. But when a man has the misfortune not to be one of the select, due recognition of any service he has performed is of double consequence. The silence in despatches as to Hamley's day's work at Tel-el-Kebir had, as has been already remarked, done what was wellnigh equivalent to setting a black mark against his name. The silence was almost as significant as condemnation. In his fixed determination to exact justice, if it were possible, he had pressed his claims for consideration and recognition; but whether these claims were admitted or ignored, he had no illusion as to his prospects. Though he would never resign himself to sacrifice his last chance—as was shown when he successfully protested against being retired—he had little expectation of an honourable appointment. But listless inactivity was antipathetical to his temperament;

literary pursuits had lost much of their savour since he had left his academical chair at the Staff College for the roving Oriental Commissions and a command in the field: so he naturally sought occupation in another and a public career.

There could be no question as to his choice, and indeed only one congenial path was open to him. Every gifted Englishman, with leisure and sufficient means, naturally aspires to a seat in Parliament; and if he has figured prominently in public affairs—if he is known to be an expert in subjects of Imperial importance—he is pretty sure, sooner or later, to have a welcome in some constituency. But except when there is a general shuffling of the pack at a general election, now that the convenient pocket-boroughs have ceased to exist, a seat is not to be had at once for the seeking. It was in the autumn of 1884 or the spring of the following year that Hamley, on the suggestion of Mr Stanhope, intimated his wish to Mr Middleton, the Conservative agent. The first suggestion was to try Hanley in the Potteries. But it was notoriously one of the most radical of radical constituencies, and Hamley, with all his courage, had no mind to march to signal discomfiture. He did nothing more than meet a deputation, which succeeded in thoroughly

satisfying him that the attempt was desperate. There were proposals to try Mid-Cornwall, Edinburgh, and one of the Scottish University constituencies, which were flattering but came to nothing. But he had not long to wait for a promising opening. Mr M'Iver, the Conservative member for Birkenhead, had placed his resignation in the hands of his Committee, although the matter was kept a profound secret. The reason of Mr M'Iver's involuntary retirement may be mentioned, as illustrating one of the technical eccentricities of our constitutional system. He chanced to be partner in a Transatlantic shipping firm, which had arranged to bring home a regiment from one of the North American colonies at a reduced scale of charges. Consequently, as Mr M'Iver had a contract with the Government, he became incapacitated for a seat at Westminster. No satisfactory local candidate was in the field, and on 13th September, at a meeting of the General Committee, it was decided that a Sub-Committee should be appointed with plenary powers to select a representative. In answer to an application, Mr Middleton sent the names of several eligible candidates, and Hamley was first on the list.

After some inquiries [writes Mr Taylor, to whom I am indebted for these details], the Sub-Committee were

greatly and favourably impressed by what they heard, and an interview was arranged to be held at Mr Middleton's office. The late Mr Frederick Smith and I were asked to go up, which we did, and on our report the Sub-Committee decided to invite Sir Edward Hamley to become a candidate.

Mr Taylor recollects, moreover, how, when he and his colleague made their report, one of the members of the Sub-Committee, who was supposed to have another preference, sprang up and ejaculated, "A splendid fellow." Whereupon the suggestion of the delegates was adopted with enthusiastic unanimity. On October 12, Hamley came down to meet the Sub-Committee at Liverpool in the afternoon, and in the evening a meeting of the General Committee and of the Committees of the Clubs and Wards was held in the Birkenhead Music Hall. When he had addressed the meeting and explained his views, the candidature was formally adopted. At the municipal election, which preceded the parliamentary one, Mr John Laird was again selected for the Mayoralty. Consequently he could not act as electioneering chairman, and the place was filled at both of the elections of 1885 and 1886 by Mr Taylor, who had hitherto been acting as sub-chairman.

The political relations with Mr Taylor and Mr Laird speedily ripened into warm friendship. At

both their houses, the member had his welcome and his home, whenever there was occasion to visit the constituency. Mr Taylor says that he soon found out that what Hamley loved was perfect liberty. The less he was entertained, the better he liked it. He had his apartments upstairs, where he was absolutely *maître chez lui*. Thither he could always withdraw to read, to write his letters, and to prepare his speeches. On these speeches he bestowed infinite thought and care, and they troubled and excited him far more than any of his literary work. He could be heard pacing up and down the room; he would descend to take a rapid turn in the garden; and then he would go up again to resume the pen. Clearly and methodically arranged, they were carefully committed to memory: in public he could always rely on his nerve; and he would speak for three-quarters of an hour on end, without a pause or a moment's hesitation. There was the drawback that he was not ready with retorts to interruptions; but the interruptions seem, as a rule, to have been civilly subdued, and as he was somewhat hard of hearing, they troubled him the less. He would rest both hands on the table, in the manner in which those who have listened to him at the United Service Institute must know so well, and proceed deliberately, fixing his audience

with his clear, calm, and commanding glance. His thoughtful friends had arranged a table at the height which suited his favourite attitude, and though a glass of water was at his elbow, he seldom or never used it. He had neither foreboding nor warning then of the enfeebling of the throat, which made respiration a labour and speech almost impossible, and which ultimately compelled him to sever the ties that were being knitted by time.

Assuredly he had none of the arts of the political flatterer: no inducement could persuade him to tamper with the truth, or to entrap a voter with reckless pledges. Yet, for a man of inflexible honour and sincerity, he was an extraordinarily successful canvasser. After all, we are glad to believe there are many Englishmen who can recognise and appreciate a sensitive conscience and thorough-going honesty. Thus it was a fortunate suggestion of Mr Taylor's that, in place of assembling mass meetings, he should make his round of the different industrial establishments and address the gatherings of work-people in detail. For he happened to have a wonderful memory for faces, especially when impressed upon him by association with localities. At the second time of seeing, he could address a working man by

name, and if he had heard anything of his circumstances, he would remember to make special inquiry the next year. And as one never can tell when knowledge of any kind may prove useful, so his Shakespearian lore and enthusiasm were of good service to him. There was an influential Dissenting clergyman, a popular preacher, who stood hesitating between two opinions with regard to the approaching struggle. He was seated next to Hamley at a dinner, and they talked Hamlet, Othello, and Titania. Next Sunday the eloquent preacher had prepared a dramatic surprise for his congregation. He rose in his pulpit, and holding up the Bible in one hand, he slapped the sacred volume with the other. "It is from this book, my friends, that I am accustomed to address you, but on this special occasion it will be more to the purpose if I trouble you with certain political reflections." I do not vouch for the reverend gentleman's exact words, but that conveys the spirit of his prologue. And forthwith he proceeded to an eloquent appeal in favour of the candidature of the Conservative militant.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN PARLIAMENT.

THE MEMBER FOR NATIONAL DEFENCE—NEGLECTED BY THE WAR OFFICE—CONTROVERSY ABOUT RETIREMENT—THE 'PUNCH' CARTOON.

THE electors of Birkenhead had no reason to regret their choice, and the bonds that united them to their member were steadily strengthening, until dissolved by melancholy circumstances, to their mutual sorrow. Hamley, as I hope has been shown, was pre-eminently earnest and conscientious. He never committed himself hastily to anything—not even to a casual piece of literary work—but whatever he deliberately undertook, was sure to be thoroughly done. In his parliamentary career he was guided by two governing principles. First came duty to his country, and then duty to his constituents. As to the latter, he was always accessible to any applicant who approached him with an appeal

or a grievance; nor did he make any distinction between supporters and opponents. He had taken a second sitting-room in his chambers, that he might receive at all hours and seasons. His correspondence indicates how assiduously he devoted himself to his duties, and many an agreeable invitation did he refuse, in expectation of a debate or apprehension of a division. His friends at the Clubs would in vain try to tempt him to give them his pleasant company at dinner, when he thought he ought to be within hearing of the division-bell.

But on public grounds he had entered upon his parliamentary stewardship with a profound sense of responsibility. He was gravely impressed with the deficiencies of our army organisation, and with the unsatisfactory state of the national defences. He had not only studied and mastered those subjects in their broadest aspects as well as in their most minute details, but he considered them with an almost passionate anxiety. They had occupied him specially during the previous years of apparent idleness: he had written various letters on those subjects to the 'Times' and other journals; and, moreover, he had been in confidential correspondence with Lord Roberts as to the reorganisation of the forces in India, the efficient fortification of the North-Western

frontier, and the effective blocking of the mountain-passes through which invaders from Central Asia had made periodical descents on the plains. As to some of these communications, which are marked "Confidential," it is impossible to go into detail; and, moreover, the reforms and measures which they advocated have since been in great measure carried out. But passing reference may be made to them without indiscretion, as evidencing Lord Roberts's reliance on his friend's judgment. Hamley was requested to criticise and annotate; and the Indian Commander-in-Chief responded with answers or explanations, in columns parallel to the notes and queries. Read in the light of subsequent action and events, the papers are equally interesting and instructive.

Although he had betaken himself to a parliamentary career late in life, in many respects, in his exceptional case, his age was in his favour. He was universally recognised as an almost infallible authority on all military matters, and with his assured position and unrivalled knowledge, whenever he rose to discuss them, he could not fail to be heard with respect. The military authorities could not have found a sager or more disinterested adviser. In his well-reasoned attachment to Conservative principles, he gave

loyal and unflinching support to his leaders. But in Parliament, as in other critical episodes of his life, his sturdy independence stood in his way. On questions which ought to have been non-contentious, as affecting the honour and safety of the country, he could not be silent, and far less acquiescent, when he felt constrained to speak out. Already it was only too notorious that he was a *persona ingrata* at the Horse Guards. He did not improve his position when he came forward as the frank critic of shortcomings, and the extremely candid *amicus curiæ* of a Conservative Ministry. Secretaries at War, and still more the permanent officials who prompt them, have a natural distaste for interference under pressure, more especially when the arguments of the meddler are unanswerable, and find echoes in the columns of the party press. Chancellors of the Exchequer, in the horror of unpopular budgets, are even more resentful of unofficial suggestions of expenditure coming from the benches behind. It is true, as I shall take occasion to observe, that Hamley's proposals showed the highest qualities of the military financier, combining the maximum of results with an almost incredible minimum of outlay. None the less were they regarded as unseasonable and unwelcome. In the Ministry, as in the army,

he had the mortification of seeing himself passed over for appointments for which his claims were altogether exceptional. When the Conservative Cabinet was formed in the summer of 1886, he writes to Blackwood :—

> I had some hopes of having some post on the parliamentary staff of the War Office; but having heard no syllable to that effect from those in authority, I can hardly expect it longer.

He writes again, ten days afterwards :—

> Everybody supposed that in forming the Ministry the post of Surveyor-General of the Ordnance would be given to me. It was intended for an officer, and it was supposed that when an artillery general was a supporter of the Ministry in Parliament, it would be given to one who could be of use in administering the office, and explaining matters in Parliament.

But the post he had coveted and reasonably expected was bestowed elsewhere — on a very competent civilian.

That neglect, however, it may be explained, had disagreeable consequences, for it involved him indirectly in further trouble with the War Office. Moreover, he was ever under the shadow of the suppressed despatches of Tel-el-Kebir, and was suffering for the steps to which he had been driven in self-assertion by publishing his own

account of the battle. He was on the eve of falling under the operation of the scheme of compulsory retirement. By that scheme officers who had attained the age of sixty-seven had no option save to retire. But at any time they were liable to be transferred to the non-effective list, if they had not been in active employment for five years. Sir Edward still wanted two years of the age prescribed for retirement by the regulation, but in October 1887 he would be liable to be gazetted as non-effective. He did not dispute that like other officers he must resign himself to the operation of a general law. But what he did claim was, that regard should be had to the spirit in which it was enacted and understood. It was intended to redress a grievance which had been generally felt in the service, and was clearly prejudicial to the country. It was meant to prevent a block in promotion by removing, in a manner which was neither discreditable nor dishonourable, officers entitled to command by right of seniority, but who, in the judgment of the responsible authorities, had shown no exceptional capacity for work which would be better done by their juniors. Obviously it was never meant to apply to men of the stamp of Sir Edward Hamley. It was never intended

that the country should wantonly dispense with the services of a Wellington or a Nelson — a Wolseley, a Roberts, or a Hamley. So the authorities had wisely left themselves a loop-hole in such cases, without injury to the feelings of anybody. By simply giving employment to a valuable public servant, they held him in reserve for any emergency. Hamley need never have been in his embarrassing position had it not been for what he considered the injustice against which he had been consistently protesting. In a confidential letter to his friend Colonel Gleig, when this affair had at last been satisfactorily settled, he says: "You can hardly fancy what a relief it is not to be compelled to go on fighting. I hate fighting." As to that, no one who knew him well can question his absolute sincerity. Like all fine writers, he had much of the almost morbidly sensitive literary temperament, and he loathed the worry and the suspense, of which so much fell to his share. Yet there was one thing which revolted him more, and that was the burning sense of injustice, and now he felt constrained to go on fighting.

It would be wearisome and needless to go into the details of the protracted fight, carried on with much correspondence and in many interviews.

Suffice it to say that he obtained bare justice in the end, although it brought him no active employment. Mr Stanhope discovered that there was power to grant a special warrant retaining him for two further years on the active list. If at the end of that time he had been neither promoted nor employed, the case should then be reconsidered with a view to a further extension, so as to prevent him from suffering loss of promotion to the rank of General. The official objection to granting a longer immediate prolongation than two years was, that possibly it might create an inconvenient precedent—although to the ordinary intelligence it is somewhat incomprehensible why the stretch of prerogative need have been arbitrarily limited. But, in short, virtual guarantees were given, that if the case came up for reconsideration it would be considered favourably. In the semi-final letter intimating the final decision, Mr Stanhope, as Secretary at War, expressed his sense of Hamley's services in very flattering terms:—

> I was very glad that it [the warrant] had put it in my power to offer you a period of two years' service on the active list, since I am convinced that there is no one whom public opinion could more readily indicate as coming within its terms.

Mr Stanhope might well advert to the force of public opinion. It is doing no injustice to that able and conscientious Minister to say that the strongest Government could scarcely have ventured to disregard the almost unanimous clamour of intelligent popular sentiment. Newspapers of every shade, and notably the leading Service journals, protested against the unfairness and impolicy of shelving the great strategist and tactician who had won distinction alike in the field and the study. 'Punch' has always a sensitive finger on the popular pulse; and 'Punch' went out of his way to endeavour to save the situation by one of Tenniel's inimitable cartoons, for seldom if ever before had he championed a personal grievance. Hamley stands at attention in soldier-like expectation, while Field-Marshal Punch, with arms folded, sternly addresses H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, who is listening like a schoolboy called up for reprimand. Beneath the title of "Overlooked" is a brief, or rather a condensed, record of the services of the veteran who was menaced with retirement. Hamley's gratitude to the British publicists who had backed him so cordially was great, and it went far towards consoling him for the treatment under which he had been smarting. On the 5th October 1887 he writes to Lady

MacDougall, when acknowledging her congratulations and those of her husband :—

The step would have never been taken but for the expression of public opinion. In one way it is more gratifying to me that the concession has been forced in that manner than in any other.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

HAMLEY'S RESOLUTION — DETAILS OF HIS PLAN — OFFICIAL LETTER TO SECRETARY AT WAR — PROTECTION OF FOREIGN AND COLONIAL GARRISONS — LETTER FROM LORD ROBERTS.

WHEN writers in the press were earnestly, and even vehemently, expostulating against the country being deprived of Hamley's services while he was still in the full vigour of his powers, they had all urged an additional argument, and several had agreed on a practical suggestion. The nation had been in one of the periodical fits of alarm which circumstances might easily aggravate into panic. Hamley was recognised as a high authority on questions of Imperial defence; and the suggestion was, that some post should be found or created for him, in which he would be charged with some share of responsibility for the safety of the empire. The proposal had unquestionably been in great measure prompted

by his first important utterance in the House of Commons. On the 14th March 1887 he had the following notice of a resolution on the paper:—

> That there is urgent necessity to set in operation a complete system for protecting this country from an enemy's enterprises, and to provide for it financially by means more adequate than are to be found in the annual Estimates.

The speech in which he moved the resolution was weighty, dramatic, and impressive. Arguing from indisputable facts and incontrovertible figures, he made a forcible appeal to patriotism in the first place, and to more material and pecuniary considerations in the second. He pointed to the unsettled condition of the Continent, divided into armed camps, and swarming with conscript soldiers at the command of ambitious or aggressive potentates. He touched upon the temptations that were offered by the wealth of inadequately protected England,—a country, besides, equal to paying any contributions which a ruthless conqueror might choose to exact. He showed the conditions under which, according to the chief of the French Admiralty, any future descent on our shores would be conducted. For, with his habitual frankness, he did not hesitate to discuss delicate contingencies which

were far from improbable. With the picturesque imagination of the practised novelist, he conceived a foreign ironclad lying at anchor off Liverpool, and the feelings of the citizens of fashionable Brighton when threatened with a hurricane of shot and shell. Having emphasised the danger, he passed on to the remedy, and rapidly sketched the outlines of a plan of defence—simple, effective, and marvellously economical. As to the cost of his plan, we can scarcely use the familiar metaphor of an insurance—for the sum demanded was absolutely trivial compared to the enormous interests at stake. He asked but five millions and a quarter for purposes of fortification, and something slightly in excess of a million more for assuring the efficiency of the auxiliary forces. For that he pledged his reputation that security might be practically guaranteed.

His system of harbour defence rested, briefly, on triple lines of defence. First, the submerged mines and torpedoes; second, the quick-firing machine-guns which would cover these submarine defences; third, the ponderous guns of position, which would quell the fire of the most formidable ironclad. For, as he remarked, the limits of the armour carried by sea-going cruisers had nearly been reached, so that finality was virtually in sight in the battle between land power and sea

power. In his scheme he provided specially for the security of the Metropolis, as to which more must be said subsequently; and he proposed a large increase of the Metropolitan volunteer corps, with training in the positions they might be called upon to defend. The speech throughout was eminently practical; but there are passages in the peroration which strike one as persuasively eloquent :—

> It needed no words of his [the speaker's], or of anybody, to enable honourable members to imagine what weight and consideration we should derive in the councils of Europe from a recognition of the fact that this island was practically impregnable. Many plans of invasion now reposing in many foreign war bureaux might then be torn up. Commercial enterprise of all kinds would receive a fresh impetus from the feeling of security against recurring panics.

The speech had made no inconsiderable sensation. It seems to have been noticed and commented upon next day by most of the leading journals, and it is needless to add that the writers, almost without exception, were in accordance with the speaker. Except among some of the most advanced of the Radicals, the British journalists regard it as a bounden duty to put pressure on the Chancellor of the Exchequer when the national safety is in question. They

rely on the *vis inertiæ* of the Treasury as a sure safeguard against reckless extravagance. Indeed in this case they were not only satisfied but agreeably surprised. There was an almost harmonious concert of congratulation on the probability of results so important being attained for so very moderate an outlay; and it is a strong proof of their confidence in Sir Edward's cool judgment that they accepted the conclusions which agreeably astonished them. In the course of the debate even the friendly Secretary at War was forced to admit, that he did not like but could not deny the truth of the dark picture drawn by Sir Edward. And as Sir Edward proceeded to develop his views in speeches and writings, going into minute and exact details as to various departments of defence, and the different localities to be defended, from our coaling-stations in the Atlantic and Pacific to the bulwarks of our Indian empire, he entrenched himself in a series of unassailable positions. In May 1888 his views as to the defence of England were expressed in an official letter to the Secretary at War, written in reply to the Secretary's request; and because of its importance it may be advisable to give it at length, although at the risk of a certain repetition. The letter—or rather minute—is of permanent value, for the essential conditions of successful

insular defence are permanent, and it is right to put on permanent record the views of the most eminent of our modern English strategists.

10*th May* 1888.

DEAR MR STANHOPE,—In compliance with your wish, I beg to submit to you the following remarks on a scheme for the defence of England signed by Colonel Ardagh. I have addressed myself, as I think was your desire, chiefly to the part relating to the defence of London.

The following conditions are assumed in the scheme, and on them the measures of defence must be based:—

1. That the enemy has the temporary command of our home waters.

2. That there will be no interval between a declaration of war and the attempted invasion, which will be as much as possible a surprise.

(The question is not if this be probable: if it be possible, it must be a condition of the case.)

3. That the debarkation of the enemy's army, complete, with its land transport and supplies, may be effected on parts of the coast with certainty under the guns of his ships.

On the other hand, it is assumed that the field army, of regular troops and militia, will be assembled (before the enemy can debark) on a line extending from Guildford to Maidstone on one bank of the Thames, and from Tilbury to Epping on the other, ready to concentrate in the most forward position practicable as soon as the enemy's line of advance shall have become assured.

Opposition to the enemy's main army being thus provided for, it is proposed (as I understand the scheme) that the following measures shall be taken for the special and separate defence of London:—

1. That the troops for the purpose shall be Volunteer Rifles and Volunteer Artillery, from all parts of Great Britain, which are not assigned to garrisons or to their own localities.

2. That these Volunteer Rifles shall be assembled in eighteen brigades, subject to further organisation in divisions and corps.

3. That the Volunteer Artillery shall be armed with guns of various kinds, of the nature of guns of position, to the number of 300.[1]

4. That all these troops shall be placed in entrenched camps to be formed at Aldershot, Caterham, Chatham (at each four brigades Rifle Volunteers), and on the left bank of the Thames in Essex, at Tilbury, Warley, Epping (at each two brigades), and that these camps shall be connected by continuous lines, to be occupied in case the enemy should attempt to break through between the camps.

I make no doubt that the material of the Volunteer force is excellent, and that with a sufficient amount of training it would be capable of encountering the regular forces of an enemy. But with its limited opportunities it seems to me that the part of it employed otherwise than in garrisons can only attempt this in defensive positions, and that its training should be specially devoted to enabling it to occupy and fight in them; and further, that all parts of the force should be assigned to the particular places they will occupy in the line, and exercised in them, so as to compensate for their inexperience in other respects by familiarity with their particular duties in the general system of defence. I do not perceive how this end can be attained in the case of volunteers brought from a

[1] Altered in pencil on the margin of the draft of letter to 331.

considerable distance anything like so effectually as in that of Metropolitan troops exercising on ground near London. Nevertheless, volunteers from the provinces might perhaps be utilised for the defence of London to a certain extent in this way. In occupying a position, it is essential that the shooting line and its feeding line should be troops belonging to the same battalions, and that the local reserves should also be parts of the same brigades or divisions as these. But it is not quite so essential that the general reserves should be parts of these bodies, and provincial volunteers might be employed to the extent of say one-fourth of the total force; but in that case they should be specially trained to act as reserves, which would be a more difficult and complicated business than that of defence.

As regards this particular way of procuring troops for the defence of London, I think it therefore not to be compared for efficiency to the alternative of composing the whole force if possible, or at least three-fourths of it, of Metropolitan corps.

In the case of provincial artillery thus employed, are the corps to be supplied with the guns they are to fight? If so, are these to accompany them to London from distant parts of the kingdom for their annual brigade exercises? If, on the other hand, the guns are to be kept near London and only used for these exercises, how are the gunners to be trained to use them at other times? There would seem a difficulty here.

In considering the localities for the defensive line, the first remark I would make is, that the advantages of placing it as near the capital as possible are obvious. The longer the front, the less speedily can the troops be concentrated on a given part, the more difficult is it to defend, the more easily broken through by the enemy. Thus,

while from Kingston to Erith is only thirty miles—and may probably be shortened by making Dartford the left, as the point from thence to Erith might be rendered impassable —from Aldershot to Chatham the proposed line is sixty, and thence ten to Tilbury,—seventy in all. For the brigades at Aldershot and Chatham and Caterham to co-operate in the defence of that part of the front which the enemy may make his point of attack, involves a great deal of rapid manœuvring, and afterwards, if they succeed in forming for battle, possible fighting, on ground which none of them have ever been exercised on—as it is impossible they should be, on a front of ninety or a hundred miles, taking both sides of the Thames. The *extent* alone of this line, to my mind, condemns it for this particular purpose.

Again. The field army may find it necessary to concentrate here, when it at once becomes mixed up with the force which ought to be separate and independent for the defence of London.

When intrenched camps are spoken of, it is necessary to make clear what is meant by the term. If four brigades are to number 12,000 men, then each of the camps, Aldershot, Caterham, Chatham, could only occupy 3000 yards of front at the utmost, if it is to be suitably manned by that force. Thus the interval between the camps will be nearly thirty miles. It is proposed to "extend the entrenchment of the camps to either side." To what extent? Either we should thus have entrenchments all the way from Aldershot to the Thames, or parts of the line will be unfortified. Presumably those will be the parts which the enemy will select for attack—certainly he must be very foolish to run his head against the entrenched camps. He will make a feint against one of these, then attack elsewhere. How are the bodies thirty miles apart to

arrive with their artillery, and form, probably on unfortified ground, to oppose him?—and these bodies volunteers, with guns of position to move and bring into the new position.

I am not arguing against the *preparation* of this line, which will afford excellent positions for the field army, but only against making it the line for the defence of London.

To place our permanent magazines and stores within the proposed camps, entailing their loss along with that of the camps with the loss of the position fought for, would be so obvious a mistake that it need not be dwelt on.

From all points of view, I consider this scheme to be of more than doubtful adaptability to its purpose. By the conditions, no time for special training will be afforded after the declaration of war; the troops, *all* from distant points, will be unacquainted with the ground, except so far as an annual exercise may have given some of them a knowledge of it; considerable manœuvring power will be demanded of them; and it is improbable that even a regular army, occupying in the same force the camps designated and there *awaiting the enemy* (which, by the condition of the case, the volunteers must do), could assemble in time on the point of attack, when the front is so extensive.

I should therefore most strongly recommend that the Metropolitan corps should be raised to the requisite amount of force, say 60,000—or if the suggestion of employing others for the general reserves, 45,000 [*sic*]—and that positions should be looked for very much nearer to London. The provincial corps might then be very usefully employed, after suitable training, as reserves of the field army, or as occupying fortified parts of selected positions for that army.

In the vicinity of these places (the six named for camps) entrenched camps will be formed, and the volunteers will practise brigade and divisional manœuvres, and also the entraining and detraining of the different arms. The entrenchments of the entrenched camps will extend to either side, so as to enable the interval to be occupied if necessary, and a continuous defensible position to be taken up, the troops required being drawn from the part of the chain which is not threatened.

In his other writings on the subject, Hamley always dwelt specially on the advisability of decentralising stores, supplies, and munitions of war, on forming magazines at strategical points, and on the necessity of training and exercising the militia and volunteers in their own districts. Although, in common with most intelligent men, he was alive to the lamentable shortcomings of our defences, he was neither pessimist nor alarmist as to our capabilities for defence, or the advantages we should possess in the event of an invasion. One way or another, the issue would be promptly decided—the strongest of arguments for having everything in readiness. There would be no time to starve us out, while on the contrary the enemy would have to import his food and his forage. With our network of railways the facilities of communication would be all in our favour. The horses of the invading army would be limited by the means of trans-

porting them, whereas we should have at command all the horses in the theatre of war. The yeomanry with their local knowledge would be detailed on outpost duty, and might be utilised besides as mounted riflemen. The invaders could bring only field-artillery; we should meet them with heavy guns on travelling carriages. "An artillery duel is almost of necessity a prelude to a general action, and it may be said that if the assailant fails in it, he has but small chance of gaining the day." It will be remarked, too, that he had nothing of the contempt of the professional martinet for the auxiliary forces, who, from no fault of their own, were indifferently trained. The martial spirit of the nation left nothing to be desired. The raw material was there in profusion, and the quality was superlative. Slight expenditure and small encouragement would suffice to make it thoroughly effective. So he threw himself heartily into the volunteer movement, which, in his opinion, had been crippled and checked by the short-sighted parsimony of the War Office. The War Office was bound to know, and did know, much of which the public was necessarily ignorant as to the needs of an efficient defensive army. Even the military authorities were wont to assume—and Lord Wolseley has lately sought to demonstrate the fallacy of it—

that a navy of sufficient strength should assure us against invasion. Hamley, a professional soldier, protested against placing absolute confidence in the strongest probable fleet. A single unsuccessful engagement might lose us for a time the command of our narrow seas, and then we must rely upon land forces to repulse invasion. He did not demand all he might have desired, and the practical merit of his schemes was that they were carefully restricted to the reasonable and practicable. One of his strongest arguments was in answer to the advocates of universal liability to service. He contrasted the cheapness of our civilian *Landwehr* with the enormous sacrifices, direct and indirect, imposed on the nations which resorted to conscription. The conclusion was, that we were foolishly forgetful of the immense relative margin on which we might draw; and it sounded like a *reductio ad absurdum* when, to ensure the efficiency of the volunteers, he merely suggested a subsidy of a trifle more than a million.

Similar regard to those considerations of economy or parsimony which were sure to be paramount in coming to any decision, influenced him in drawing out the plans for the defence of London, which were briefly set forth in the minute to Mr Stanhope. They were amplified and more elabor-

ately argued in an article in the 'Nineteenth Century.' There was no need to touch on the temptation of the incalculable wealth of the Metropolis, or to rest upon the national paralysis which would ensue on its capture. He was content to point to its position as exceptionally and invitingly perilous, considered as the vital point in a theatre of war. It is within three or four days' march of a long and unprotected coast-line. A corps organised for swift movement might be thrown ashore to advance upon it by hurried marches, while our main army was in the field and fronting the invading forces. The mere menace of such a movement, if there were no matured preparations to meet it, would suffice to paralyse any plans of defence. He dismissed as impracticable any *enceinte* of permanent works, having regard to the vast circumference to be defended. Indeed he deemed the suggestions in his minute to the Secretary at War as amply sufficient. There were to be detached positions at commanding points, intrenched with strong field-works and armed with heavy guns, to be occupied by swarms of trained riflemen. What he insisted on was the raising the municipal garrison to an efficient minimum of 60,000 men; on the necessity of each corps knowing its duties, and having rehearsed them on the

ground they were charged to defend; and on the civilian artillerymen having studied beforehand the exact distances of each point on the probable battlefield.

In this way the disadvantage of brief time for training would to a great extent be obviated; the natural intelligence of the troops would be turned to the best account, and they would go to work with the confidence of men who had been thoroughly exercised in their duties.

With regard to the national defence, it may be remarked that he was absolutely opposed to a Channel tunnel. Assuming as indisputable that invasion under certain conditions was possible, he argued that the tunnel, by greatly facilitating it, would indefinitely increase the temptation. It would tend to create scares, and aggravate scares into panics. For it would be more than matter of doubt, both to ourselves and our enemies, whether, with conflicting interests and in the moment of emergency, our end of the tunnel could be blocked in time to prevent its being occupied as a line of communication by an enemy already established in the country, though it might not have been used in the first instance as the actual line of invasion.

Naturally, although chiefly preoccupied with home defence, he had turned his attention to the protection of the Colonial and foreign garrisons,

and specially to the fortification of the Indian frontier against possible Russian invasion. His admirably lucid lecture on the last subject has been already adverted to, and in March 1888 he made a notable speech in the House on Indian frontier policy, upon a motion of Mr Slagg relating to the Government of India. Happily much that he said on that occasion has now only a historical interest. The situation has materially changed. Since he spoke, there has been a reversal of the attitude of the Afghan Ameer, and the safety of India has been in great measure assured by the exertions of Lord Roberts and Sir George Chesney. But in that speech, as in the early letters from the camp before Sebastopol, he gives proof of the rare strategical prescience which, grasping alike the facts and probabilities, was seldom or never at fault. In that impressive speech he anticipated much of what has since been accomplished by guarding the issues of the formidable defiles which pierce the otherwise impenetrable highlands of Afghanistan—by constructing railways and roads of communication, and by forming entrenched camps. Nor did he only indicate the general idea, but went into details as if he were familiar with the ground and had gone campaigning in Afghanistan with Sir Frederick Roberts. And here may be appropriately in-

troduced an interesting letter from Sir F. Roberts, who, as has been said, was in the habit of consulting his friend on questions of Indian defence and army organisation, and in which he takes for granted Hamley's minute acquaintance with the local topography. Though marked "Private," I have permission to use the letter:—

CALCUTTA, 18*th March* 1890.

MY DEAR HAMLEY,—I am quite ashamed to think that I should have allowed your letter of the 9th December 1887 to have remained so long unanswered. One thing and another prevented my replying to it; and then at last I mislaid it! Please forgive me. . . .

We have been progressing satisfactorily in the way of frontier defences and communications. The tunnel through the Kwaja-Amran range is nearly completed, and we are storing near its western mouth sufficient permanent way to carry the railway on to Kandahar. A good gun-road has been made from Dera Ghazi Khan through Loulai to Hamai on the Said-Pishin Railway, and by a more northerly route from Loulai to Quetta and the Kohjak Pass.

The defences in front of Quetta are finished, and are armed with the best guns we possess. Improved guns are much required for these, in fact for all our defences, including those at Aden, Bombay, Karachi, Rangoon, and Calcutta. A fortified post has been built at Landi Kotal, and the Kabul river is now being surveyed beyond Peshawur to ascertain if a railway could be taken along the right bank in the direction of Jellalabad. A good metalled road has been made from Kooshalguch through Kohat and Gannu to Dera Ismail Khan. Steam ferries have

been established on the Indus at Dera Ismail Khan and Dera Ghazi Khan. The Indus has been bridged at Sukkeen, and the Chenab at Shershah near Multan. A project for another bridge across the Indus at Kalabagh has been worked out, and the railway is being extended from Mianwali to Mari, on the left bank of the river immediately opposite to Kalabagh. The Indus between Kalabagh and Dera Ismail Khan is being prospected to see if there is a more convenient site for a bridge than Kalabagh, and the country onwards is being surveyed in view to a good road (and I hope a railway) being made *viâ* Tank and the Gamal to the Zhob valley. This is a most important route, as it leads direct from the Panjab to Quetta, Kandahar, Kelat-i-Ghilzai, and Ghazni. The ground has been successfully explored this cold weather.

I have been urging that this should be done for some years past, and I was delighted when Lord Lansdowne agreed to visit the North-West frontier, and invited the Lieut.-Governor of the Panjab and the Governor-General's agent in Baluchistan to meet him and me at Tank and discuss the general question. It was settled in a very few minutes. . . . —Yours sincerely, FRED. ROBERTS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SERVICES TO THE VOLUNTEER FORCE.

VENTILATION OF VOLUNTEER GRIEVANCES—'NINETEENTH CENTURY' ARTICLE—HONORARY COLONELCY OF 2D MIDDLESEX ARTILLERY—LAYING THE FOUNDATION OF NEW BARRACKS.

THE auxiliary forces, and especially the volunteers, were the foundation or the backbone of the schemes of national defence which I have endeavoured to indicate in outline. It may be safely said that Hamley's return to Parliament went far to give new life to the great national movement. It had originated in the intemperate menaces of the French colonels, when the attitude of our ally the Emperor, who had to save his throne in the first instance, had excited mistrust, if not suspicion. It had been taken up with enthusiasm, but with the allaying of immediate apprehension there had been the inevitable tendency of a recoil towards reaction or stagnation. That indifference was not on the

part of the officers or men, who, giving many proofs of the martial temper of their forefathers, had betaken themselves to amateur soldiering as the most exciting and enjoyable of pursuits. Their very earnestness and their sacrifices had furnished grounds for murmuring. They complained that they received but scanty encouragement, and that the supine neglect of the military authorities encouraged the guardians of finance in keeping a niggardly hold on the purse-strings. The growth of discontent tended to the thinning of the ranks, as it chilled the zeal of the most ardent members of the corps. With Hamley speaking as a member of the House, their reasonable grievances found emphatic expression. His position as a legislator and the reporting of his speeches assured him a wider audience, if it did not lend additional weight to his words. And thenceforth the most eminent of our professional strategists was regarded, *par excellence*, as the parliamentary champion of the volunteers.

His action may be briefly dealt with, but it cannot be summarily dismissed. It was directed not so much to what was desirable as to what was attainable. He always aimed, as has been said already, at combining efficiency with economy. He paid the soldierly civilians the most genuine

compliment in speaking frankly as to their shortcomings. Yet it is noteworthy, and was extremely gratifying, that he had little fault to find with them. The material was excellent, the zeal was unquestionable,—so much so, that it struck him as startling or incomprehensible that more had not been done to make the most of both. He was never weary of pointing the contrast between the cheapness of utilising our patriotic fervour and the enforced system of general conscription which swells the Continental hosts. Most veteran "martialists"—if one may borrow an old-fashioned expression—would have been strongly in favour of any measure which would have approached the volunteer force more nearly to the standing army. But when a bill was introduced with that object, Hamley gave it his resolute opposition. The thoughtful representative of a great commercial port, he knew the minds of employers of labour and their work-people. The numerous letters he received on the subject were scarcely needed to strengthen his convictions. If the calls to military duty were to be too sudden and too prolonged, if the burdens laid on the volunteers became too grievous to be easily borne, the purpose of the bill would be defeated, and the ranks would be further depleted.

Nor, indeed, did he believe that those additional demands were needful. He always, as we have seen, drew a sharp distinction between the training of men who were to stand on the defensive, and of forces intended to take the field. Nor, considering his knowledge and cool judgment, can anything be more satisfactory to insular economists than the comparatively slight training he deemed sufficient for the volunteers, so long as they were being exercised in the localities they were to defend.

His views and arguments had been lucidly condensed in an article which appeared in March 1885 in the 'Nineteenth Century.' It shows the influence attaching to a place in Parliament, that that remarkable article had been but little noticed by the press; whereas, undoubtedly, if its substance had been reported in the debates, it must have commanded general notice. For it was not only widely read by those immediately interested, but it created an extraordinary sensation among experts. When delivered as a lecture by the writer in the following April at the United Service Institution, the discussion was prolonged through three sittings; and more than forty officers of the regulars and the volunteers took eager part in the animated

debate. The gist of the article has been in great measure anticipated, and it is only necessary to note some of the salient points.

It assumed such possibility of successful invasion as had brought the volunteer force into existence. It noted the improvements and advances in volunteer organisation since its inception. It demonstrated the earnestness of the volunteers, by showing that the annual drills largely exceeded the number required for efficiency; and, moreover, that much of the ammunition expended in practice was paid for by the members out of their own pockets. Surely, then, the argument was, the State in its own interest should come forward to give the small help demanded to the men who were so ready to help themselves. The existing capitation grant for the privates was 30s. All Hamley asked, besides, in order to provide suitable field equipment, was a trifle over £2 per man. With the additional number of men he desired, the total expense to the country would little exceed half a million. The necessity for forming camps and magazines at strategical centres has been already mentioned. Again, as always, the need for training the troops in their own localities is strenuously insisted upon. He repeats what has been already indicated as to the fortunate advantages

of defence over attack. But the entire organisation was dependent for efficiency upon a central and independent controlling body. In urging the creation of a Military Council for defensive purposes, he disclaimed any idea of encroaching on the prerogative of responsible Ministers. On the contrary, his scheme would relieve them of the grave responsibilities which, in any case, they would be compelled to delegate when it came to action. The difference would be that there would be a standing and competent commission informed by experience, with an efficient intelligence department; and both should be so constituted as to reassure and satisfy the public.

As to the strength and disposition of the volunteer forces, he had one or two important remarks to make. His marvellously economical plan for the security of London involved the increase of the Metropolitan corps to 60,000 men. And he noted regretfully that the southern counties, which were most exposed to a French descent, were far weaker in defenders than the midland and more northern shires, where the ranks were recruited from the populous manufacturing centres.

One point he mooted to which some of the Service journals took exception, although his view was almost unanimously approved by the speakers

at the discussion in the United Service Institute. Briefly, in the matter of good shooting, he desired to stop short at the practicable. He would have limited the practice of all but those likely to be fine marksmen to 300 yards, when the sights of the rifles need not be elevated. So that, in place of wasting ammunition in the air, "the volunteer line would pour in an unusually effective fire at the distance practically adapted to the ordinary conditions of the battle-field."

A year later he made a notable speech in the House on the same subject. In Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, Mr Howard Vincent had moved an amendment, for an increase in the capitation grant, as urgently necessary. Hamley spoke strongly in support, recapitulating the considerations that have been passed in review. Almost before he resumed his seat, Mr Gladstone had sprung to his feet, attacking the amendment and the last speech upon it with even unwonted animation and vehemence. His attack was on the form rather than the substance of the amendment, and he violently denounced it as unconstitutional and unprecedented. The duty of the Popular Assembly, he maintained, was not to increase but to curtail public expenditure. Thanks to the heated intervention of the Prime Minister, the

amendment was lost; but his own organs, taking the broad and patriotic view, scarcely cared to conceal their disapproval of the division. In a leader next morning, the Liberal 'Daily News' observed:—

> Sir Edward Hamley, distinguished alike as a soldier and as a writer, explained very quietly, and at the same time very impressively, the claims which the volunteers have upon the public purse. He showed that such a force was much cheaper than a regular army, and that it might easily be brought up to the highest standard of efficiency.

The more Radical 'Daily Chronicle' wrote in similar sense:—

> Last night's debate was rendered noteworthy by the remarkable speech of Sir Edward Hamley, whose presence in the House of Commons is of distinct national advantage. This distinguished officer, who has long been recognised as the first of our strategists, . . . paid the volunteers one of the highest compliments they have yet received. General Hamley believes an increased grant to be "absolutely necessary"; and he declares that, with a little more generous aid, our great defensive army would become capable of meeting an equal number of Continental troops, if such should ever be landed on our shores. . . . It must be a great advantage to Mr Campbell Bannerman, in endeavouring to arrive at a sound conclusion, to have the views of such a past-master in military science as the member for Birkenhead.

It was a natural consequence of the interest he had taken in the volunteers that they should

seek to form a closer connection with him. In 1887 he received the following letter from the Colonel of the 2d Middlesex Artillery. He willingly responded to the proposal it conveyed, and was pleased to be associated in an honorary capacity with a corps of civilians which was specially distinguished for zeal and efficiency:—

KINGSMEAD HOUSE, 38 HARTHAM ROAD,
CAMDEN ROAD, N., *6th Oct.* 1887.

DEAR SIR,—The kindly expression of your reply to my letter requesting your attendance at our prize distribution has encouraged me to ask a further favour, which I had intended to postpone until by your presence you had formed a favourable estimate of the corps itself. I have, however, in the absence of this opportunity, to beg you to take our good qualities on trust, and confer on us the great favour of accepting the Honorary Colonelcy of the regiment.

In asking this, I ask no more than the high honour the association of your name will attach to the corps. We do not come *in forma pauperis*, requiring gifts, &c., as we are, and always have been, a self-contained and self-dependent corps, ending each year generally with a balance in hand; and have even begun to make some investment towards a shed for winter gun-drill, which is the only defect in our present conveniences.

Your connection with the Royal Artillery will make the position highly appropriate, and it will be a matter of congratulation if your answer is an acceptance of our request.—I am, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

J. B. KEENE.

Lt.-Gen. Sir E. HAMLEY, K.C.B.

Although his connection with the corps was honorary, he discharged the duties devolving upon him in no perfunctory fashion. Amid the press of parliamentary engagements and other business, he would still make leisure to attend drills, inspections, or regimental gatherings in the city. He would change his habits and snatch an early dinner at the club, that he might hurry eastward in a hansom. In March 1888 he was invited to a formal entertainment of welcome at the Holborn Restaurant, where he made a short but stirring and sympathetic speech, which placed him at once in pleasant relations with the regiment. He said, with all the sincerity of genuine feeling, that he had seldom been more gratified than by the spontaneous invitation to become their Honorary Colonel :—

That invitation was bestowed without any private or personal knowledge between us; and, I will add, it came at a time when circumstances made it seem specially agreeable, and, I might almost say, soothing. It came as a compliment and a recognition. Without venturing to accept many of the things your Colonel has said of me, as having any other ground than his kindness and your indulgence, yet there is one circumstance he has adverted to respecting which I may claim that you have found in it some reason for bestowing this honour on me—and that is, that for many years I have endeavoured to be the friend and advocate of our national army. I have not grown weary of pressing on the public and on successive

Governments its claims and its interests, which, so far as they go, are identical with the interests of the nation.

In the following May, at a meeting of the Council of the National Artillery Association—Lord Limerick in the chair—Colonel Keene was charged to obtain his Honorary Colonel's assent to accepting a seat at the Council. "It was felt that your assistance would be invaluable in the interests of the Association, and it would always give you an official status at the Shoeburyness Meeting, if you should, as you suggested to me recently, favour us with your presence next August."

As a member of the Council he went to that meeting and to many others, and more than once was commissioned by the military authorities for the inspection of volunteer corps. But one occasion may be referred to which had a special and personal interest for him. In May 1889 the Honorary Colonel was requested to lay the foundation-stone of new barrack buildings for his regiment. The corps, which numbered many men of means in its ranks, had contributed liberally for the purpose. In the speech he made he seized the opportunity of bestowing merited commendation, and giving sound and practical advice:—

In laying the foundation of this building, you have shown your desire to take a more efficient and enduring place among the defenders of London—and in doing it spontaneously and generously, you make yourselves a bright example of the zeal and patriotism which animate the volunteer army. But you do more than that—you give in this way a response of the best kind to the feeling with which the country regards you.

He went on to speak of the redistribution and detailing of the artillery volunteers for special and defined duties. To those which might be found superfluous for coast defence had been assigned the charge of heavy batteries of position. One of these had been offered to the 2d Middlesex. Hamley went on :—

You, for excellent reasons, proposed to remain as you are—that is, as a corps for the defence of the coasts. For some years you have been exercising at the place, and with the guns which will be in your charge in case of need. Grain Fort is a very important post, standing, as it does, at the confluence of the Thames and the Medway, and operating most effectively against ships which might seek to take a position of advantage against the Sheerness forts on the opposite bank.

For, in fact, in accordance with the chief essential of his scheme, his regiment had already been exercising for years in the positions that would be assigned to it in case of a descent. The chapter may be closed with a cursory allusion to the ex-

tent and minuteness of his correspondence as to the organisation and economical equipment of the volunteers. Besides being in frequent communication with his old friend General MacMurdo, Inspector-General of Volunteers, who consulted him freely, he received innumerable letters from colonels of regiments — from the manufacturers of guns, rifles, and accoutrements—and most were in reply to letters from himself requesting information as to personal views, the feeling in the ranks as to proposed legislation, and the minimum of outlay which could be safely reconciled with complete efficiency.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ROCK FERRY TRAGEDY.

INTERCOURSE WITH CONSTITUENTS—THE ROCK FERRY MURDER—TRIAL AND CONVICTION OF TRAVIS—HAMLEY'S EXERTIONS IN THE CASE—LORD BRAMWELL'S OPINION—TRAVIS LIBERATED.

HAMLEY'S action on the question of Imperial Defence, with the most important of his writings and speeches, have been outlined in something like chronological sequence. In reverting to his general parliamentary career, it may be remarked that no member was more conscientious. In these days of democratic representation, no man can hope to keep his seat who is not tolerably diligent in attention to his duties. To Hamley the effort came naturally, if not easily, for it was the essence of his temperament to be earnest to vehemence in all he undertook. To the constituents who came to see him in town—and very troublesome they often were—he was always accessible and affable. He listened patiently to what they had to say,

and gave careful consideration to their appeals. Sometimes, of course, he had to set down his foot, and occasionally his patience would give way, when a constituent's requests were unreasonable, and especially when he was threatened with the pressure of feeble individual leverage. I well remember his telling of one eloquent Dissenting preacher who had some pet crotchet of his own as to local option or State education. Having striven in vain to inspire the member with his own fiery zeal for some impracticable absurdity, he clenched a very prolix correspondence with the menace of withdrawing his vote and influence. Hamley answered the ultimatum with the remark that the influence was an unknown and an incalculable quantity: as to the vote, it was precisely equal to any other unit in the great aggregate of the Birkenhead electorate. He might renounce his ambition of keeping his seat, if he were to secure each vote by similar concessions.

But when any matter of real importance appealed to his sense of responsibility and excited his sense of justice, he would never rest till the wrong was righted, or till every possible effort to redress it had been exhausted. There was one rather dramatic episode which interested him deeply, and which caused him infinite anxiety.

Never, latterly, a very sound sleeper, it spoiled not a few of his nights. Rather dramatic the incident was, though the scene and the circumstances were squalid, and the persons who figured in it were more or less disreputable. There was little in the victim to awake lively personal sympathy, but it was enough for Hamley to believe that he was a deeply injured man.

It was a case of mysterious murder—if indeed it were murder and not manslaughter, as to which there was reasonable doubt. The trial and its result created intense excitement in Lancashire, and the sensational heading in the local journals was "The Rock Ferry Tragedy." The main points may be shortly stated, though it found the reporters ample occupation, and caused a prodigal expenditure of pens and ink. A certain Travis kept a public-house at Great Sutton, near Birkenhead. He had been "keeping company" with one Elizabeth Platt, who lived with a married sister at Tranmere, six miles away, the wife of a sea captain who was absent on a voyage. All of these three worthies were occasional if not habitual drunkards. One evening, and in an evil hour for him, Travis went to visit the women. The married sister, Mrs M'Intyre, was confined to bed with an attack of illness brought on by drinking. The craving for liquor was still upon her; her

sister Platt said she supplied the liquor with reluctance, and at least she did her best to prevent serious consequences by taking her full share. When Travis paid his unlucky visit, he was said to have assured his welcome by bringing whisky with him, and he drank deep like the others. According to Platt, when she desired him to go, he refused, and indeed he was in no condition to walk half-a-dozen of miles. The house was shut up, and for a time all was silence. It was a small semi-detached dwelling, with a flimsy partition-wall. About two o'clock in the morning the next-door neighbours were awakened by shrieks of "Murder" and "Police." One of them ran out to look for the police, and speedily came back with a couple of officers. Just as they reached the house, they heard a crash and a heavy fall. When they made their way into the back yard, Travis was lying, bleeding and insensible, in the yard, beneath an open window. One of the policemen found a ladder and mounted to the window; but the room was in darkness. A voice named him, asking if it were he; and this was made a material point in the case, as proving that Platt had the full use of her faculties. When the room was entered, the corpse of Mrs M'Intyre was seen stretched on the hearthrug, with wounds on the head which had caused her death. Platt

was seated in a chair, her face covered with blood. The furniture was in disorder, the looking-glass was in fragments; the venetian blinds were broken, and there were bloody finger-marks upon them. A pair of tongs was likewise broken, and the obvious presumption was that the tongs had been the instrument with which the crime was committed.

Travis and Platt were marched off to the police-office. They made contradictory statements, which was not surprising in the case of Travis, who was not only still stupid from the debauch, but suffering either from an assault or from the fall. The affair, as has been said, was enveloped in mystery. But Travis had no motive for attacking Mrs M'Intyre; whereas it was proved that she and her sister had frequently quarrelled, and that Platt had an exceedingly violent temper.

When the trial came on, the counsel for the prosecution took a course which afterwards provoked no little criticism and even censure. Expressing their persuasion of Platt's innocence—thereby implying their conviction of the guilt of Travis—they admitted her as chief evidence for the Crown. It is but fair to them to remark that the presiding judge expressed cordial approval of the course they had adopted.

It was the evidence of Platt which condemned Travis. Yet, on the other hand, it was her prevarication and apparent perjury which saved him. Not only did she deny the engagement to him, which seems to have been an unquestionable fact, but she swore that in the police-court at Birkenhead Travis had said to her, "I don't know what will become of me. It was all the whisky which caused me to do it." Had he said anything of the kind, it must have been overheard by the police, and they declared afterwards that they had heard no such statement. For some inexplicable reason, the solicitor for the defence took no steps to have that statement promptly contradicted, though the prisoner called his attention to it on the first day of the trial. So the judge seems to have accepted Platt's evidence as truthful, and summed up so decidedly against the prisoner as to leave the jury scarcely an option but to convict.

But already the individuals officially concerned in the case had come to a different conclusion. The chaplain of Knutsford Prison was persuaded of Travis's innocence. His views and sympathies were shared by Mr Joynson, the Chairman of the Visitors' Committee. When Travis had been set at liberty after two years of penal servitude, Mr Preston, the mag-

istrate who had committed him, in writing to congratulate Sir Edward, thus expressed himself: "Of course I was acquainted with all the facts. I have always considered it the most *unsafe* conviction for murder I have ever known." Above all, Mr Swetenham, Q.C., who had been Travis's leading counsel, never ceased to interest himself for a man who, he was satisfied, had been unjustly condemned. But, as every one admitted, justice would never have been done had it not been for the indefatigable exertions of Hamley. He was hampered at first by the singular feebleness of the memorials addressed to the Home Office. They seemed perversely to miss the essential points, and to put forward circumstances comparatively trivial. It is by no means surprising that the Home Secretary saw nothing in them to induce him to reconsider the sentence, especially as the judge who had tried the case adhered to his former opinion. But Hamley was not discouraged. He studied and annotated all the available evidence: the more he looked into the matter, the more satisfied he became that he was charged with the redress of a terrible injustice. He soon had drawn up a case of his own, which he submitted to the most acute legal intellects. He carried conviction to his friend

Lord Justice Bowen, and then he was referred by Lord Bowen to Baron Bramwell. Lord Bramwell pronounced unhesitatingly in favour of Travis's innocence, and forwarded an elaborate "opinion" with the following note:—

FOUR ELMS, EDENBRIDGE, KENT,
Jan. 25, 1888.

DEAR GENERAL HAMLEY,—I do not know why Bowen should think me fitter to advise you than himself. However, I am glad he gives me the pleasure of doing so. Though it is a little awkward, as —— and I are not friends. I have sent you on other papers my opinion of the case. You must keep my name a secret. Get a short clear statement drawn up and laid before the Home Secretary. Let me know if I can help further. I feel satisfied that the man is innocent.—Yrs. truly,

BRAMWELL.

Consequently the Home Secretary consented to have the case revised by Lord Esher, the Master of the Rolls. The statement, with the documents in support, backed, as was known, by the highest judicial authority, carried conviction to Lord Esher; and Hamley had at last the satisfaction of opening the prison doors. Nor can I forget that his pleasure in the event was proportionate to the anxious labours he had pursued in the face of successive checks and disappointments. He had saturated his memory with the most minute details of the case; he would discuss

and consider them with an interest that never flagged; he was assiduous in seeking interviews with officials at the Home Office; and however little he may have cared for Travis as a man, it is certain that Travis the convict stirred his sympathies to their very depths.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PARLIAMENTARY OCCUPATIONS.

HOME RULE—FIRST SIGNS OF MALADY—DEFEATS GOVERNMENT ON VOLUNTEER GRANT—'THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA'—DECLINING HEALTH—LETTER TO MR LOCKER-LAMPSON.

In the sketch in rapid outline of Hamley's parliamentary life, I have deemed it advisable to deal consecutively with his treatment by speech and pen of the subjects in which he was recognised as perhaps the highest authority. Yet there were others in which he was deeply interested, either personally or as affecting his constituents. Chief among these were free education, local legislation, the regulation of the liquor traffic, and, above all, the burning question of Irish Home Rule. As to education and local legislation, he was strongly opposed to the democratic or socialistic propagandum which would transfer influence and authority from men of substance and education to the ignorant and

impecunious who were eager to grasp at any immediate gain, in disregard of the effects on the common prosperity. Possibly he made too little allowance for the inevitable difficulties of less firmly seated Conservative members, who were bound over to reluctant reticence and doing their best in embarrassing circumstances, by the well-grounded apprehension that if they gave their opinions free vent, the party would practically be effaced at the next general election. He had small sympathy with the keener worldly wisdom of Lord Randolph Churchill, who sought not unsuccessfully to reorganise the Conservatives on a broader and more democratic basis. As to the disintegration of the empire by the concession of Home Rule to Ireland, Hamley spoke and wrote with still less uncertain sound. The veteran soldier and staunch Tory had no notion of truckling to thinly veiled rebellion in any form, and he had an old-fashioned belief in the sanctity of contracts. Perhaps he had paid too little attention to the peculiar conditions of Irish land-tenure, in a congested country peopled by an improvident race, with an intense attachment to their homes and their holdings. Be that as it may, his strongest objections to disunion had been profoundly considered from the military point of view. The last article he ever wrote

was a contribution to the 'Pall Mall Gazette'—one of an impressive series, in which separation was discussed in its various aspects by the leading statesmen of the Unionist party.

A note to William Blackwood, on 28th January 1887, may suffice to indicate his views as to Lord Randolph's exposition of his policy :—

MY DEAR BLACKWOOD,— . . . One thing I wanted to talk about was, that I feared, after hearing Jennings' views, you might go in rather strongly for Lord Randolph in the 'Mag.' But on seeing the Feb. number, I am glad to find this is not the case. Nothing could be weaker than the explanation last night. The party received it in chilling silence; and if he did not feel sorry before at the step he took, he must now. I can't imagine what Jennings could have been thinking of when he foretold a speech which would carry everybody with the speaker. The prophecy was manifestly groundless — as I said at the time, the defence turned entirely on the economical question. I shall not mention the subject to Jennings, as I daresay he would not care to remember what he said. . . .
—Yours sincerely, EDWARD HAMLEY.

On the 6th October he writes cheerfully enough to the same correspondent, speaking of pleasant visits he had been paying in the country; but only a few weeks afterwards there is a significant note from his niece, Miss Barbara Hamley. Though far from the first allusion to the illness which ultimately proved fatal, it shows that the

malady had already assumed a serious aspect. It says that her uncle is incapacitated from writing, being confined to bed by a severe attack of bronchitis, with two doctors and a nurse in attendance. From that attack he appeared to rally, and in May 1888 he was again assiduous in attendance at the House. He asks Blackwood to dine with him there, as there are two bills coming on which concern his Birkenhead constituents. It was singular that excitement seemed always to give him strength for the time, and really to clear the chest and the bronchial tubes. He has been known to sit gasping for breath at the Club over a dinner he could scarcely swallow, and then go down to the House to deliver a set speech. It is needless to say that most men in the circumstances would have been paralysed by previous apprehensions and nervousness. As yet, when he broke away from the smoke and bustle of London, he always felt infinitely better. His spirits went up, and, with any immediate relief, his sanguine temperament asserted its ascendancy. In the summer of 1889 he writes from Portsmouth of a pleasant day with his friends the Napiers: "I went with the General on Friday to meet the Emperor [of Germany] and his squadron, in the Admiral's yacht, which then led them along the lines of our Fleet.

A beautiful day; so nothing could have been better. So we came home on Sunday night, well satisfied."

On the last day of March 1890 there is a letter to Blackwood, with a reference to the rather memorable evening when he put his friends of the Ministry in the minority, in the matter of a grant to the volunteers. Of course the sympathies of many Conservatives were with him, and there was a good deal of cross-voting.

In autumn there is a letter—half-apologetic—to his friend and publisher, explaining how he has been induced by another firm to rewrite the story of the Crimean War.

REDCOURT, BIRKENHEAD,
5th Sept. 1890.

MY DEAR BLACKWOOD,— . . . Last spring Messrs Seeley, publishers in the Strand, asked me to write the opening volume of a series they had projected on "Great Events of our Time." My subject was to be the War in the Crimea. I had long intended to write a single volume on the subject, and as this would be the least troublesome way, for me, of bringing it out, I accepted, though I foresaw that to write it throughout the parliamentary session would entail much more labour than in the recess. I finished it in July, and it will be published, I believe, next month. You know that my views of the military questions involved frequently differ from Kinglake's; but I have been careful to express nothing for him but approval, and to acknowledge him as the source of some of

the facts, which he got together with such unparalleled industry.

Barbara and I went to Mount Dore, a watering-place in Auvergne, in August. I had been recommended to take the baths, not because I was ill, but to fortify me against the bronchial attacks which had occurred in previous winters.

He had hesitated as to undertaking the work, and was embarrassed over the book, not for lack of either material or interest, but because he had already anticipated himself in his Letters from before Sebastopol. When he had finally decided to assent to the proposal, he meditated much as to the manner of dealing with the subject. Most men, we suspect, would have been disposed to draw freely upon 'The Story of the Campaign,' the more so as it had gone out of print, and might be supposed to be unfamiliar to the present generation. There was the greater inducement that, as has been said already, he had nothing to withdraw, and, moreover, these first recollections could scarcely be surpassed in the way of picturesque and dramatic narrative. But conscientiousness led him to a different decision, and he was rewarded by adding late in life to his literary reputation. It is interesting to contrast the conception and the style of the two volumes. The former was eminently dramatic and pictur-

esque—the animated and vigorous effusions of the skilled war correspondent, who appeals to the imagination and awakens the sympathies by vivid illustrations of the romance, the terrors, and the horrors of a campaign. 'The War in the Crimea' is lacking in none of these qualities, but the sensational element in the descriptions is toned down to the more severe historical style befitting condensed military narrative. It is primarily instructive, and addresses itself to the intelligence. Yet the writer was so inspired by the fire of his theme that it is brightened by pages of brilliant eloquence. In adverting to it, in passing, in an earlier chapter, a description was extracted of the terrible sufferings of the mutilated soldiers and the miseries of their "havens of refuge" at Scutari, before Miss Nightingale and the ministering angels of mercy came to them with healing on their wings. Perhaps nothing has excelled that in the literature of warfare. The volume may be read again and again, and I am permitted to quote the opinion of one of the most capable of judges, alike distinguished in letters as in war. Sir Archibald Alison says he has read it thrice, and on each occasion with increasing pleasure. He writes: "I think it is really the most charming and the most able book that Hamley ever wrote.

It has all his singular clearness and precision of style, and all the breadth and justice of his deep military thought."

We are struck at first, in the pregnant introductory chapter, by the firm grasp and the lucid exposition of the political complications which originated the struggle, and the geographical conditions which shaped its course. The circumstances are sharply indicated which inflamed the ambition of the Tsar; and the writer demonstrated to conviction the somewhat novel theory that it was Nicholas and not Lord Aberdeen who drifted into war. Most important, perhaps, from the military point of view, is the chapter in which the English strategist, resting upon facts and figures, disputes the bold assumption of Todleben, that the Allies after the flank march might have successfully stormed the defences of the north front. Sir John Burgoyne had denied that the idea was ever seriously entertained. As Hamley puts the case with characteristic conciseness: "He [Todleben] considered the case of 60,000 men, protected from the assault of an equal number by fortifications and heavy artillery, as absolutely desperate. In his book he blames the other 60,000 for not sweeping them off the face of the earth."

The instructive strictures on the strategy of

the generals on both sides, and notably after the battles of the Alma and Inkerman, need only be indicated. He shows how, after the unfortunate selection of Balaklava by Lord Raglan as his base when Canrobert had generously given him a free choice, the question of forage became the pivot of the English siege operations. Horses might have been procured in abundance, but there was nothing to feed them, and so in the lack of transport the men were starving and dying at the front, when six miles of impracticable mud isolated them from the stores and ships at Balaklava. What can be more impressively suggestive than these sentences?—"Before the end of November the neighbouring artillery and cavalry horses were galloping madly in at the sound of the feeding-trumpet, and snatching, undeterred by stick or stones, the hay and barley from the very muzzles of the right owners. Painful it was to see the frenzy of the creatures in their first pangs of hunger,—more painful to see their quiet misery in the exhaustion that succeeded."

Other scenes of the suffering or of the sanguinary strife stand out as vividly as on the canvases of a Détaille or a Horace Vernet. It is difficult to select where the subjects are so various. I may only advert to the hurricane which swept huts and tents from the bleak plateau, and strewed

the harbour at Balaklava with wreckage and corpses; to the bombardment, then unprecedented in modern warfare, when 544 heavy guns and mortars poured a storm of shot and shell on the devoted fortress; to the picture of the plague-stricken city, reduced by the long-sustained fire to "heaps of rubbish and cinders"; to those other pictures of the horrible underground barracks or casemates, where the gallant defenders of the works found temporary shelter when not absolutely on duty; or of the hospital-Inferno in southern Sebastopol, where 2000 of the wounded had been left for two days untended and unfed. Seldom has the dark side of warfare been more realistically presented, and never has more generous justice been done to an enemy whose stubborn and indomitable courage prolonged the slow misery of the victors.

One of the first of the copies of the book was naturally sent to Kinglake. But, alas! the deliberate and polished historian, who had made the story of Lord Raglan's leadership his own, was no longer in a condition to object, to commend, or to criticise. Hamley writes to Blackwood on 11th November 1890:—

I am sorry to have only bad news to tell of our old friend Kinglake. I sent him my volume on the Crimea last week, and wrote to him. In reply (not in his own

hand) he told me he was in much pain and suffering. Next day his friend Sir E. Bunbury called: he could not be seen, and the report from the nurse was, that the disease had broken out again in the cheek, and that he was very weak, and obliged to keep mostly in bed. There seems to be no hope; and what is wished is, that he should be spared much suffering by a speedy end. In his note he expressed himself as pleased with what he had read of my book. . . . —Yours sincerely,

EDWARD HAMLEY.

Another letter in the following month refers to the same melancholy subject, and gives a distressing report of the progress of his own illness:—

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
26th Dec. 1890.

MY DEAR BLACKWOOD,— . . . I have been shut up in the house for a fortnight by a persistent fog, which, especially in cold weather, I cannot breathe in. I am not ill, and could go about if the air would clear. . . .

I have not had any very late tidings of Kinglake; but I heard of his friend Lady Gregory calling on him about three weeks ago, and finding him glad to converse as usual, but very weak. He got up one day, but was so fatigued with the labour of getting dressed that he was obliged to return to bed. Having been shut up so long, I have no news. Theodore came to see me twice. Good as ever. He spoke of a separate set of Lady Martin's last paper (which I shall read in the Magazine) that you were printing for him. He is pretty well, but she is confined to her room with a chill.

With all good wishes of the season to your sisters and yourself, I am, yours sincerely, EDWARD HAMLEY.

I reopen this to say that Sir W. Gregory has had tidings to-day of Kinglake. He is unconscious, very much weaker, and apparently sinking.

In January 1891 he writes that the dreadful fogs had forced him again to call in the doctors, who had peremptorily ordered him from London to Bournemouth. Still, as always, he strove to feel sanguine, and to hope for the best. "It is very awkward, with the House about to resume sittings, but it cannot be helped; and if I get set up in a fortnight or so, I will then venture back." That was not to be, for no temporary recovery could send him back to breathe the murky city atmosphere with impunity. Even in the fresh sea-breezes of Bournemouth or Folkestone the complaint became ever more and more oppressive, sometimes going near to stifle respiration, and often with violent paroxysms of coughing. Thenceforth his walks became shorter and shorter each month; he was sensibly losing ground; he was more and more confined to his arm-chair; and the daily drives, which were dull and monotonous at the best, could only be taken in favourable weather, and were far less of a pleasure than a duty. With regard to those drives, it may be

remarked that at Folkestone he almost invariably confined himself to the round by Sandgate and Cheriton. He enjoyed the fresher air and the really romantic scenery in the country that stretches inland to the north of the line of downs. But the hill on the Dover road was hard upon horses, and all Hamley's pleasure would have been spoiled if he knew that a horse was suffering.

So far as his most intimate friends could judge, resignation or acquiescence seemed to come easily to him. But it was characteristic that he lost little of his indomitable resolution or energy, and that his fortitude was very far from passive. He left nothing untried which might lead to a cure, and consulted many skilful physicians. Yet, although all began by holding out hopes, their successive diagnoses might well have discouraged him. For each confessed himself at fault as to the veritable disease, and they differed widely in locating it and in their methods of treatment. For long he retained his admirable digestive powers, though he had been driven to renounce his habitual exercise. Latterly, however, the appetite failed altogether, and possibly the end was hastened by insufficiency of nourishment.

But while consciously slipping down the fatal

decline, he could still indulge in his favourite pursuit. He found consolation or temporary self-forgetfulness in books, and, in the garden sunshine or at the chimney-corner, he read unceasingly. The boxes from Cawthorn & Hutt were continually travelling to and fro, and in the brief intervals of their absence he had recourse to the local libraries. Besides reading or glancing at the publications of the day, he thoughtfully studied standard works in French and English, as if a new era of literary activity were opening to him. He developed an interest in what may be called historic theology, such as histories of the Jews by rationalistic thinkers of the German school, and he was fascinated rather by the style than the reasoning in the writings of Renan. They exercised the faculties he never suffered to rust, and suggested the speculations in which he delighted to indulge. He always loved novels: he had rather a preference for the exciting and sensational; and no offerings were more welcome than any volumes a friend ventured to commend to the notice of the somewhat capriciously fastidious critic. His letters were full of allusions to the newest books, with judgments that were summary and often damnatory. But when a new writer had really given him pleasure, the

praises were cordial and the gratitude was extreme. Of course he was specially interested in any writings of a personal friend. So he had a triple interest in the life of his friend Laurence Oliphant by his friend Mrs Oliphant, which was brought out by his publishing friends in Edinburgh.• He writes to Blackwood on 23d May 1891: "Your most kind present of Oliphant's Life arrived duly, and has already afforded me many hours of excellent entertainment. It is a book that ought to be, on every account, in large demand, and I hope to hear it has been highly successful."

The prognostication was fulfilled, and the hope was gratified, for it passed rapidly through several editions. And these remarks on his literary studies in the closing years of his life may conclude befittingly with a letter to Mr Locker-Lampson:—

5 LONGFORD TERRACE, FOLKESTONE,
18*th Feb.* 1892.

MY DEAR LOCKER,—As always, I hailed a letter from you, but the pleasure was dashed at finding you did not give a more cheerful account of yourself. . . . What do you do for books? I get a box from Cawthorn, and exhaust it with unsatisfactory rapidity. I get all kinds of books,—old histories like Grote's and Motley's, new ones like Renan's and Gardiner's, biographies like Rosebery's

'Pitt' and Beesly's 'Queen Elizabeth,' and novels French and English. A very large proportion of these latter are trash. I never read anything more unpleasant and unprofitable than Hector Malot's 'Conscience.' Shorthouse's 'Lady Falaise' seemed to me very pretentious and very poor. There is a (to me) new writer, J. M. Barrie, two of whose books which I have read, 'A Window in Thrums' and 'The Little Minister,' are curious and original pictures of a remote Scottish village and its inhabitants, very cleverly done. Can you tell me of any books in return? I am always grateful for such information, for it is not always easy, without a catalogue, to be ready with a fresh list. But while you complain of vegetating, I cannot rate my own condition so high. I am rather like

"The fat weed
That rots by Lethe's wharf,"

for this accursed mischief in the bellows department quite disables me for anything useful. Yet I believe it is in itself some small matter, and if the doctors could divine its nature I should have hopes of a cure, especially as the fits of breathlessness and coughing are intermittent, some days a great trouble, and at others I am comparatively free. It is not supposed to be asthma, which in many respects it does not resemble, but is supposed to be caused by some pressure on a bronchial tube, just under the collar-bone, and it is in character spasmodic. I left Bournemouth because I was going back in condition there, and returned here because the air suited me before, and I was comfortable in the same lodgings. I then had a niece and a cat to comfort me—now I am nieceless and catless; also I have exchanged my nurse for a valet, who answers all purposes very well. I drive out twice a-day,

weather permitting, and walk a little when the sky and the roads and my internal organs allow of it. I can't get up an appetite, and a small meal is a heavy task to me. But, for all this, my general health is good, and I don't look like an invalid when sitting writing this. I feel well enough, and if the local trouble would vanish I could take up my bed and walk, and feel once more restored to life. . . . —Yours sincerely, EDWARD HAMLEY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AT FOLKESTONE.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY—INVALID LIFE—RECOLLECTIONS OF MR LOCKER-LAMPSON.

THE letter began, "As always, I hailed a letter from you;" and there were few of his friends whose society Hamley found more congenial than that of Mr Locker-Lampson. He had dubbed the charming writer of light and playful social verses "the Poet," and so he generally addresses him in a long series of familiar notes which Mr Locker has religiously preserved. For the most part they are dashed off in trifling vein, in acceptance or regretful refusal of hospitable invitations to Mr Locker's country residences in Norfolk and Sussex. But one or two, or extracts from them, may be introduced, as a prelude to some varied reminiscences of his friend, with which Mr Locker has been good enough to gratify me. Those letters, or the extracts from them, touch

on sundry subjects or people that ought not to pass altogether unnoticed. The first goes back to June 1884:—

DEAR POET,—How you defrauded me of my sympathy when I last saw you in bed! At your own request I went to the undertaker's to buy you a coffin, and when I came back next day you had gone off perambulating the streets.

I sent the list of my proposed candidates to the venerable Walpole, who received them graciously. He thinks Millais should be asked if he would like to be elected, and that I should propose MacDougall. Northbrook he thinks a very good name.

The allusion is to the elections for the Literary Society, to which Hamley had belonged since 1869, and in which Mr Locker for many years had filled the honorary office of treasurer. It may be said that there is no more select fellowship in England. The members are limited to forty, and a single black ball excludes. The essential recommendations are high distinction of some kind, cultivation, literary tastes, "clubbability," and consequently agreeable social qualities. On certain Mondays in the year the members meet to dine, when, without seeking to penetrate the secrets of the Society, it may be assumed that the talk is exceptionally brilliant. The Society was founded in the first year of the century. On the lists are the names

of archbishops and lords chancellors, statesmen, diplomatists, travellers, and explorers, with not a few of the immortals in letters and the arts. Among the original brotherhood were two poets-laureate, held by posterity in somewhat different esteem—Henry Pye and William Wordsworth—and immediately beneath the name of Pye follows that of Samuel Rogers. There are William Gifford and John Kemble; Barrow of Arctic celebrity, and "Conversation" Sharp; the Homeric Sotheby; the venerable Lord Stowell, the friend and fellow-traveller of Johnson. Sir Walter Scott was admitted soon afterwards. The traditions of fastidious selection have been carefully maintained, and the brotherhood of the present day is not unworthy of its predecessors. There was no company in which Hamley more heartily enjoyed himself, and when in London he seldom missed one of the meetings, unless prevented by parliamentary engagements, or afterwards by failing health.

Writing from Folkestone on 1st September 1891, he gives the fullest account of his symptoms, and the theories as to the seat of his malady, which he ever set down on paper. It was in answer to his friend's pressing questions, and it is as needless as it would be painful to give the melancholy details, which were founded, besides, in great mea-

sure on medical misconceptions. But the letter makes mention of two persons — a nurse and a kitten—who had brought the writer much comfort in sickness and solitude.

I am still in the hands of the nurse, whose talents are of the most versatile kind, enabling her to be of great service and comfort to me. The only other member of my household is a small kitten, brought from Richmond, where it was brought into the world, along with others, under my writing-table.

The story of that kitten is another of the innumerable proofs of the genuine kindness of his heart, and of his practical sympathy with suffering animals. Spending the summer in a hotel on Richmond Hill, and sitting out great part of the day in the garden, he remarked a starving cat, evidently on the verge of her confinement, who stealthily frequented an outbuilding. He had the animal caught, conciliated it by kindness, made comfortable provision for it in a basket in his sitting-room, where, as he said, the lady was duly confined. He fathered all the family, found them comfortable homes, and selected the most attractive for his own pet and favourite companion. Many a wearisome hour was wiled away in watching its gambols in the gardens at Folkestone. As for the nurse,—who, by the way, was as fondly attached to the kitten as himself,—

with her he was speedily on what must be called a footing of firm friendship. It was cemented by the anxious and almost affectionate solicitude which was repaid with warm gratitude. It was touching to see how gracefully and simply that stern, independent, and somewhat rugged nature accepted the feminine services which had become indispensable, and which sadly reminded him of the failure of his strength — exquisitely painful as the ordeal must have been till habit had made it matter of custom. That may explain much of the marvellous charm which he exercised from the first day over hired attendants. For Barleycorn, the valet who replaced the nurse, was very soon as fully devoted to his master.

The last letter to be quoted, before leaving Mr Locker-Lampson to speak, contains a pleasant reminiscence of a visit to the Laureate at Aldworth :—

FOLKESTONE, 20*th Dec.* '92.

MY DEAR LOCKER,—I shall be glad to read again your recollections of Tennyson when published.

You will remember that I once went, when you were with him, from town to spend the day at Aldworth. I went early, and he walked over, and I accompanied him back. Before lunch we sat in his study (a room full of windows) discussing the charge of the Heavy Brigade, his verses on which he was then revising. After lunch, we walked together about his grounds and wood; and as I had left my greatcoat at the station, he lent me an Inverness

cape of his own, the fellow to which he threw over his own shoulders *inside out*—and so it continued to be, the wearer unconscious or indifferent, throughout our ramble. When the evening closed in, you may remember that he read us two ghost-stories, the manuscripts of which had, I think, been transcribed from the narratives of the persons who had seen the ghosts. He read them holding a candle in one hand, and the detached sheets of the manuscript in the other, which he occasionally let fall. It was at the close of the reading that I rose to go, when the little dialogue ensued that I have put down on a separate bit of paper (enclosed) in case you think it worth using. The other incidents are perhaps too trivial, and I see you say the communication is to be short.

It may be interesting to give the enclosure, although there is some repetition in it, as anything connected with Tennyson must be worth preserving:—

I once went from London to spend a day, memorable to me, with Tennyson at Aldworth. We spent some time in his study, discussing the incidents of the charge of the Heavy Brigade, his verses on which he was then revising. In the afternoon I accompanied him in a walk about his grounds and woods; and it was not till evening was closing in, and all were assembled indoors, that I rose to take leave. My host then invited me to stay the night, offering to make good all deficiencies of toilet. Much pleased at the invitation, I was also vexed, for I had an engagement in London. On my saying so, he reinforced his invitation by saying, "There are three ladies who wish it," meaning my hostess and two friends on a visit. I replied sorrowfully that there were three others who

opposed it. "Who are they?" "The Fates." He rejoined at once, "The Fates may be on one side, but the Graces are on the other." This is the occasion to which he alludes in some lines addressed to me in his next volume.

I now come to Mr Locker-Lampson's reminiscences, with memories of many well-known men. By his request they are given *en masse*, instead of being distributed through the biography according to the dates.

THE RECOLLECTIONS.

Sir Edward Hamley was a good friend of mine. I think I must have known him for full thirty years. We first met at the house of his faithful and attached friend, Mr Russell Sturgis: afterwards, having many acquaintances in common, we often saw each other, especially at the Athenæum Club and the Literary Society. During the whole of these too short years there was no break in our friendship; on the contrary, my respect, and esteem, and affection for Hamley grew and matured: we had not a few similar tastes, and some similar aspirations.

I more than once paid Hamley a visit at the Staff College, and he has been my guest here and at Cromer. We sometimes dined together at one or other of his clubs.

During the last few years I have amused myself by writing down, for what I venture to call the *amusement* of my children, a few of my recollections, and there I find this passage about Hamley and Charles Dickens:—

"Dickens and I again met in March 1870, at a very

pleasant dinner given by my good friend Colonel Hamley at the Army and Navy Club. Mr Secretary Walpole, Motley, afterwards United States Minister in London, and Russell Sturgis, completed the party. I sat by Dickens. He was exceedingly agreeable—his conversation was so affluent, so delightfully alive, so unaffected. When Dickens was in congenial company—and he had a happy faculty of *making* it congenial to himself—he talked like a demon of delightfulness. At this repast Motley, who was graceful, refined, very handsome, and very fond of Dickens, poked a good deal of pleasant fun at him, especially about his American sketches, pretending to be Mark Tapley, much to Dickens's enjoyment, who gave it him back with interest. This was the more diverting as we knew how sensitive Motley usually was as regarded America and Americans; and certainly Dickens had not spared them."

Shortly after this, Hamley and I dined with Dickens, meeting Lord Darnley, Count Strzelecki, the Lord and Lady Stanhope of that day, M. Costa, the well-known *batteur de mesure*, and others whose names I forget. On this occasion Hamley was farcically amusing. . . . Hamley and I were very fond of Kinglake, and also of his friend Hayward—that is to say, when Hayward would allow us to be so. You could never be for a quarter of an hour in Kinglake's society without his telling you something worth carrying away: his *esprit* was so *fin*, and his fancy so whimsical! He had the *don du ciel* of never being *de trop*. Hamley told me a story which was characteristic.

"He had called to see Hayward, and had told him a funny anecdote about Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, which *Dicky* Doyle had related only a few days before *his* death (he predeceased Hayward some five or six

weeks), and Hayward had growled out with feeble raucity, 'What the devil did Doyle mean by going about spoiling my stories?' When Hamley mentioned this to Kinglake, the latter remarked quite gravely, 'Ah! poor Hayward! I'm glad to hear *that*. I feared he was losing his *masterfulness*—and that would indeed be a bad sign.'"

I have pleasure in remembering that, on my last visit, Hayward's last words were "God bless you."

Hamley was on cordial terms with Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster; and he happened to be at the Deanery when Arthur, who, like himself, was fond of children, was sitting with a little nephew on his knee. Arthur had just returned from the seaside, and was telling Lady Augusta everything that he had seen and heard, and all that he had done. The child was very much interested in his account of the bathing, people whipping off their clothes and running into the sea with a splash. In the middle of this description Arthur turned round to his wife and said, parenthetically, "By the by, as we left the beach by the fields, who should we find sitting on a stile but Lord Stanhope" (the late Lord). On this the intensely interested little fellow broke in with, "Was he naked?" This remark much amused Hamley, the more so that he knew Lord Stanhope was not at all the sort of person to frisk about in such frank nudity.

Hamley introduced me to George Eliot; and I sometimes went to The Priory, meeting many interesting people—among others Mr W. K. Clifford and his gifted wife, also George and Mrs Du Maurier, and Bowen the judge. I introduced Major Laurence Lockhart[1] (the

[1] Laurence Lockhart, the nephew of John Gibson Lockhart, was a very agreeable companion: an interesting paper might be written about him—his novels, his adventures, his capacity for friendship,

author of 'Fair to See') to the Leweses. She was attracted by manly beauty, and Lockhart, like Hamley, was very handsome; besides this, he was a clever, rollicking writer. He did the *sporting novel*—a species of composition indigenous to England,—and he had considerable conversational powers; but in appearance and bearing he was the typical dragoon—may I say the plunger? I at once introduced him to Lewes, who (and this was very generous on Lewes's part) presented him to his wife, and then almost immediately began to talk about *horses*—the race-horse of the present day, &c.—and then of a curious circumstance that had been mentioned in the newspapers about laying the odds; and then he (Lewes) passed on to somebody else. However, he soon returned to Lockhart, who evidently much interested him.

> "As inward love breeds outward talk,
> The hounds some praise, and some the hawk;"

so this time the subject was *canine*, from the Anubis of the Egyptians down to the last dog-show. All this surprised poor Lockhart. "What the deuce did he mean by talking to *me* about his horses and dogs, and nothing else?" I did not care to tell him that I thought Lewes was entirely justified in supposing a warrior of his appearance and manner could not possibly care for anything else; but I ventured to say that his doing so was a proof that he thought a great deal of him. Lockhart's simple unconsciousness amused Hamley very much.

I wish I had space and the means of telling you something of Hamley's recollections of Edward Lord Lytton, the second Duke of Wellington, and Lord Rosslyn.

---

his breezy rhetoric, and his outrageous practical jokes. Mrs Rudd was his attached sister, and her husband was one of Hamley's friends.

In 1868 and 1869 I made two short Continental tours with Lord Tennyson, and have written an account of them, which I hope may appear in his forthcoming Life. I read my manuscript to Hamley in 1892, when he was very ill staying with us at Cromer, and asked him to give me something to add to it. He did so, and it will be found in his letter to me of 20th December of that year.

During last summer Hamley had been some time our guest at Newhaven Court. Though very ill, I think he was happy with us, for he had a great regard for Mrs Locker, and was very fond of my children. I recall that a cat (a red tabby not too young) was added to our family circle for his special amusement and edification, and when he was equal to it, my children were continually in and out of his room.

Hamley had a masculine nature, a very warm heart, and a quick feeling of gratitude for any act of kindness done to him: there was nothing paltry or trivial about Hamley. He was an extraordinarily humane person: indeed I think there may have been depths of tenderness in Hamley's nature which few if any had ever sounded. I must add that he was an excellent hater.

As regards Hamley's literary ability, his books, on so many varied subjects, speak for themselves, and there are people, much better qualified than I am, who can speak for them. Hamley did everything well, and many things excellently well. His "Shakespeare's Funeral" is an admirable little piece of literature. Hamley was an expert draughtsman and an ingenious rhymester, as he has proved by his contributions to Mrs Locker's visitors' book. Indeed, he may be called the leading spirit of that associated body of amiable martyrs: one of his quaint fancies, a dancing cat playing on a tambourine, is at the

foot of the following pertinent, or perhaps impertinent, couplet—

"E'en as Delilah to Samson,
So is Jane to Locker-Lampson."

I think Hamley may have been encouraged to write this pleasantry by reading on Mrs Locker's milk-jug (my gift to her) this inscription:—

"*Illi sint omnia curæ:*
Et juvet in tota me nihil esse domo,"

which I thus translate:—

"My wife submits, and I obey—
She always lets me have her way."

What shall I say of Hamley's poetry? When from time to time I wrote to him, I might quite well have commenced my letter with "My dear Poet"; but no! I wished to do him higher honour, so I very often began "My dear Hannibal." When he wrote to me, he flattered me by saying "My dear Poet." Most of us are poets to Somebody!

The last time I saw Hamley was on the eve of my departure for Cromer. It was at 40 Porchester Terrace, and only a few days before the Great Summons. I found him dressed, and seated in his elbow-chair, gaunt and ashy-grey looking. He was calm and perfectly collected. He was waiting for death. Poor Hamley!

ROWFANT, *March* 8, 1894.

Mr Locker-Lampson sends, besides, some playful specimens of the contributions to Mrs Locker's visitors' book.

Sept. 1883.

"Poet Locker! Poet Locker!
Gentle Cynic, kindly mocker!
Tenderest lass, who reads her Locker,
Ne'er shall find a line to shock her;
Rather shall the stanzas rock her
Into pleasing dreams of Locker.
Wherefore let each maiden stock her
Modest mind with lays of Locker."

Accompanied by a sketch of a cat dancing, and playing a tambourine.

Sept. 1888.

"When summer breezes tempt the roamer,
La famille Lampson hies to Cromer;
When northern gales bring fogs and damps on,
To Rowfant speeds *La famille* Lampson.
Its seaside and its country fun done,
It next disports itself in London;
For joys it leaves at each migration,
[redacted]w pleasures still bring consolation;
[redacted] though in shifting course it ranges,
[redacted]e things old friends it never changes."

[redacted] of two cats, one reading a book.

Mr Locker adds:—

His last lines in the visitors' book were at Cromer, on 20th October 1892: "The Ghost's Chair: a Legend of Newhaven Court." He printed these lines in his little volume called 'Leaves of Summer and Autumn,' which was distributed among his friends after his death.

Enough has been said of the weary illness, nor is it needful to dwell on the closing scenes. The invalid had come to town as in the previous year, and had again established himself in the cheerful

house in Porchester Terrace, where the windows of the bright drawing-room looked out upon gardens. The tables within reach of his chair and sofa were heaped as usual with periodicals, newspapers, and the latest books. For the intellect was strong and clear as ever, and there was the old unflagging interest in all public affairs. When the writer saw him for the last time, only two days before his death, he was preoccupied with the Irish question and the debates in Parliament, and expressed the fear that the old Premier with his high-handed cou[illegible] of action might place the Loyalists and Unio[illegible] in an embarrassing dilemma, and i[illegible] certain not improbable contingencies [illegible] sible strain on the obedience of [illegible] Though relatives and friends ha[illegible] resigned themselves to the worst, [illegible] was no reason to suspect that the release was imminent. While soothed by the devoted affection of his nieces, and tended assiduously by the servant who had so speedily become attached to him, the last reserves of strength had been ebbing almost imperceptibly. The patient courage had never failed; to the last there had not been one word of murmuring. So it was something of a shock, though little of a surprise, when the worn soldier passed away peacefully—literally, sank into sleep

—on the morning of the 12th of August 1893. A few days afterwards there was a quiet funeral in the Brompton Cemetery, where the group of old friends and comrades, with many a sincere mourner among them, saw the coffin committed to the tomb. More than one must have felt, like Scott standing over the grave of John Ballantyne, that thenceforth there would be less sunshine for them than before. No monument has been raised to his memory—nor is it needful, for Hamley had made imperishable monuments for himself; and his great work on 'The Operations of War' will survive as a standard authority so long as the [redacted] make their appeals to the arbitrament of

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